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BRITISH AUTHORS
TAUCHNITZ EDITION.

VOL. 206.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS BY CHARLES DICKENS.

VOL. 2.

2
1851

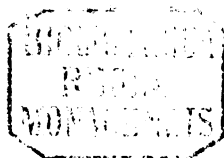
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VOL. 206.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS. BY CHARLES DICKENS.

VOL. II.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

CONDUCTED BY

CHARLES DICKENS.

"Familiar in their Mouths as *Household Words*."
Shakespeare.

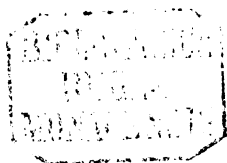
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VOL. II.

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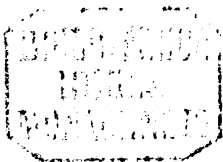
1851.



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HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

CONDUCTED BY
CHARLES DICKENS.

THE SICKNESS AND HEALTH OF THE PEOPLE OF BLEABURN.

IN THREE PARTS.

CHAPTER I.

It was not often that anything happened to enliven the village of Bleaburn, in Yorkshire: but there was a day in the summer of 1811, when the inhabitants were roused from their apathy, and hardly knew themselves. A stranger was once heard to say, after some accident had compelled him to pass through Bleaburn, that he saw nothing there but a blacksmith asleep, and a couple of rabbits hung up by the heels. That the blacksmith was wholly asleep at midday might indicate that there was a public house in the place; but, even there, in that liveliest and most intellectual spot in a country village of those days, — the ale-house kitchen — the people sat half asleep. Sodden with beer, and almost without ideas and interests, the men of the place let indolence creep over them; and there they sat, as quiet a set of customers as ever, landlord had to

deal with. For one thing, they were almost all old or elderly men. The boys were out after the rabbits on the neighbouring moor; and the young men were far away. A recruiting party had met with unusual success, for two successive years — (now some time since) — in inducing the men of Bleaburn to enter the King's service. In a place where nobody was very wise, and everybody was very dull, the drum and fife, the soldierly march, the scarlet coats, the gay ribbons, the drink and the pay, had charms which can hardly be conceived of by dwellers in towns, to whose eyes and ears something new is presented every day. Several men went from Bleaburn to be soldiers, and Bleaburn was declared to be a loyal place; and many who had never before heard of its existence, spoke of it now as a bright example of attachment and devotion to the throne in a most disloyal age. While, throughout the manufacturing districts, the people were breaking machinery — while on these very Yorkshire hills they were drilling their armed forces — while the

moneyed men were grumbling at the taxes, and at the war in Spain, whence, for a long time, they had heard of many disasters and no victories; and while the hungry labourers in town and country were asking how they were to buy bread when wheat was selling at 95s. the quarter, and while there were grave apprehensions of night-burnings of the corn magazines, the village of Bleaburn, which could not be seen without being expressly sought, was sending up strong men out of its cleft of the hills, to fight the battles of their country.

Perhaps the chief reason of the loyalty, as well as the quietness of Bleaburn, was its lying in a cleft of the hills; in a fissure so deep and narrow, that a traveller in a chaise might easily pass near it without perceiving that there was any settlement at all, unless it was in the morning when the people were lighting their fires, or on the night of such a day as that on which our story opens. In the one case, the smoke issuing from the cleft might hint of habitations: in the other, the noise and ruddy light would leave no doubt of there being somebody there. There was, at last, a victory in Spain. The news of the battle of Albuera had arrived; and it spread abroad over the Kingdom, lighting up bonfires in the streets, and millions of candles in windows, before people had time to learn at what cost this victory was obtained, and how very nearly it had been a fatal defeat, or anything

about it, in short. If they had known the fact that while our allies, the Spaniards, Portuguese, and Germans, suffered but moderately, the British were slaughtered as horribly as they could have been under defeat: so that, out of six thousand men who went up the hill, only fifteen hundred were left standing at the top, the people might have let their bonfires burn out as soon as they would, and might have put out their candles that mourners might weep in darkness. But they burst into rejoicing first, and learned details afterwards.

Every boy in Bleaburn forgot the rabbits that day. All were busy getting in wood for the bonfire. Not a swinging shutter, not a loose pale, not a bit of plank, or ricketty gate, or shaking footbridge escaped their clutches. Where they hid their stock during the day, nobody knew; but there was a mighty pile at dusk. It was then that poor Widow Slaney, stealing out to close her shutter, because she could not bear the sound of rejoicing, nor the sight of her neighbours abroad in the ruddy light, found that her shutter was gone. All day, she had been in the loft, lest she should see anybody; for the clergyman had been to tell her that her son Harry had been shot as a deserter. She had refused to believe it at first; but Mr. Finch had explained to her that the soldiers in Spain had suffered so cruelly from hunger, and want of shoes and of every comfort, that hundreds of them had

gone into the towns to avoid starvation; and then, when the towns were taken by the allies, such British soldiers as were found, and were declared to have no business there, were treated as deserters, for an example. It was some comfort that Mr. Finch did not think that Harry had done any thing very wicked; but Mrs. Slaney could not meet any one, nor bear the flaring light on her ceiling; so she went up to the loft again, and cried all night in the dark. Farmer Neale was the wonder of the place this evening. He was more gracious than anybody, though there was nobody who was not, at all times, afraid of him. When he was seen striding down the steep narrow street, the little boys hid themselves. They had not been able to resist altogether the temptation of dry thorns in his fences, and of the chips which had still lain about where his winter felling had been done, and they concluded he was come now to give them a rough handling: but they found themselves mistaken. He was in high good-humour, sending such boys as he could catch with orders upon his people at home for a tar-barrel and a whole load of faggots.

"It is hardly natural, though, is it?" said Mrs. Billiter to Ann Warrender. "It does not seem natural for any father to rejoice in a victory when his own son has lost his best leg there."

"Has Jack Neale lost his leg? O! what a thing!" exclaimed Ann Warrender. She was going on,

but she perceived that the farmer had heard her.

"Yes," said he, without any sound of heart-pain in his voice. "Jack has lost his right leg, Mr. Finch tells me. And I tell Mr. Finch, it is almost a pity the other did not go after it. He deserved no more good of either of them when he had let them do such a thing as carry him off from his home and his duty."

"How can you, Mr. Neale?" burst out both the women.

"How can I do what, my dears? One thing I can do; and that is, see when an undutiful son is properly punished. He must live on his pension, however: he can be of no use to me, now; and I can't be burdened with a cripple at home."

"I don't think he will ask you," Mrs. Billiter said. "He was none so happy there before as to want to come again."

Ann Warrender told this speech to her father afterwards as the severest she had ever heard from Mrs. Billiter; and they agreed that it was very bold, considering that Billiter was one of Farmer Neale's labourers. But they also agreed that it was enough to stir up flesh and blood to see a man made hearty and good-humoured by misfortune having befallen a son who had offended him. After all, poor Jack Neale had run away only because he could not bear his father's tyranny. Two more of the Bleaburn recruits had suffered — had been killed outright; one a widower, who, in his first grief,

had left his babes with their grandmother, and gone to the wars; and the other, an ignorant lout, who had been entrapped because he was tall and strong; had been fuddled with beer, flattered with talk of finery, and carried off before he could recover his slow wits. He was gone, and would soon be forgotten.

"I say, Jem," said Farmer Neale, when he met the village idiot, Jem Johnson, shuffling along the street, staring at the lights: "you 're the wise man, after all: you 're the best off, my man."

Widow Johnson, who was just behind, put her arm in poor Jem's, and tried to make him move on. She was a stern woman; but she was as much disgusted at Farmer Neale's hardness as her tender-hearted daughter, Mrs. Billiter, or anyone else.

"Good day, Mrs. Johnson," said Neale. "You are better off for a son than I am, after all. Yours is not such a fool as to go and get his leg shot off, like my precious son."

Mrs. Johnson looked him hard in the face, as she would a madman or a drunken man whom she meant to intimidate; and compelled her son to pass on. In truth, Farmer Neale was drunk with evil passions; in such high spirits, that, when he found that the women — mothers of sons — would have nothing to say to him to-day, he went to the public-house, where he was pretty sure of being humoured by the men who

depended on his employment for bread, and on his temper for much of the peace of their lives.

On his way he met the clergyman, and proposed to him to make a merry evening of it. "If you will just step in at the Plough and Harrow, Sir," said he, "and tell us all you have heard about the victory, it will be the finest thing — just what the men want. And we will drink your health, and the King's, and Marshal Beresford's, who won the victory. It is a fine occasion, Sir; an occasion to confirm the loyalty of the people. You will come with me, Sir?"

"No," replied Mr. Finch, "I have to go among another sort of people, Neale. If you have spirits to make merry to-night, I own to you I have not. Victories that cost so much, do not make me very merry."

"Oh, fie, Mr. Finch! How are we to keep up our character for loyalty, if you fail us — if you put on a black face in the hour of rejoicing?"

"Just come with me," said Mr. Finch, "and I can show you cause enough for heaviness of heart. In our small village, there is mourning in many houses. Three of our late neighbours are dead, and one of them in such a way as will break his mother's heart."

"And another has lost a leg, you are thinking. Out with it, Sir, and don't be afraid of my feelings about it. Well, it is certain that Bleaburn has suffered more than is the fair share of one place; but we must be loyal."

"And so," said Mr. Finch, "you are going to prepare more of your neighbours to enlist, the next time a recruiting party comes this way. Oh, I don't say that men are not to be encouraged to serve their king and country: but it seems to me that our place has done its duty well enough for the present. I wonder that you, as a farmer, do not consider the rates, and dread the consequences of having the women and children on our hands, if our able men get killed and maimed in the wars. I should have thought that the price of bread —"

"There, now, don't let us talk about that!" said Neale; "You know that is a subject that we never agree about. We will let alone the price of bread for to-day."

Neale might easily forget this sore subject, and every other that was disagreeable to other people, in the jollity at the Plough and Harrow, where there was an uproar of tipsy mirth for the greater part of the night. But Mr. Finch found little mirth among the people left at home in the cottages. The poor women, who lived hardly, knitting for eighteen hours out of the twenty-four, and finding themselves less and less able to overtake the advancing prices of the necessaries of life, had no great store of spirits to spend in rejoicing over victories, or anything else; and among them there was one who loved Jack Neale, and was beloved by him; and others, who

respected Widow Slaney, and could not countenance noisy mirth while she was sunk in horror and grief. They were hungry enough, too, to look upon young Slaney's death as something of an outrage. If hunger and nakedness had driven him into the shelter of a town, to avoid dying by the roadside, it seemed to them that being shot was a hard punishment for the offence. Mr. Finch endeavoured to show, in hackneyed language, what the dereliction of duty really was, and how intolerable during warfare; but the end of it was that the neighbours pitied the poor young man the more, the more they dwelt upon his fate.

As it turned out, Bleaburn made more sacrifices to the war than those of the Battle of Albuera, even before drum or life was again heard coming over the moor. The place had not been healthy before; and illness set in somewhat seriously after the excitements of the bonfire night. The cold and wet spring had discouraged the whole kingdom about the harvest; and in Bleaburn it had done something more. Where there are stone houses, high winds aggravate the damage of wet weather. The driven rain had been sucked in by the stone; and more wet was absorbed from the foundations, when the swollen stream had rushed down the hollow, and overflowed into the houses, and the pigstyes, and every empty place into which it could run. Where there were glass windows and fires in the rooms, the panes were dewy,

and the walls shiny with trickling drops; and in the cottages where there were no fires, the inhabitants were so chilly, that they stuffed up every broken window-pane, and closed all chinks by which air might enter, in hopes of keeping themselves warm; but the floors were never really dry that summer, and even the beds had a chilly feel. The best shoes showed mould between one Sunday and another; and the meal in the bin (of those who were so fortunate as to have a meal-bin) did not keep well. Mr. Finch had talked a great deal about what was to be expected from summer weather and the harvest; but as the weeks went on, there were graver doubts about the harvest than there had been even while people were complaining at Easter, and shaking their heads at Whitsuntide; and when a few days of hot weather came at last, the people of Bleaburn did not know how to bear them at all. The dead rats and decaying matter which had been deposited by the spring overflow, made such a stench that people shut their windows closer than ever. Their choice now was between being broiled in the heat which was reflected from the sides of the cleft in which they lived, and being shut into houses where the walls, floors, and windows were reeking with steam. The women, who sat still all day, knitting, had little chance for health in such abodes; and still less had such of the men as, already weakened by low diet, had surfeited themselves with beer on the night of the rejoicing, and broiled themselves in the heat of the bonfire, and fevered mind and body with shouting, and singing, and brawling, and been brought home to be laid upon musty straw, under a somewhat damp blanket. This excess was hardly more pernicious to some than depression was to others. Those of the people at Bleaburn that had received heart-wounds from the Battle of Albuera, thought they could never care again for any personal troubles or privations; but they were not long in learning that they now suffered more than before from low diet and every sort of discomfort. They blamed themselves for being selfish; but this self-blame again made the matter worse. They had lost a hope which had kept them up. They were not only in grief, but thoroughly discouraged. Their gloom was increased by seeing that a change had come over Mr. Finch. On Sundays he looked so anxious, that it was enough to lower people's spirits to go to church. His very voice was dismal, as he read the service; his sermon grew shorter almost every Sunday: and it was about everything that the people cared least about. He gave them discussions of doctrine, or dry moral essays, which were as stones to them when they wanted the bread of consolation and the wine of hope. Here and there, women said it really was too much for their spirits to go to church, and they staid away; and the boys

and girls took the opportunity to go spying upon the rabbits. It was such boys and girls that gave news of Mr. Finch during the week. Every morning, he was so busy over his books in his study, that it was no easy matter to get a sight of him; and every fine afternoon he went quietly, by a bye-path, to a certain spot on the moor, where an ostler from the Cross Keys at O — was awaiting him with the horse on which he took long rides over the hills. Mr. Finch was taking care of his health.

CHAPTER II.

"Can I have a chaise?" inquired a young lady, on being set down by the coach at the Cross Keys, at O —.

"Yes, Ma'am, certainly," replied the neat landlady.

"How far do you call it to Bleaburn?"

"To Bleaburn, Ma'am! It is six miles. But, Ma'am, you are not going to Bleaburn, surely."

"Indeed I am. Why not?"

"Because of the fever, Ma'am. There never was anything heard of like it. You cannot go there, I assure you, Ma'am, and I could not think of sending a chaise there. Neither of my post-boys would go."

"One of them shall take me as near as is safe, then. I dare say we shall find somebody who will take care of my little trunk till I can send for it."

"The cordon would take care

of your trunk, if that were all, but —"

"The what?" interrupted the young lady.

"The cordon, they call it, Ma'am. To preserve ourselves, we have set people to watch on the moor above, to prevent anybody from Bleaburn coming among us, to spread the fever. Ma'am, it is worse than anything you ever heard of."

"Not worse than the plague," thought Mary Pickard, in whose mind now rose up all she had read and heard of the horrors of the great plague, and all the longing she had felt when a child to have been a clergyman at such a time, or at least, a physician, to give comfort to numbers in their extremity.

"Indeed, Ma'am," resumed the landlady, "you cannot go there. By what I hear, there are very few now that are not dead, or down in the fever."

"Then they will want me the more," said Mary Pickard. "I must go and see my aunt. I wrote to her that I should go; and she may want me more than I thought."

"Have you an aunt living at Bleaburn?" asked the landlady, in some surprise. "I did not know that there was any lady living at Bleaburn. I thought they had been all poor people there."

"I believe my aunt is poor," said Mary. "I have heard nothing of her for several years, except merely that she was living at Bleaburn. She had the education

of a gentlewoman; but I believe her husband became a common labourer before he died. I am from America, and my name is Mary Pickard, and my aunt's name is Johnson; and I shall be glad if you can tell me anything about her, if this fever is really raging as you say. I must see her before I go home to America."

"You see, Ma'am, if you go," said the landlady, contemplating the little trunk, "you will not be able to come away again while the fever lasts."

"And you think I shall not have clothes enough," said Mary, smiling. "I packed my box for a week only, but I dare say I can manage. If everybody was ill, I could wash my clothes myself. I have done such a thing with less reason. Or, I could send to London for more. I suppose one can get at a post-office."

"Through the cordon, I dare say you might, Ma'am. But, really, I don't know that there is anybody at Bleaburn that can write a letter, except the clergyman and the doctor and one or two more."

"My aunt can," said Mary, "and it is because she does not answer our letters, that I am so anxious to see her. You did not tell me whether you know her name, — Johnson."

"A widow, I think you said, Ma'am." And the landlady called to the ostler to ask him if he knew anything of a Widow Johnson, who lived at Bleaburn. Will Ostler said there was a woman of that name who was the mother of Silly Jem.

"Might that be she?" Mary had never heard of Silly Jem; but when she found that Widow Johnson had a daughter, some years married, that she had white hair, and strong black eyes, and a strong face altogether, and that she seldom spoke, she had little doubt that one so like certain of her relations was her aunt. The end of it was that Mary went to Bleaburn. She ordered the chaise herself, leaving it to the landlady to direct the post-boy where to set her down; she appealed to the woman's good feelings to aid her if she should find that wine, linen or other comforts were necessary at Bleaburn, and she could not be allowed to come and buy them: explained that she was far from rich, and told the exact sum which she at present believed she should be justified in spending on behalf of the sick; and gave a reference to a commercial house in London. She did not tell — and indeed she gave only a momentary thought to it herself — that the sum of money she had mentioned was that which she had saved up to take her to Scotland, to see some friends of her family, and travel through the Highlands. As she was driven off from the gateway of the Cross Keys, nodding and smiling from the chaise window in turning the corner, the landlady ceased from commanding the post-boy on no account to go beyond the brow, and said to herself that this Miss Pickard was the most wilful young lady she had ever known, but that she could not

help liking her, too. She did not seem to value her life any more than a pin; and yet she appeared altogether cheerful and sensible. If the good woman had been able to see into Mary's heart, she would have discovered that she had the best reason in the world for valuing life very much indeed: but she had been so accustomed, all her life, to help everybody that needed it, that she naturally went straight forward into the business, without looking at difficulties or dangers, on the right hand or the left.

Mary never, while she lived, forgot this drive. Her tone of mind was, no doubt, high, though she was unconscious of it. It was a splendid August evening, and she had never before seen moorland. In America, she had travelled among noble inland forests, and a hard granite region near the coasts of New England: but the wide-spreading brown and green moorland, with its pools of clear brown water glittering in the evening sunshine, and its black cocks popping out of the heather, and running into the hollows, was quite new to her. She looked down, two or three times, into a wooded dell where grey cottages were scattered among the coppices, and a little church tower rose above them; but the swelling ridges of the moor, with the tarns between, immediately attracted her eye again.

"Surely," thought she, "the cordon will let me walk on the moor in the afternoons, if I go where I cannot infect any body.

With a walk in such places as these every day, I am sure I could go through any thing."

This seemed very rational beforehand. It never entered Mary's head that for a long while to come, she should never once have leisure for a walk.

"Yon's the cordon," said the post-boy, at last, pointing with his whip.

"What do you understand by a cordon?"

"Them people that you may see there. I don't know why they call them so; for I don't hear that they do anything with a cord."

"Perhaps it is because there is a French word — *cordon* — that means any thing that encloses any other thing. They would call your hat band a cordon; and an officer's sash, and a belt of trees round a park. So, I suppose these people surround poor Bleaburn and let nobody out."

"May be so," said the man, "but I don't see why we should go to the French for our words or anything else, when we have everything better of our own. For my part, I shall be beholden to the French for no word, now I know of it. I shall call them people the watch, or something of that like."

"I think I will call them messengers," said Mary: "and that will sound least terrible to the people below. They do go on errands, do not they, — and take and send parcels and messages?"

"They are paid to do it, Miss: but they put it upon one another, or get out of the way, if they can,

— they are so afraid of the fever, you see. — I think we must stop here, please, Miss. I could go a little nearer, only, you see —.

"I see that you are afraid of the fever too," said Mary, with a smile, as she jumped out upon the grass. One of the sentinels was within hail. Glad of the relief from the dulness of his watch, he came with alacrity, took charge of the little trunk, and offered to show the lady, from the brow, the way down the hollow to the village.

The post-boy stood, with his money in his hand, watching the retreating lady, till, under a sudden impulse, he hailed her. Looking round, she saw him running towards her, casting a momentary glance back at his horses. He wanted to try once more to persuade her to return to O—. He should be so happy to drive her back, out of the way of danger. His employer would be so glad to see her again! When he perceived that it was no use talking, he went on touching his hat, while he begged her to take back the shilling she had just given him. It would make his mind easier, he said, not to take money for bringing any lady to such a place. Mary saw that this was true; and she took back the shilling, promising that it should be spent in the service of some poor sick person.

As Mary descended into the hollow, she was struck with the quiet beauty of the scene. The last sun-blaze rushed level along the upper part of the cleft, while the lower part lay in deep shadow.

While she was descending a steep slope, with sometimes grass, and sometimes grey rock, by the roadside, the opposite height rose precipitous; and from chinks in its brow, little drips of water fell or oozed down, calling into life ferns, and grass, and ivy, in every moist crevice. Near the top, there were rows of swallow-holes; and the birds were at this moment all at play in the last glow of the summer day, now dipping into the shaded dell, down to the very surface of the water, and then sprinkling the grey precipice with their darting shadows. Below, when Mary reached the bridge, she thought all looked shadowy in more senses than one. The first people she saw were some children, excessively dirty, who were paddling about in a shallow pool, which was now none of the sweetest, having been filled by the spring overflow, and gradually drying up ever since. Mary called to these children from the bridge, to ask where Widow Johnson lived. She could learn nothing more than that she must proceed; for, if the creatures had not been almost too boorish to speak, she could have made nothing of the Yorkshire dialect, on the first encounter. In the narrow street, every window seemed closed, and even the shutters of some. She could see nobody in the first two or three shops that she passed; but, at the baker's, a woman was sitting at work. On the entrance of a stranger, she looked up in surprise; and, when at the door, to

point out the turn down to Widow Johnson's, she remained there, with her work on her arm, to watch the lady up the street. The doctor, quickening his pace, came up, saying,

"Who was that you were speaking to? — A lady wanting Widow Johnson! What a very extraordinary thing! Did you tell her the fever had got there?"

"Yes, Sir."

"What did she say?"

"She said she must go and nurse them."

"Do you mean that she is going to stay here?"

"I suppose so, by her talking of nursing them. She says Widow Johnson is her aunt."

"O! that's it! I have heard that Mrs. Johnson came of a good family. But what a good creature this must be—that is, if she knows what she is about. If she is off before morning, I shall think it was a vision, dropped down out of the clouds. Eh?"

"She is not handsome enough to be an angel, or anything of that kind," said the baker's wife.

"O! isn't she? I did not see her face. But it is all the better, if she is not very like an angel. She is all the more likely to stay and nurse the Johnsons. Upon my word, they are lucky people if she does. I must go and pay my respects to her presently. — Do look now — at the doors all along the street, on both sides the way! I have not seen so many people at once for weeks past; — for, you

know, I have no time to go to church in these days."

"You would not see many people, if you went. See! some of the children are following her! It is long since they have seen a young lady, in a white gown, and with a smile on her face, in our street. There she goes, past the corner; she has taken the right turn."

"I will just let her get the meeting over, and settle herself a little," said the doctor; "and then I will go and pay my respects to her."

The little rabble of dirty children followed Mary round the corner, keeping in the middle of the lane, and at some distance behind. When she turned to speak to them, they started and fled, as they might have done, if she had been a ghost. But when she laughed, they returned cautiously; and all their brown forefingers pointed the same way at once, when she made her final inquiry about which was the cottage she wanted. Two little boys were pushed forward by the rest; and it transpired that these were grandchildren of Widow Johnson.

"Is she your granny?" said Mary. "Then, I am your cousin. Come with me; and if granny is very much surprised to see me, you must tell her that I am your cousin Mary."

The boys, however, had no notion of entering the cottage. They slipped away, and hid themselves behind it; and Mary had to introduce herself.

After knocking in vain for some time, she opened the door, and looked in. No one was in the room but a man, whom she at once recognised for Silly Jem. He was half-standing, half-sitting, against the table by the wall, rolling his head from side to side. By no mode of questioning could Mary obtain a word from him. The only thing he did was to throw a great log of wood on the fire, when she observed what a large fire he had. She tried to take it off again; but this he would not permit. The room was insufferably hot and close. The only window was beside the door; so that there was no way of bringing a current of fresh air through the room. Mary tried to open the window; but it was not made to open, except that a small pane at the top, three inches square, went upon hinges. As soon as Mary had opened it, however, poor Jem went and shut it. Within this kitchen, was a sort of closet for stores; and this was the whole of the lower floor. Mary opened one other door, and found within it a steep, narrow stair, down which came a sickening puff of hot, foul air. She went up softly, and Jem slammed the door behind her. It seemed as if it was the business of his life to shut everything.

Groping her way, Mary came to a small chamber, which she surveyed for an instant from the stair, before showing herself within. There was no ceiling; and long cob-webs hung from the rafters. A small window, two feet from the

floor, and curtained with a yellow and tattered piece of muslin, was the only break in the wall. On the deal table stood a phial or two, and a green bottle, which was presently found to contain rum. A turn-up bedstead, raised only a foot from the floor, was in a corner; and on it lay some one who was very restless, feebly throwing off the rug, which was immediately replaced by a sleepy woman who dozed between times in a chair that boasted a patchwork cushion. Mary doubted whether the large black eyes which stared forth from the pillow had any sense in them. She went to see.

"Aunt," said she, going to the bed, and gently taking one of the wasted hands that lay outside. "I am come to nurse you."

The poor patient made a strong effort to collect herself, and to speak. She did not want anybody. She should do very well. This was no place for strangers. She was too ill to see strangers, and so on; but, from time to time, a few wandering words about her knowing best how to choose a husband for herself — her having a right to marry as she pleased — or of insisting that her relations would go their own way in the world, and leave her hers — showed Mary that she was recognised, and what feelings she had to deal with.

"She knows where I came from; but she takes me for my mother or my grandmother," thought she. "If she grows clear in mind, we shall be friends on our own account. If she remains delirious,

she will become used to the sight of me. I must take matters into my own hands at once."

The first step was difficult. Coolness and fresh air were wanted above everything. But there was no chimney; the window would not open; poor Jem would not let any door remain open for a moment; and the sleepy neighbour was one of those who insist upon warm bed-clothes, large fires, and hot spirit-and-water, in fever cases. She was got rid of by being paid to find somebody who would go for Mary's trunk, and bring it here before dark. She did her best to administer another dose of rum before she tied on her bonnet; but as the patient turned away her head with disgust, Mary interposed her hand. The dram was offered to her, and, as she would not have it, the neighbour showed the only courtesy then possible, by drinking Mary's health, and welcome to Bleaburn. The woman had some sharpness. She could see that if she took Jem with her, and put the trunk on his shoulder, she should get the porter's fee herself, instead of giving it to some rude boy; and, as Mary observed, would be doing a kindness to Jem in taking him for a pleasant evening walk. Thus the coast was cleared. In little more than half-an-hour they would be back. Mary made the most of her time.

She set the doors below wide open, and lowered the fire. She would fain have put on some water to boil, for it appeared to her that

everybody and everything wanted washing extremely. But she could find no water, but some which seemed to have been used—which was, at all events, not fit for use now. For water she must wait till somebody came. About air, she did one thing more—a daring thing. She had a little diamond ring on her finger. With this, without noise and quickly, she cut so much of two small panes of the chamber-window as to be able to take them clean out; and then she rubbed the neighbouring panes bright enough to hide, as she hoped, an act which would be thought mad. When she looked round again at Aunt, she could fancy that there was a somewhat clearer look about the worn face, and a little less dulness in the eye. But this might be because she herself felt less sick now that fresh air was breathing up the stairs.

There was something else upon the stairs—the tread of some one coming up. It was the doctor. He said he came to pay his respects to the lady before him, as well as to visit his patient. It was no season for losing time, and doctor and nurse found in a minute that they should agree very well about the treatment of the patient. Animated by finding that he should no longer be wholly alone in his terrible wrestle with disease and death, the doctor did things which he could not have believed he should have courage for. He even emptied out the rum-bottle, and hurled it away into the bed of the stream. The last thing he did was

to turn up his cuffs, and actually bring in two pails of water with his own hands. He promised (and kept his promise) to send his boy with a supply of vinegar, and a message to the neighbour that she was wanted elsewhere, that Mary might have liberty to refresh the patient, without being subject to the charge of murdering her. "A charge, however," said he, "which I fully expect will be brought against any one of us who knows how to nurse. I confess they have cowed me. In sheer despair, I have let them take their own way pretty much. But now we must see what can be done."

"Yes," said Mary. "It is fairly our turn now. We must try how we can cow the fever."

SPRING-TIME IN THE COURT.

THEY say the Spring has come again!
There is no Spring-time here;
In this dark, reeking court, there seems
No change throughout the year:
Except, sometimes, 'tis bitter cold,
Or else 'tis hot and foul;
How hard it is, in such a place,
To feel one has a soul!

They say the Spring has come again!
I scarce believe 'tis so;
For where's the sun, and gentle breeze,
That make the primrose blow?
Oh, would that I could lead my child
Over the meadows green,
And see him playing with the flowers
His eyes have never seen!

His toys are but an oyster-shell,
Or piece of broken delf;
His playground is the gully's side,
With outcasts like himself!
I used to play on sunny banks,
Or else by pleasant streams;
How oft—oh, God be thanked! how oft—
I see them in my dreams.

I used to throw my casement wide,
To breathe the morning's breath;
But now I keep the window close —
The air smells so like death!
Once only, on my window-sill
I placed a little flower,
Something to tell me of the fields —
It withered in an hour.

Why are we housed like filthy swine?
Swine! they have better care;
For we are pent up with the plague,
Shut out from light and air.
We work and wear our lives away,
To heap this city's wealth;
But labour God decreed for us —
'Tis man denies us health!

They say the Spring has come again
To wake the sleeping seed,
Whether it be the tended flower,
Or poor, neglected weed!
Then Harvest comes. Think you our wrongs
For ever, too, will sleep?
The misery which man has sown,
Man will as surely reap!

THE PLANET-WATCHERS OF GREENWICH.

THERE is a morsel of Greenwich Park, which has, for now nearly two centuries, been held sacred from intrusion. It is the portion inclosed by the walls of the Observatory. Certainly a hundred thousand visitors must ramble over the surrounding lawns, and look with curious eye upon the towers and outer boundaries of that little citadel of science, for one who finds admission to the interior of the building. Its brick towers, with flanking turrets and picturesque roofs, perched on the side of the gravelly hill, and sheltered round about by groups of fine old trees, are as well known as Greenwich Hospital itself. But what work goes on inside its carefully pre-

served boundary and under those moveable, black-domed roofs, is a popular mystery. Many a holiday-maker's wonder has been excited by the fall, at one o'clock, of the huge black ball, high up there, by the weather vane on the topmost point of the eastern turret. He knows, or is told if he asks a loitering pensioner, that the descent of the ball tells the time as truly as the sun; and that all the ships in the river watch it to set their chronometers by, before they sail; and that all the railway clocks, and all the railway trains over the kingdom are arranged punctually by its indications. But how the heavens are watched to secure this punctual definition of the flight of time, and what other curious labours are going on inside the Observatory, is a sealed book. The public have always been, of necessity, excluded from the Observatory walls, for the place is devoted to the prosecution of a science whose operations are inconsistent with the bustle, the interruptions, the talk, and the anxieties of popular curiosity and examination.

But when public information and instruction are the objects, the doors are widely opened, and the press and its *attachés* find a way into this, as into many other sacred and forbidden spots. Only last week one of "our own contributors" was seen in a carriage on the Greenwich railway, poring over the paper in the last Edinburgh Review that describes our national astronomical establish-

ment, and was known afterwards to have climbed the Observatory hill, and to have rung and gained admission at the little black mysterious gate in the Observatory wall. Let us see what is told in his report of what he saw within that sacred portal.

In the park on a fine day all seems life and gaiety — once within the Observatory boundary, the first feeling is that of isolation. There is a curious stillness about the place, and the footsteps of the old pensioner, who closes the gate upon a visitor, echoes again on the pavement as he goes away to wake up from his astronomical or meteorological trance one of the officers of this sanctum. Soon, under the guidance of the good genius so invoked, the secrets of the place begin to reveal themselves.

The part of the Observatory so conspicuous from without is the portion least used within. When it was designed by Christopher Wren, the general belief was that such buildings should be lofty, that the observer might be raised towards the heavenly bodies whose motions he was to watch. More modern science has taught its disciples better; and in Greenwich, — which is an eminently practical Observatory, — the working part of the building is found crouching behind the loftier towers. These are now occupied as subsidiary to the modern practical building. The ground floor is used as a residence by the chief astronomer; above is the large hall originally

built to contain huge moveable telescopes and quadrants — such as are not now employed. Now-a-days, this hall occasionally becomes a sort of scientific counting-house — irreverent but descriptive term — in which, from time to time, a band of scientific clerks are congregated to post up the books, in which the daily business of the planets has been jotted down by the astronomers who watch those marvellous bodies. Another portion is a kind of museum of astronomical curiosities. Flamsteed and Halley, and their immediate successors, worked in these towers, and here still rest some of the old, rude tools with which their discoveries were completed, and their reputation, and the reputation of Greenwich, were established. As time has gone on, astronomers and opticians have invented new and more perfect and more luxurious instruments. Greater accuracy is thus obtainable, at a less expenditure of human patience and labour; and so the old tools are cast aside. One of them belonged to Halley, and was put up by him a hundred and thirty years ago; another is an old brazen quadrant, with which many valuable observations were made in by-gone times; and another, an old iron quadrant, still fixed in the stone pier to which it was first attached. Some of the huge telescopes that once found place in this old Observatory, have been sent away. One went to the Cape of Good Hope, and has been useful there. Another of the unsatisfac-

tory, and now unused, instruments had a tube twenty-five feet long, whose cool and dark interior was so pleasant to the spiders that, do what they would, the astronomers could not altogether banish the persevering insects from it. Spin they would; and, spite of dusting and cleaning, and spider-killing, spin they did; and, at length, the savans got more instruments and less patience, and the spiders were left in quiet possession. This has been pleasantly spoken of as an instance of poetical justice. It is but fair that spiders should, at times, have the best of astronomers, for astronomers rob spiders for the completion of their choicest instruments. No fabric of human construction is fine enough to strain across the eyepiece of an important telescope, and opticians preserve a particular race of spiders, that their webs may be taken for that purpose. The spider lines are strained across the best instruments at Greenwich and elsewhere; and when the spinners of these beautifully fine threads disturbed the accuracy of the tube in the western wing of the old Observatory, it was said to be but fair retaliation for the robberies the industrious insects had endured.

A narrow stair leads from the unused rooms of the old Observatory to its leaded roof, whence a magnificent view is obtained; the park, the hospital, the town of Greenwich, and the windings of the Thames, and, gazing further, London itself comes grandly into

the prospect. The most inveterate astronomer could scarcely fail to turn for a moment from the wonders of the heavens to admire these glories of the earth. From the leads, two turrets are reached, where the first constantly active operations in this portion of the building, are in progress.

At the present time, indeed, these turrets are the most useful portions of the old building. In one is placed the well-known contrivance for registering, hour after hour, and day after day, the force and direction of the wind. To keep such a watch by human vigilance, and to make such a register by human labour, would be a tedious, expensive, and irksome task; and human ingenuity taxed itself to make a machine for perfecting such work. The wind turns a weather-cock, and, by aid of cog-wheels the motion is transferred to a lead pencil fixed over a sheet of paper, and thus the wind is made to write down the direction which itself is blowing. Not far distant is a piece of metal, the flat side of which is ever turned by the weather-cock to meet the full force of the wind, which, blowing upon it, drives it back against a spring. To this spring is affixed a chain passing over pulleys towards another pencil, fixed above a sheet of paper, and moving faithfully, more or less, as the wind blows harder or softer. And thus the "gentle zephyr" and the fresh breeze, and the heavy gale, and, when it comes, the furious hurricane, are made to note

down their character and force. The sheets of paper on which the uncertain element, the wind, is bearing witness against itself, is fixed upon a frame moved by clock-work. Steady as the progress of time, this ingenious mechanism draws the paper under the suspended pencils. Thus each minute and each hour has its written record, without human help or inspection. Once a day only, an assistant come to put a new blank sheet in the place of that which has been covered by the moving pencils, and the latter is taken away to be bound up in a volume. The book might with truth be lettered "The History of the Wind; written by Itself," — an *Æolian* autobiography.

Close by is another contrivance for registering in decimals of an inch the quantity of rain that falls. The drops are caught, and passing down a tube, a permanent mark is made by which the quantity is determined.

The eastern turret is devoted to the Time Ball and its mechanism. Far out at sea — away from all sources of information but those to be asked of the planets, his compass, his quadrant, his chronometer, and his almanack, the mariner feels the value of time in a way which the landsman can scarcely conceive. If his chronometer is right, he may feel safe; let him have reason to doubt its accuracy, and he knows how the perils surrounding him are increased. An error of a few seconds in his time may place him in danger — an

error of a few minutes may lead him to steer blindly to his certain wreck. Hence his desire when he is leaving port to have his time-pieces right to a second; and hence the expenditure of thought, and labour, and money, at the Greenwich Observatory, to afford the shipping of the great port of London, and the English navy, the exact time — true to the tenth of a second, or six hundredth of a minute — and to afford them also a book, the Nautical Almanack, containing a mass of astronomical facts, on which they may base their calculations, with full reliance as to their accuracy. Every day for the last seventeen years, at five minutes before one o'clock, the black ball five feet across and stuffed with cork, is raised halfway up its shaft above the eastern turret of the Observatory; — at two-and-a-half minutes before that hour, it rises to the top. Telescopes from many a point, both up and down the river, are now pointed to this dark spot above the Greenwich trees, and many an anxious mariner has his time-pieces beside him, that their indications may be made true. Watch the Ball as you stand in the Park. It is now just raised. You must wait two minutes and a half, and as you do so, you feel what a minute may be. It seems a long, palpable, appreciable time, indeed. In the turret below, stands a clock telling the true time, gained by a laborious watching of the *clock-stars*; and beside the clock, is a man with a practised

tised eye upon the face of the dial. One minute — two minutes pass. Thirty seconds more, and the trigger has released the Ball. As it leaves the top of the shaft, it is one o'clock to the tenth of a second. By the time it has reached the bottom it is some five seconds later.

Leaving the Ball Turret, and the old building which it surmounts, the new Observatory, where the chief work of the establishment is done, claims our notice. This attention would scarcely be given to its outward appearance for it is a long low building, scarcely seen beyond its own boundaries. The Greenwich Observatory is not a *show* place, but an eminently practical establishment. St. Petersburg and other cities have much more gorgeous buildings devoted to astronomical purposes, and Russia and other countries spend much more money on astronomy than England does, yet the Greenwich Tables have a world-wide reputation, and some of them are used as the ground-work for calculations in all Observatories at home and abroad. The astronomer does not want marble halls or grand saloons for his work. Galileo used a bell-tower at Venice, and Kepler stood on the bridge at Prague to watch the stars. The men, not the buildings, do the work. No disappointment need be felt, then, to find the modern Observatory a range of unadorned buildings running east and west, with slits in the roof and in some of the walls. Within these simple buildings are the in-

struments now used, displaying almost the perfection of mechanical skill in their construction and finish — beautifully adapted to the object they have to fulfil, and in perfect order. They are fixed on solid piers of masonry, deeply imbedded in the earth, to secure freedom from vibration — a quality better obtained when the foundations are on sand or gravel than when on rock.

To describe the instruments by their technical names, and to go into any particulars of the instruments they have superseded, would take space, only to do the work of a scientific treatise. Enough, therefore, to say that there are the telescopes best adapted to the chief duty of the place, which is, watching the moon whenever she is visible; watching the *clock-stars*, by which the true time is calculated more exactly than it could be from observations of the sun alone; and watching other planetary bodies as they pass the meridian. Eclipses, occultations, and other phenomena, of course, have their share of attention, and add to the burden of the observer's duties.

The staff of the Observatory includes a chief astronomer, Mr. Airy, with a salary of 800*l.* a year; and six assistants who are paid, 470*l.*, 290*l.*, 240*l.*, 150*l.*, 130*l.*, and 130*l.*, respectively. This does not include the officers of the Meteorological branch of the establishment, to be spoken of hereafter; and which consists of Mr. Glaisher, with 240*l.* a year, one assistant at

120*l.*, and two additional computers. At times, when these scientific labourers have collected more observations than they are able to work out; additional help is summoned, in shape of the body of scientific clerks before spoken of; who, seated at desks, cast up the accounts the planetary bodies, including such regular old friends as the moon and fixed stars, but not forgetting those wandering celestial existences that rush, from time to time, over the meridian, and may be fairly called the chance customers of the astronomer.

Though the interior of the Observatory seems so still, the life of those employed there has its excitements. Looking through telescopes forms a small part only of their duty — and that duty cannot be done when the weather is unfavourable. On cloudy days the observer is idle; in bright weather he is busy; and a long continuance of clear days and nights gives him more employment than he can well complete. Summer, therefore, is his time of labour; winter his time of rest. It appears that in our climate the nights, on the whole, are clearer than the days, and evenings less cloudy than mornings. Every assistant takes his turn as an observer, and a chain of duty is kept up night and day; at other periods, the busiest portion of the twenty-four hours at the Observatory, is between nine in the morning and two in the afternoon. During this time they work in si-

lence, the task being to complete the records of the observations made, by filling in the requisite columns of figures upon printed forms, and then adding and subtracting them as the case requires. Whilst thus engaged, the assistant who has charge of an instrument looks, from time to time, at his star-regulated clock, and when it warns him that his expected planet is nearly due, he leaves his companions, and quietly repairs to the room where the telescope is ready. The adjustment of this has previously been arranged with the greatest nicety. The shutter is moved from the slit in the roof, the astronomer sits upon an easy chair with a moveable back. If the object he seeks is high in the heavens, this chair-back is lowered till its occupant almost lies down; if the star is lower, the chair-back is raised in proportion. He has his note-book and metallic pencil in hand. Across the eye-piece of the telescope are stretched seven lines of spider-web, dividing the field of view. If his seat requires change, the least motion arranges it to his satisfaction, for it rests upon a railway of its own. Beside him is one of the star-clocks, and as the moment approaches for the appearance of the planet, the excitement of the moment increases. "The tremble of impatience for the entrance of the star on the field of view," says an Edinburgh Reviewer, "is like that of a sportsman whose dog has just made a full point, and who awaits the rising of the game. When a star

appears, the observer, in technical language, *takes a second from the clock face*; that is, he reads the second with his eye, and counts on by the ear the succeeding beats of the clock, naming the seconds mentally. As the star passes each wire of the transit, he marks down in his jotting-book with a metallic pencil the second, *and the second only*, of his observation, with such a fraction of a second as corresponds, in his judgment, to the interval of time between the passage of the star, and the beat of the clock which preceded such passage."

An experienced observer will never commit an error in this mental calculation, exceeding the tenth of a second, or six hundredth of a minute. When the star has been thus watched over the seven cobweb lines (or wires), the observer jots down the hour and minute, in addition to the second, and the task is done. Stars, not very near the sun, may be seen in broad daylight, but, at night, it is requisite to direct a ray of light from a lamp, so far to enlighten the field of the telescope, as to permit the spider lines to be seen running across the brighter ground on which the expected star is to be visible.

The adjustment of the instruments is a task of great nicety. If they are out of trim only a shadow of a shade of a hair's-breadth, the desired accuracy is interfered with, and they have to be re-adjusted. Temperature is of course an important element

in their condition, and a slight sensibility may do mischief. The warmth of the observer's body, when approaching the instruments, has been known to affect their accuracy; and to avoid such sources of error, instruments have at times been cased in flannel, that the non-conducting powers of that homely fabric might screen the too-sensitive metal.

Sunday is a comparative holiday at the Observatory, for then, except when any extraordinary phenomena are expected, the only duty done is to drop the Time Ball, and observe the moon's place. The moon is never neglected, and her motions have been here watched, during the last hundred and seventy years, with the most pertinacious care, — to the great service of astronomy, and the great benefit of navigation.

The library should not pass unnoticed. It is small; but being devoted to works upon astronomy, and the kindred sciences, there is ample room for all that has hitherto been written on the subject, or that can, for many generations, be produced. The observations of a lifetime spent in watching the stars may be printed in marvelously few pages. A glance through the Greenwich Astronomical Library gives a rough general idea of what the world has done and is doing for the promotion of this science. Russia contributes large, imperial-looking tomes, that tell of extended observations made under the

munificent patronage of a despot; Germany sends from different points a variety of smaller, cheaper-looking, yet valuable contributions; France gives proofs of her genius and her discoveries; but *her* forte is not in observation. The French are bad observers. They have no such proofs of unremitting, patient toil in search of facts, as those afforded in the records of the Greenwich Tables of the Moon. Indeed, Greenwich, as we have already said, is a working Observatory; and those who go into its library, and its fire-proof manuscript-room, and see how its volumes of observations have been growing from the small beginnings of the days of Flamsteed and Halley, to those of our later and more liberal times, will have good reason to acknowledge that the money devoted to this establishment has been well employed.

One other spot must be noticed as amongst the notable things in this astronomical sanctum. It is the Chronometer-room, to which, during the first three Mondays in the year, the chief watchmakers of London send in their choicest instruments for examination and trial. The watches remain for a good portion of a year; their rates being noted, day by day, by two persons; and then the makers of the best receive prizes, and their instruments are purchased for the navy. Other competitors obtain certificates of excellence, which bring customers from the merchant service; whilst others pass unre-

warded. To enter the room where these admirable instruments are kept, suggests the idea of going into a Brodington Watch-factory. Round the place are ranged shelves, on which the large watches are placed, all ticking in the most distinct and formidable way one against another. When they first arrive, in January, they are left to the ordinary atmospheric temperature for some months. Their rates being taken under these circumstances, a large stove in the centre of the apartment is lighted, and heat got up to a sort of artificial East India or Gold Coast point. Tried under these influences, they are placed in an iron tray over the stove, like so many watch-pies in a baker's dish, and the fire being encouraged, they are literally kept baking, to see how their metal will stand that style of treatment. Whilst thus hot, their rates are once more taken; and then, after this fiery ordeal, such of them as their owners like to trust to an opposite test, are put into freezing mixtures! Yet, so beautifully made are these triumphs of human ingenuity — so well is their mechanism "corrected" for compensating the expansion caused by the heat, and the contraction induced by the cold — that an even rate of going is established, so nearly, that its variation under opposite circumstances becomes a matter of close and certain estimate.

The rates of chronometers on trial for purchase by the Board of

Admiralty, at the Observatory, are posted up and printed in an official form. Upon looking to the document for last year, we find a statement of their performances during six months of 1849, with memoranda of the exact weeks during which the chronometers were exposed to the open air at a north window; the weeks the Chronometer-room was heated by a stove, the chronometers being dispersed on the surrounding shelves; and the weeks during which they were placed in the tray above the stove. The rate given during the first week of trial is in every case omitted; like newly entered school-boys their early vagaries are not taken into account; but after that, every merit and every fault is watched with jealous care, and, when the day of judgment comes, the order of the arrangement of the chronometers in the list is determined solely by consideration of their irregularities of rate as expressed in the columns, "Difference between greatest and least," and, "Greatest difference between one week and the next."

The Royal Observatory, according to a superstition not wholly extinct, is the head-quarters, not only of Astronomy, but of Astrology. The structure is awfully regarded, by a small section of the community which ignorance has still left amongst us, as a manufactory of horoscopes, and a repository for magic mirrors and divining-rods. Not long ago a well-dressed woman called at the Observatory gate to request a hint

as to the means of recovering a lost sum of money; and recently, somebody at Brighton dispatched the liberal sum of five shillings in a post-office order to the same place, with a request to have his nativity cast in return! Another, only last year, wrote as follows: — "I have been informed that there are persons at the Observatory who will, by my enclosing a remittance and the hour of my birth, give me to understand *who is to be my wife?* An early answer, stating all particulars, will oblige," &c.

This sketch descriptive of its real duties and uses are not necessary to relieve the Greenwich Observatory from the charge of being an abode of sorcerers and astrologers. A few only of the most ignorant can yet entertain such notions of its character; but they are not wholly unfounded. Magicians, whose symbols are the Arabic numerals, and whose *arcana* are mathematical computations, daily foretell events in that building with unerring certainty. They pre-discover the future of the stars down to their minutest evolution and eccentricity. From data furnished from the Royal Observatory, is compiled an extraordinary prophetic Almanack from which all other almanacs are copied. It foretells to a second when and where each of the planets may be seen in the heavens at any minute for the next three years. The current number of the Nautical Almanack is for the Year of Grace 1853.

In this quiet sanctuary, then,

the winds are made to register their own course and force, and the rain to gauge its own quantity as it falls; the planets are watched to help the mariner to steer more safely over the seas; and the heavens themselves are investigated for materials from which their future as well as their past history may be written.

SWEDISH FOLK-SONGS.

THE DOVE ON THE LILY.

THERE sits a pure dove on a lily so white,

On midsummer morning: —

She sang of Christ Jesus from morning to night,

In Heaven there is great joy, O!

She sang, and she sang, 't was a joy to hear,

Expecting a maiden in Heaven that year.

"And should I reach Heaven ere twelve-months are o'er,

Sickness and pain I should know never more."

To her father's hall the maiden she went,
And through her left side a sharp pain was sent.

"Oh! make my bed, mother, in haste,
mother dear,
I shall in the fields no more wander this year."

"And speak such words, daughter, dear daughter, no more;
Thou shalt wed with a king ere twelve-months are o'er."

"Oh! better that I be in Heaven a bride,
Than remain on the earth amid kingly pride.

"And father, dear father, go fetch me a priest,
For I know that, ere long, death will be my guest.

"And brother, dear brother, go get me a bier;
And sister, dear sister, do thou dress my hair."

The maiden, she died, and was laid on her bier,
And all her hand-maidens they plaited her hair.

They carried her out from her father's hall door;
And the angels of God with lights went before.

They carried the corpse to the church-yard along,
And the angels of God went before with a song.

They buried the maiden beneath the dark sod,
On midsummer morning: —
And her coming was even well pleasing to God;
In Heaven there is great joy, O!

A WALK IN A WORKHOUSE.

A FEW Sundays ago, I formed one of the congregation assembled in the chapel of a large metropolitan Workhouse. With the exception of the clergyman and clerk, and a very few officials, there were none but paupers present. The children sat in the galleries; the women in the body of the chapel, and in one of the side aisles; the men in the remaining aisle. The service was decorously performed, though the sermon might have been much better adapted to the comprehension and to the circumstances of the hearers. The usual supplications were offered, with more than the usual significance in such a place, for the fatherless children and widows,

for all sick persons and young children, for all that were desolate and oppressed, for the comforting and helping of the weak-hearted, for the raising-up of them that had fallen; for all that were in danger, necessity, and tribulation. The prayers of the congregation were desired "for several persons in the various wards, dangerously ill;" and others who were recovering returned their thanks to Heaven.

Among this congregation, were some evil-looking young women, and beetle-browed young men; but not many — perhaps that kind of characters kept away. Generally, the faces (those of the children excepted) were depressed and subdued, and wanted colour. Aged people were there, in every variety. Mumbling, blear-eyed, spectacled, stupid, deaf, lame; vacantly winking in the gleams of sun that now and then crept in through the open doors, from the paved yard; shading their listening ears, or blinking eyes, with their withered hands; poring over their books, leering at nothing, going to sleep, crouching and drooping in corners. There were weird old women, all skeleton within, all bonnet and cloak without, continually wiping their eyes with dirty dusters of pocket-handkerchiefs; and there were ugly old crones, both male and female, with a ghastly kind of contentment upon them which was not at all comforting to see. Upon the whole, it was the dragon, Pauperism, in a very weak and impotent condition; toothless, fang-

less, drawing his breath heavily enough, and hardly worth chaining up.

When the service was over, I walked with the humane and conscientious gentleman whose duty it was to take that walk, that Sunday morning, through the little world of poverty enclosed within the workhouse walls. It was inhabited by a population of some fifteen hundred or two thousand paupers, ranging from the infant newly born or not yet come into the pauper world, to the old man dying on his bed.

In a room opening from a squalid yard, where a number of listless women were lounging to and fro, trying to get warm in the ineffectual sunshine of the tardy May morning — in the "Itch Ward," not to compromise the truth — a woman such as HOGARTH has often drawn, was hurriedly getting on her gown, before a dusty fire. She was the nurse, or wardswoman, of that insalubrious department — herself a pauper — flabby, raw-boned, untidy — unpromising and coarse of aspect as need be. But, on being spoken to about the patients whom she had in charge, she turned round, with her shabby gown half on, half off, and fell a crying with all her might. Not for show, not querulously, not in any mawkish sentiment, but in the deep grief and affliction of her heart; turning away her dishevelled head: sobbing most bitterly, wringing her hands, and letting fall abundance of great tears, that choked her utterance. What

was the matter with the nurse of the itch-ward? Oh, "the dropped child" was dead! Oh, the child that was found in the street, and she had brought up ever since, had died an hour ago, and see where the little creature lay, beneath this cloth! The dear, the pretty dear!

The dropped child seemed too small and poor a thing for Death to be in earnest with, but Death had taken it; and already its diminutive form was neatly washed, composed, and stretched as if in sleep upon a box. I thought I heard a voice from Heaven saying, It shall be well for thee, O nurse of the itch-ward, when some less gentle pauper does those offices to thy cold form, that such as the dropped child are the angels who behold my Father's face!

In another room, were several ugly old women crouching, witch-like, round a hearth, and chattering and nodding, after the manner of the monkies. "All well here? And enough to eat?" A general chattering and chuckling; at last an answer from a volunteer. "Oh yes gentleman! Bless you gentleman! Lord bless the parish of St. So-and-So! It feed the hungry, Sir, and give drink to the thirsty, and it warm them which is cold, so it do, and good luck to the parish of St. So-and-So, and thankee gentleman!" Elsewhere, a party of pauper nurses were at dinner. "How do you get on?" "Oh pretty well Sir! We works hard, and we lives hard — like the sodgers!"

In another room, a kind of purgatory or place of transition, six

or eight noisy madwomen were gathered together, under the superintendence of one sane attendant. Among them was a girl of two or three and twenty, very prettily dressed, of most respectable appearance, and good manners, who had been brought in from the house where she had lived as domestic servant (having, I suppose, no friends), on account of being subject to epileptic fits, and requiring to be removed under the influence of a very bad one. She was by no means of the same stuff, or the same breeding, or the same experience, or in the same state of mind, as those by whom she was surrounded; and she pathetically complained that the daily association and the nightly noise made her worse, and was driving her mad — which was perfectly evident. The case was noted for enquiry and redress, but she said she had already been there for some weeks.

If this girl had stolen her mistress's watch, I do not hesitate to say she would, in all probability, have been infinitely better off. Bearing in mind, in the present brief description of this walk, not only the facts already stated in this Journal, in reference to the Model Prison at Pentonville, but the general treatment of convicted prisoners under the associated silent system too, it must be once more distinctly set before the reader, that we have come to this absurd, this dangerous, this monstrous pass, that the dishonest felon is, in respect of cleanliness, order, diet,

and accommodation, better provided for, and taken care of, than the honest pauper.

And this conveys no special imputation on the workhouse of the parish of St. So-and-So, where, on the contrary, I saw many things to commend. It was very agreeable, recollecting that most infamous and atrocious enormity committed at Tooting — an enormity which, a hundred years hence, will still be vividly remembered in the bye-ways of English life, and which has done more to engender a gloomy discontent and suspicion among many thousands of the people than all the Chartist leaders could have done in all their lives — to find the pauper children in this workhouse looking robust and well, and apparently the objects of very great care. In the Infant School — a large, light, airy room at the top of the building — the little creatures, being at dinner, and eating their potatoes heartily, were not cowed by the presence of strange visitors, but stretched out their small hands to be shaken, with a very pleasant confidence. And it was comfortable to see two mangey pauper rocking-horses rampant in a corner. In the girls' school, where the dinner was also in progress, everything bore a cheerful and healthy aspect. The meal was over, in the boys' school, by the time of our arrival there, and the room was not yet quite rearranged; but the boys were roaming unrestrained about a large and airy yard, as any other schoolboys might have done. Some of them

had been drawing large ships upon the schoolroom wall; and if they had a mast with shrouds and stays set up for practice (as they have in the Middlesex House of Correction), it would be so much the better. At present, if a boy should feel a strong impulse upon him to learn the art of going aloft, he could only gratify it, I presume, as the men and women paupers gratify their aspirations after better board and lodging, by smashing as many workhouse windows as possible, and being promoted to prison.

In one place, the Newgate of the Workhouse, a company of boys and youths were locked up in a yard alone; their day-room being a kind of kennel where the casual poor used formerly to be littered down at night. Divers of them had been there some long time. "Are they never going away?" was the natural enquiry. "Most of them are crippled, in some form or other," said the Wardsman, "and not fit for anything." They slunk about, like dispirited wolves or hyænas; and made a pounce at their food when it was served out, much as those animals do. The big-headed idiot shuffling his feet along the pavement, in the sunlight outside, was a more agreeable object every way.

Groves of babies in arms; groves of mothers and other sick women in bed; groves of lunatics; jungles of men in stone-paved downstairs day-rooms, waiting for their dinners; longer and longer groves of old people, in upstairs Infirmary

wards, wearing out life, God knows how — this was the scenery through which the walk lay, for two hours. In some of these latter chambers, there were pictures stuck against the wall, and a neat display of crockery and pewter on a kind of sideboard; now and then it was a treat to see a plant or two; in almost every ward, there was a cat.

In all of these Long Walks of aged and infirm, some old people were bed-ridden, and had been for a long time; some were sitting on their beds half-naked; some dying in their beds; some out of bed, and sitting at a table near the fire. A sullen or lethargic indifference to what was asked, a blunted sensibility to everything but warmth and food, a moody absence of complaint as being of no use, a dogged silence and resentful desire to be left alone again, I thought were generally apparent. On our walking into the midst of one of these dreary perspectives of old men, nearly the following little dialogue took place, the nurse not being immediately at hand:

"All well here?"

No answer. An old man in a Scotch cap sitting among others on a form at the table, eating out of a tin porringer, pushes back his cap a little to look at us, claps it down on his forehead again with the palm of his hand, and goes on eating.

"All well here?" (repeated.)

No answer. Another old man sitting on his bed, paralytically

peeling a boiled potato, lifts his head, and stares.

"Enough to eat?"

No answer. Another old man, in bed, turns himself and coughs.

"How are you to-day?" To the last old man.

That old man says nothing; but another old man, a tall old man of a very good address, speaking with perfect correctness, comes forward from somewhere, and volunteers an answer. The reply almost always proceeds from a volunteer, and not from the person looked at or spoken to.

"We are very old, Sir," in a mild, distinct voice. "We can't expect to be well, most of us."

"Are you comfortable?"

"I have no complaint to make, Sir." With a half shake of his head, a half shrug of his shoulders, and a kind of apologetic smile.

"Enough to eat?"

"Why, Sir, I have but a poor appetite," with the same air as before; "and yet I get through my allowance very easily."

"But," showing a porringer with a Sunday dinner in it; "here is a portion of mutton, and three potatoes. You can't starve on that?"

"Oh dear no, Sir," with the same apologetic air. "Not starve."

"What do you want?"

"We have very little bread, Sir. It's an exceedingly small quantity of bread."

The nurse, who is now rubbing her hands at the questioner's elbow, interferes with, "It ain't much raly, Sir. You see they've only six ounces a day, and when

they've took their breakfast, there can only be a little left for night, Sir."

Another old man, hitherto invisible, rises out of his bedclothes, as out of a grave, and looks on.

"You have tea at night?" The questioner is still addressing the well-spoken old man.

"Yes, Sir, we have tea at night."

"And you save what bread you can from the morning, to eat with it?"

"Yes, Sir—if we can save any."

"And you want more to eat with it?"

"Yes, Sir." With a very anxious face.

The questioner, in the kindness of his heart, appears a little discomposed, and changes the subject.

"What has become of the old man who used to lie in that bed in the corner?"

The nurse don't remember what old man is referred to. There has been such a many old men. The well-spoken old man is doubtful. The spectral old man who has come to life in bed, says, "Billy Stevens." Another old man who has previously had his head in the fireplace, pipes out,

"Charley Walters."

Something like a feeble interest is awakened. I suppose Charley Walters had conversation in him.

"He's dead!" says the piping old man.

Another old man, with one eye screwed up, hastily displaces the piping old man, and says:

"Yes! Charley Walters died in that bed, and — and —"

"Billy Stevens," persists the spectral old man.

"No, no! and Johnny Rogers died in that bed, and — and — they're both on 'em dead — and Sam'l Bowyer;" this seems very extraordinary to him; "he went out!"

With this he subsides, and all the old men (having had quite enough of it) subside, and the spectral old man goes into his grave again, and takes the shade of Billy Stevens with him.

As we turn to go out at the door, another previously invisible old man, a hoarse old man in a flannel gown, is standing there, as if he had just come up through the floor.

"I beg your pardon, Sir, could I take the liberty of saying a word?"

"Yes; what is it?"

"I am greatly better in my health, Sir; but what I want, to get me quite round," with his hand on his throat, "is a little fresh air, Sir. It has always done my complaint so much good, Sir. The regular leave for going out, comes round so seldom, that if the gentlemen, next Friday, would give me leave to go out walking, now and then — for only an hour or so, Sir! —"

Who could wonder, looking through those weary vistas of bed and infirmity, that it should do him good to meet with some other scenes, and assure himself that there was something else on earth?

Who could help wondering why the old men lived on as they did; what grasp they had on life; what crumbs of interest or occupation they could pick up from its bare board; whether Charley Walters had ever described to them the days when he kept company with some old pauper woman in the bud, or Billy Stevens ever told them of the time when he was a dweller in the far-off foreign land called Home!

The morsel of burnt child, lying in another room, so patiently, in bed, wrapped in lint, and looking stedfastly at us with his bright quiet eyes when we spoke to him kindly, looked as if the knowledge of these things, and of all the tender things there are to think about, might have been in his mind — as if he thought, with us, that there was a fellow-feeling in the pauper nurses which appeared to make them more kind to their charges than the race of common nurses in the hospitals — as if he mused upon the Future of some older children lying around him in the same place, and thought it best, perhaps, all things considered, that he should die — as if he knew, without fear, of those many coffins, made and unmade, piled up in the store below — and of his unknown friend, "the dropped child," calm upon the box-lid covered with a cloth. But there was something wistful and appealing, too, in his tiny face, as if, in the midst of all the hard necessities and incongruities he pondered on, he pleaded, in behalf of the

helpless and the aged poor, for a little more liberty — and a little more bread.

THE "IRISH DIFFICULTY" SOLVED BY CON MC NALE.

CON MC NALE would have been summarily repudiated as an Irishman by our farce-writers and slashing novelists. He neither drank, fought, nor swore; did not make many blunders; and never addressed a friend either as his "honey" or his "jewel." His *co-tamore* was of stout frieze, and though Con had long attained his full height, the tailor had left him room to grow. The *caubeen* was not his head-dress, for Con had arrived at the dignity of a silk hat, which had been manufactured, as the mark in the crown declared, by the Saxons in the Borough of Southwark, which locality Con believed to be in the neighbourhood of England. The brogues were also absent, but were favourably represented by shoes of native manufacture laced with stout thongs. In fact, Mr. Mc Nale was a fine specimen of the finest *pisantry* in the world — without the rags.

People have gone to the Highlands and to Switzerland, and perhaps seen many places not much more grand and picturesque than the district where Con Mc Nale had made a patch of the desert to smile. A long range of blue mountains rising irregularly above each other, looked down on an exten-

sive plain, that lay along the shore of a mighty lake, to the banks of which thick plantations crowded so near that the old Irish called the water *Lough-glas*, which signifies waters of green. The districts where a short but thick and sweet herbage sprung up among the rocks, were certainly put to the use of feeding cattle, and it was while employed there as a herd-boy, that Con Mc Nale determined to become a farmer. His mind was made up. His earnings were hardly enough to keep life in him, and if he had tried to save the price of a spade out of them to begin business with, the chances are that he would have died prematurely for want of food. But that didn't matter much; he was determined to be a farmer. This determination was then as likely of fulfilment as that of Oliver Cromwell to become Protector of the Realm, while tending the vats at Huntingdon; or that of Aladdin to become a prince, when he was a ragged boy in the streets of Bagdad. To show, however, what perseverance will do, when I made acquaintance with Mr. Con Mc Nale he had actually got possession of a spade, and was making good use of it in a ditch — his own ditch, on his own land. As he went on, now digging, now resting on the handle, he told me all about his gradual promotion from a herd-boy to a country jontleman.

"My father," said he, "lived under ould Squire Kilkelly, an' for awhile tinded his cattle: but the Squire's gone out iv this part

iv the counthry, to Australia or some furrin part, an' the mentioned house (mansion house) an' the finepropperty was sould, so it was, for little or nothin', for the fightin' was over in furrin parts; Boney was put down, an' there was no price for corn or cattle, an' a jon-tleman from Scotland came an' bought the istate. We were warned by the new man to go, for he tuk in his own hand all the in-land about the domain, bein' a grate farmer. He put nobody in our little place, but pulled it down, an' he guv father a five guinea note, but my father was ould an' not able to face the world agin, an' he went to the town an' tuk a room — a poor, dirty, choky place it was for him, myself, and sisther to live in. The neighbours were very kind an' good, though. Sister Bridget got a place wid a farmer hereabouts, and I tuk the world on my own showlders. I had nothin' at all but the rags I stud up in, an' they were bad enuf. Poor Biddy got a shillin' advanced iv her wages that her masther was to giv her. She guv it me, for I was bent on goin' towards Belfast to look for work. All along the road I axed at every place; they could giv it me but to no good, except when I axed, they'd giv me a bowl iv broth, or a piece iv bacon, or an oaten bannock, so that I had my shillin' to the fore when I got to Belfast.

“Here the heart was near lavin' me all out intirely. I went wand-therin' down to the quay among the ships, and what should there

be but a ship goin' to Scotland that very night, wid pigs. In throth it was fun to see the sailors at cross-purposes wid 'em, for they didn't know the natur iv the bastes. I did. I knew how to coax 'em. I set to an' I deludhered an' coaxed the pigs, an', by pullin' them by the tail, knowing that if they took a fancy I wished to pull 'em back out of the ship, they'd run might and main into her, and so they did. Well, the sailors were mightily divarted, an' when the pigs was aboard, I wint down to the place — an' the short iv it is that in three days I was in Glasgow town, an' the captain an' the sailors subshcribed up tinshillins an' guv it into my hand. Well, I bought a raping hook, an' away I trudged till I got quite an' clane into the counthry, an' the corn was, here and there, fit to cut. At last I goes an' ax a farmer for work. He thought I was too wake to be paid by the day, but one field havin' one corner fit to cut, an' the next not ready, “Paddy,” says he, “you may begin in that corner, an' I'll pay yees by the work yees do,” an' he guv me my breakfast an' a pint of beer. Well, I never quit that masther the whole harvest, an' when the raping was over I had four goolden guineas to carry home, besides that I was as sthrong as a lion. Yees would wonder how glad the sailors was to see me back agin, an' ne'er a farthin' would they take back iv their mone-y, but tuk me over agin to Belfast, givin' me the hoighth of good thratemint of all kinds. I did not

stay an hour in Belfast, but tuk to the road to look afther the ould man an' little Biddy. Well, sorrows the tidin's I got. The ould man had died, an' the grief an' disthress of poor little Biddy had even touched her head a little. The dacent people where she was, may the Lord reward 'em, though they found little use in her, kep her, hoping I would be able to come home an' keep her myself, an' so I was. I brought her away wid me, an' the sight iv me put new life in her. I was set upon not being idle, an' I'll tell yees what I did next.

"When I was little *bouchaleen* iv a boy I used to be a head on the mountain face, an' 'twas often I sheltered myself behind them gray rocks that 's at the gable iv my house, an' somehow it came into my head that the new Squire, being a grate man for improvin', might let me try to brake in a bit iv land there, an' so I goes off to him, an' one iv the sarvints bein' a sort iv cousin iv mine, I got to spake to the Squire, an' behould yees he guv me lave at onst. Well, there 's no time like the prisint, an' as I passed out iv the back yard of the mentioned (mansion) house, I sees the sawyers cutting some Norway firs that had been blown down by the storm, an' I tells the sawyers that I had got lave to brake in a bit iv land in the mountains, an' what would some pieces iv fir cost. They says they must see what kind of pieces they was that I wished for, an' no sooner had I set about looking 'em through than the

Squire himself comes ridin out of the stable-yard, an' says he at onst, Mc Nale, says he, you may have a load iv cuttins to build your cabin, or two if you need it. "The Heavens be your honour's bed," says I, an' I wint off to the room where I an' Biddy lived, not knowin' if I was on my head or my heels. Next day, before sunrise, I was up here five miles up the face of Slieve-dan, with a spade in my fist, an' I looked roun' for the most sheltered spot I could sit my eyes an'. Here I saw, where the house an' yard are stan'in, a plot iv about an acre to the south iv that tall ridge of rocks, well sheltered from the blast from the north an' from the aste, an' it was about sunrise an' a fine mornin' in October that I tuk up the first spadeful. There was a spring then drippin' down the face iv the rocks, the same you see gushin' through the crockery pipe in the farm-yard; an' I saw at once that it would make the cabin completely damp, an' the land about mighty sour an' water-slain; so I determined to do what I saw done in Scotland. I sunk a deep drain right under the rock to run all along the back iv the cabin, an' workin' that day all alone by myself, I did a grate dale iv it. At night, it was close upon dark when I started to go home, so I hid my spade in the heath an' trudged off. The next mornin' I bargined with a farmer to bring me up a load iv fir cuttins from the Squire's, an' oy the evenin' they were thrown down within a quarter iv a mile iv my place, — for there was no road

to it then, an' I had to carry 'em myself for the remainder of the way. This occupied me till near nightfall; but I remained that night till I placed two upright posts of fir, one at each corner iv the front iv the cabin.

"I was determinded to get the cabin finished as quickly as possible, that I might be able to live upon the spot, for much time was lost in goin' and comin'. The next day I was up betimes, an' finding a track iv stiff blue clay, I cut a multitude of thick square sods iv it, an' having set up two more posts at the remainin' two corners iv the cabin, I laid four rows iv one gable, rising it about three feet high. Havin' laid the rows, I sharpind three or four straight pine branches, an' druv them down through the sods into the earth, to pin the wall in its place. Next day I had a whole gable up, each three rows iv sods pinned through to the three benathe. In about eight days I had put up the four walls, makin' a door an' two windows; an' now my outlay began, for I had to pay a thatcher to put on the sthraw an' to assist me in risin' the rafters. In another week it was covered in, an' it was a pride to see it with the new thatch an' a wicker chimbley daubed with clay, like a pallis undernathe the rock. I now got some turf that those who had cut 'em had not removed, an' they sould 'em for a thrifle, an' I made a grate fire an' slept on the flure of my own house that night. Next day I got another load iv fir

brought, to make the partitions in the winter, an' in a day or two after I had got the inside so dhry that I was able to bring poor Biddy to live there for good and all. The Heavens be praised, there was not a shower iv rain fell from the time I began the cabin till I ended it, an' when the rain did fall, not a drop came through, — all was carried off by my dhrein into the little river before yees. The moment I was settled in the house I comminced dhreining about an acre iv bog in front, an' the very first winter I sowed a shillin's worth of cabbidge seed, an' sold in the spring a pound's worth of little cabbidge plants for the gardins in the town below. When spring came — noticin' how the early planted praties did the best, I planted my cabbidge ground with praties, an' I had a noble crap, while the ground was next year fit for the corn. In the mane time, every winther I tuk in more and more ground, an' in summer I cut my turf for fewel; where the cuttins could answer, in winther, for a dhrein; an' findin' how good the turf were, I got a little powney an' carried 'em to the town to sell, when I was able to buy lime in exchange, an' put it on my bog, so as to make it produce double. As things went on, I got assistance, an' when I marrid, my wife had two cows that guv me a grate lift.

"I was always thought to be a handy boy; an' I could do a turn of mason-work with any man not riglarly bred to it; so I took one of my loads of lime, an' instead of

puttin' it on the land, I made it into morthar — and indeed the stones being no ways scarce, I set to an' built a little kiln, like as I had seen down the country. I could then burn my own lime, an' the limestone were near to my hand, too many iv 'em. While all this was goin' on, I had riz an' sould a good dale iv oats and praties, an' every summer I found ready sale for my turf in the town from one jontleman that I always charged at an even rate, year by year. I got the help of a stout boy, a cousin iv my own, who was glad iv a shilter; an' when the childher were ould enough, I got some young cattle that could graze upon the mountain in places where no other use could be made iv the land, and set the gossoons to herd 'em.

"There was one bit iv ground nigh han' to the cabin, that puzzled me intirely. It was very poor and sandy, an' little better than a rabbit burrow; an' telling the Squire's Scotch steward iv it, he bade me thry some flax, an' sure enuf, so I did, an' a fine crap iv flax I had, as you might wish to see; an' the stame-mills being beginnin' in the country at that time, I sould my flax for a very good price — my wife having dhried it, beetled it, an' scutched it with her own two hands. I should have said before, that the Squire himself came up here with a lot iv fine ladies and jontlemen to see what I had done; an' you never in your life seed a man so well plased as he was, an' a

Mimber of Parlimint from Scotland was with him, an' he tould me I was a credit to ould Ireland; and sure, didn't Father Connor read upon the papers, how he tould the whole story in the Parlimint House before all the lords an' quality: but faix, he didn't forgit me; for a month or two after he was here, an' it coming on the winter, comes word for me an' the powney to go down to the mentioned (mansion) house, for the steward wanted me; so away I wint, an' there, shure enuf, was an illigant Scotch plough, every inch of iron, an' a lot of young Norroway pines — the same you see shiltering the house an' yard — an' all was a free prisint for me from the Scotch jontleman that was the Mimber of Parlimint. 'T was that plough that did the meracles iv work hereabouts; for I often lint it to any that I knew to be a careful hand; an' it was the manes iv havin' the farmers all round send an' buy 'em. At last I was able to build a brave snug house; and praised be Providence, I have never had an hour's ill health, nor a moment's grief, but when poor Biddy, the cratur, died from us. It is thirty years since that morning that I tuk up the first spadeful from the wild mountain side; an' twelve acres are good labour land, an' fifteen drained, an' good grazin'. I have been payin' rint twinty years, an' am still, thank God, able to take my own part iv any day's work, — plough, spade, or flail."

"Have you got a lease?" said I.

"No, indeed; not a schrape of a pin; nor I never axed it. Have I not my *tinnant-rile*?"

From that subject, Mr. Mc Nale diverged slightly into politics, touching on the state of the *country*, and untwisting some entanglements of the "Irish difficulty" that might be usefully made known in the neighbourhood of Westminster.

"Troth, Sir," said Con, "you English are mighty grand in all your doings. You dale wholesale in all sorts iv things; good luck to you—in charity as well as in pigs, praties, an' sich like. Well you want to improve Ireland by wholesale; you set up illigant schemes for puttin' us all to rights by the million; for clanin' an' dranin' a whole province at onst; for giving labour to everybody; an' all mighty purty on paper, with figures all as round an' nate as copybooks, with long rigiments of O's, after 'em. I've heard iv whole stacks of papers piled up an' handsomely ticketed in tidy big offices—all 'rules and riglations' for labourers, which the boys can't follow, and the inspectors can't force. Why not," continued Mr. Con, giving his spade a thrust into the ground that sent it up to the maker's name, "Why not tache the boys to do as I have done?"

"But all are not so persevering, so knowing, and so fond of work as you."

Whether Mr. Mc Nale was impressed by his own modesty, or

by the force of my suggestion, I know not. But he was silent.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH was born on the 7th of April, 1770; he died on the 23d of April, 1850. His life was prolonged for ten years beyond the space attributed to man by the inspired Psalmist. He lived in an age unprecedented for its social and civil revolutions; for its discoveries in science, and their practical application. He was fourteen years of age when the new North American Republic was finally recognised as one of the brotherhood of nations; he witnessed the French Revolution; the subjection of every monarchy in Europe, except England and Russia, to the absolute will of a French emperor; the instalment and evaporation of the Holy Alliance; the European war of twenty years, and the European peace of thirty-two years; one Pope carried into exile by a foreign conqueror, another driven into exile by his own subjects; and at home, the trials of Hardy and Thelwall; the Bank Restriction Act; the origination of the Bell and Lancaster systems of Education; the visit of the allied monarchs to London; the passing of Peel's Bill; the introduction of Palmer's mail-coaches and M'Adam's roads; the invention of steam navigation; the passing of the Reform Bill; the development of the Railway system, and the

Electric telegraph. He was the contemporary of Davey, Herschell, Bentham, Godwin, Malthus and Ricardo, Byron, Scott, Wilkie, Chantrey, Fox, Pitt, Canning and Brougham.

Wordsworth's age was one of stirring events and great changes. The character of his poetry is in startling contrast to that age. It is passionless, a record of the poet's own mind; simple and austere, emanating from his own independent thoughts and fancies; receiving little of its form and colour from external events, or the feelings and opinions of men. For eighty long years, Wordsworth would almost appear to have lived "*among* men, not *of* them;" sympathising as little with the ephemeral pursuits of his contemporaries as the colossal Memnon does with the Copts, Turks, and Arabs who now tenant the banks of the Nile.

William Wordsworth was born in the little county town of Cocker-mouth; his father was an attorney — not a wealthy man, but in circumstances that enabled him to give his family a fair education. One son entered the merchant service, rose to command a vessel, and perished at sea. The son of another has acquired a name as master of Harrow, and author of a delightful book on Greece, full of delicate beauty and classical feeling. The allusions by William to his favourite sister are among the most touching passages in his poems; and one or two little pieces of verse, and some extracts

from her journals, which he has published, show that she was every way deserving of his love. The poetical dedication of the River Duddon to Dr. Wordsworth, is full of delightful allusions to the boyhood of the brothers, and conveys a pleasing impression of their family relations.

Our poet received the rudiments of his education at the grammar school of Hawkeshead, in Westmoreland, conducted in his time by a master of more than ordinary attainments. In 1787, he matriculated at St. John's College, Cambridge. Even in his boyhood it was obvious that he possessed superior abilities, but they were not of the showy and ambitious kind which achieve school or college distinction. He was partial to solitary rambles; fond of reading and reciting verses; a boy whom elder men "singled out for his grave looks," as he has said in the Excursion, and liked to converse with.

It was intended that he should enter the Church, the family circumstances rendering it necessary that he should adopt a profession. But, independently of his wish to devote himself exclusively to literary pursuits, he had caught the prevalent spirit of the time — the aversion to conventional forms and opinions. A moderate income, settled upon him by Raisley Calvert, the victim of a premature decline, enabled him to follow his inclinations. This benefit the poet has gratefully acknowledged: —

"Calvert, it must not be unheard by them
Who may respect my name, that I to thee
Owed many years of early liberty.

This care was thine, when sickness did
condemn

Thy youth to hopeless wasting, root and
stem;

That I, if frugal and severe, might stray
Where'er I liked; and finally array
My temples with the Muse's diadem."

After leaving College he made extensive tours on foot, in Scotland and on the Continent with a youthful friend. In 1793 he for the first time ventured into print. Two small volumes appeared in that year: "Descriptive Sketches, in verse, taken during a Pedestrian Tour among the Alps;" and "An Evening Walk, an Epistle in Verse, addressed to a young Lady from the Lakes in the North of England." In these poems we find no traces of the poetical theory which he subsequently adopted. But they are characterised by the same, almost exclusive, preference for lakes, cataracts and mountains, the elementary beauty of external nature, human passions and incidents, and they contain many passages of glaring imagination powerfully expressed.

In 1796 he took up his abode with his sister at Allfaxden, at the foot of the Quantock Hills, in Somersetshire. This was an important era in the development of his intellect and imagination. During his residence at Allfaxden he was in constant and unreserved communication with Coleridge. Totally dissimilar as the two men were in character, they had many sympathies. Upon both, the classical tastes and ecclesiastical opi-

nions inculcated at English schools and colleges, had, without their being aware of it, made a deep and indelible impression. Both had been animated by the vague but ardent longings after an undefined liberty, and perfection of human nature, then prevalent. They were isolated from general sympathy without knowing it; from the revolutionary party by their literary tastes and strong attachment to traditional English morals; from the Church and State party by their freedom from sectarian narrowness. The resolute independence of thought of the young poets is worthy of all admiration; their frank and cordial communication of all their thoughts, equally so. A pleasing though brief sketch of them at that time has been given by Hazlitt, in an essay, entitled, "My first Acquaintance with Poets;" a more petulant and shallow account, which yet contains some valuable information, by Cottle.

The result of this literary alliance was the first volume of the "Lyrical Ballads." The quiet but perfect melody of Wordsworth's versification and the depth of the human sentiment in his reflections, the more swelling tone of Coleridge's verse and his wild unearthly imaginings, might have secured a more favourable reception for his work, had it not been announced as the result of a new theory of poetry. That theory was misapprehended by the critics of the day, and was indeed inadequately expressed by its authors them-

selves. Coleridge subsequently developed it in more precise and unexceptionable language in his *Biographia Literaria*. The effect of its premature announcement was, that the *Lyrical Ballads* were judged, not by their own intrinsic merits, but by the theory upon which they were said to have been constructed.

The insurmountable indolence of Coleridge — always planning works too great for human accomplishment, and resting satisfied with projects — left Wordsworth to pursue his path alone. This he did with characteristic pertinacity of purpose; if criticism had any influence on him at all, it was only to confirm him in his foregone conclusions. After an excursion to Germany, in which he was accompanied by his sister and Coleridge, he returned to his native country, "with the hope," as he has told us in his Preface to the *Excursion*, "of being enabled to construct a literary work that might live."

In 1803, William Wordsworth married Miss Mary Hutchinson, and settled at Grasmere. He removed in a few years to Rydal Mount, where he continued to reside till his death. Subsequently to this time his life is utterly devoid of personal incident, and may be briefly recapitulated before proceeding to chronicle his poetical productions, which are indeed his life. By his wife, who survives him, he had one daughter, who died before him, and two sons, one of whom holds a vicarage in Cumberland, the other is a distri-

butor of stamps. In 1814, Wordsworth, by the patronage of the Earl of Lonsdale, was appointed distributor of stamps for Cumberland and Westmoreland — a recognition of the claims of genius to public support only second in eccentricity to the making of Burns an exciseman. After holding this office for twenty-eight years, he was allowed to relinquish it to his second son, and retire upon a pension of 300*l.* a year. In 1843, he succeeded Southey in the limited emoluments and questionable dignity of the Laureateship. His slender inheritance, the beneficence of Raisley Calvert, his office under Government, his retiring pension, and his emoluments as Laureate, sufficed, with his simple tastes, to enable him to wait the slow pecuniary returns of his literary labours.

While the critical storm awakened by the Preface to the *Lyrical Ballads* was still raging, he composed his *Peter Bell* and his *Waggoner*, which were not, however, published till many years later. They are full of fine and deep-felt poetry. Their language is genuine racy English, and their versification unsurpassed for sweetness. It cannot, however, be denied that they are marked by a self-willed, exaggerated adherence to the theory of poetry he had promulgated, the effect of something that is very like a spirit of contradiction. In a playful adaptation of Milton's sonnet, *Tetrachordon*, Wordsworth defends his choice of subjects by the admiration felt

or professed for Tam o' Shanter. He overlooks the utter difference between the mode in which Burns conceived and executed that poem, and himself his Benjamin the Waggoner. Burns was for the time the hero himself. In Tam o' Shanter, and still more in the Jolly Beggars, he expresses the very passions of the characters he presents to us. Wordsworth, constitutionally incapable of the emotions of a boon companion, merely describes and moralises on the waywardness of his Benjamin. We sympathise with the common humanity of Burns's genial reprobrates; we feel the cold shadow of Wordsworth's Benjamin to be a hideous intruder among the fine poetical imagery and thought with which he is mixed up.

In 1807, Wordsworth published two volumes, containing his own contributions to the Lyrical Ballads, with many additional poems. Minute detached criticism is not the object of this sketch. Suffice it to say that many pieces in these volumes are unsurpassed in English poetry, or in the poetry of any language. The Song at the feast of Brougham Castle has a rich lyrical exuberance of feeling; the Laodamia is as severely beautiful as a Greek statue; Hartleap Well is full of mellow humanity; Rob Roy's Grave, the Highland Girl, "She was a phantom of delight," — every piece, in short, is replete with delightful sentiment and graphic pictures of rural nature. The objects of some of these poems obviously originate

in a mistaken apprehension of the scope and purpose of poetry. Wordsworth was a curious observer of the workings of the human mind, and he sometimes confounded the pleasure derived from such metaphysical scrutiny with the pleasure derived from the presentation of poetical imaginings. Hence, what is questionable in his Idiot Boy, his Harry Gill, and some others.

The Excursion, the most ambitious, and, with all its defects, the greatest of his works, was published in 1814. Here the poet was in his true element. Wordsworth's genius was essentially moralising and reflective. Incidents and adventure had no charm for him. He arrived at his knowledge of character by an inductive process, not like Shakespeare, by the intuition of sympathy and imagination. He had no power of perceiving those light and graceful peculiarities of men and society, generally designated manners, vivid presentations of which constitute the charm of so many poets; but he was tremulously alive to the charms of inanimate nature.

"— The sounding cataract
 Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,
 The mountain, and the deep and gloomy
 wood,
 Their colours and their forms, were there
 to me
 An appetite; a feeling and a love,
 That had no need of a remoter charm,
 By thought supplied, or any interest
 Unborrowed from the eye."

His soul was full of lofty and imaginative conceptions of moral truths. He, therefore, after severe examination of his own poems, re-

solved to rest his claims to immortality on his composition of "a philosophical poem, containing views of Man, Nature, and Society; and to be entitled *The Recluse*, as having for its principal subject the sensations and opinions of a poet living in retirement."

How far this projected work has been advanced to completion, we have no means of knowing. A preliminary work, descriptive of the growth of his own powers, is, he has informed us, finished. *The Recluse* was to consist of three parts, the first and third containing chiefly meditations in the author's own person; the intermediate introducing characters in a semi-dramatic form. It is to be regretted that his second part has alone been published, for Wordsworth's genius was essentially undramatic. But notwithstanding the disadvantages under which the poet laboured from the selection of an uncongenial form, and his imperfect mastery of blank verse (a measure of which, perhaps, Milton alone among our English poets has developed the full measure, and varied power of modulation), the *Excursion* is, undoubtedly, a poem in the highest and truest sense of the word. The philosophical musings with which it abounds, are alike profound and elevating. And nothing can surpass the deep pathos of the episodes of Margaret and Ellen.

The subsequent publications of Wordsworth may be briefly enumerated. Peter Bell and the Waggoner appeared within two

years after the *Excursion*; and the *White Doe of Rylstone* soon followed them. A miscellaneous volume, of which the *River Duddon* was the most prominent, was published in 1820, and *Yarrow Revisited*, in 1835. Of all these works, it may suffice to say that they are highly characteristic of the author, and contain many beauties.

Wordsworth's poetry had long to contend against the conventional prepossessions of the literary world. From the beginning, however, his genius was felt by superior minds, and by a few young unprejudiced enthusiasts. His first admirers were literally a sect, and their admiration was, like the devotion of all sectarians, ardent and indiscriminating. They have, however, served as interpreters between him and the reading public, and thus his merits have come to be generally acknowledged. His writings lent a tone to the works of some who, like Shelley, dissented from his theory; and some who, like Byron, systematically scoffed at them. The public taste was thus insensibly approximated to them. Even yet, however, Wordsworth is probably more praised than liked. But the process will go on, and in time what is really valuable in his poems will take the place that is due to it in the land's literature.

Of the first writings of Wordsworth little need be said. Though they contain valuable thoughts, they are lumbering and sufficiently unreadable. The once furious con-

troversy about his literary creed as heresy, need not be resuscitated; there were great errors on both sides. If his merits were individually depreciated, there was much in his seemingly supercilious re-assertion, rather than defence and explanation of his views, to extenuate the petulance with which he was often treated. As for his wanderings in the fields of politics and polemics, he is no exception to the general truth, that the warmest admirers of poets must regret their deviations into such uncongenial by-ways.

The man was like his poetry; simple and therefore conservative in his tastes: self-reliant and sometimes repulsive from his austerity, yet with a rich fund of benevolence beneath the hard exterior. His frame was strong and sinewy from his habits of exercise; his look heavy, and, at first sight, unimpressive; but there was an inexpressible charm in his smile. He was the antithesis of the materialist and practical activity of the time. He did not understand, and therefore could not appreciate, the ennobling tendencies of the social and scientific career on which this age has entered — an age into which he had lingered, rather than to which he belonged. He looked out upon the world from his egotistic isolation rather as a critical spectator, than as a sympathiser. His views of it were rusted over with the conservative prejudices of the past. Railways he hated, and against them waged a sonneteering war. Although they were rapidly

increasing the commerce, comforts, intercourse, affluence, and happiness of the whole community, they invaded the selfish solitude of the one man; and single-handed he did battle against the armies of invading tourists, who came to share with him the heathful pleasures of the mountain and the lake, in which he would have almost preserved a patent right for the few.

This anti-natural spirit, however, did not always lead him astray from the right path. In the Excursion, were promulgated, for the first time, these views respecting the embroiling tendency of the unintermitting toil of our factory labourers; the necessity of universal education by the State, and the vocation of the English race to colonise the earth, which have been so many zealous missionaries. We cannot better conclude these desultory remarks, — an imperfect prelude to the lip of a truly good and great man — than by quoting part of his weighty words in the Excursion, respecting National Education: —

“Oh! for the coming of that glorious
time
When, prizing Knowledge as her noblest
wealth
And best protection, this Imperial Realm,
While she exacts allegiance, shall admit
An obligation, on her part, to teach
Them who are born to serve her and
obey;
Binding herself by statute to secure
To all her children whom her soil main-
tains,
The rudiments of Letters, and to inform
The mind with moral and religious truth,
Both understood and practised — so that
none,
However destitute, be left to droop

By timely culture unstained; or run
Into a wild disorder; or be forced
To drudge through weary life without the
aid

Of intellectual implements and tools;
A savage horde among the civilised,
A servile band among the lordly free!

* * * * *

"The discipline of slavery is unknown
Amongst us — hence the more do we re-
quire

The discipline of virtue; order else
Cannot subsist, nor confidence, nor peace.
Thus duties rising out of good possess'd,
And prudent caution, needful to avert
Impending evil, do alike require
That permanent provision should be made
For the whole people to be taught and
trained.

So shall licentiousness and black resolve
Be rooted out, and virtuous habits take
Their place; and genuine piety descend,
Like an inheritance, from age to age."

These are indeed worthy to be-
come Household words.

FATHER AND SON.

ONE EVENING in the month of
March, 1798, — that dark time in
Ireland's annals whose memory
(overlooking all minor subsequent
émeutes) is still preserved among
us, as "the year of the rebellion"
— a lady and gentleman were
seated near a blazing fire in the
old-fashioned dining-room of a
large lonely mansion. They had
just dined; wine and fruit were on
the table, both untouched, while
Mr. Hewson and his wife sat si-
lently gazing at the fire, watching
its flickering light becoming gra-
dually more vivid as the short
Spring twilight faded into dark-
ness.

At length the husband poured
out a glass of wine, drank it off,

and then broke silence, by saying—

"Well, well, Charlotte, these
are awful times; there were ten
men taken up to-day for burning
Cotter's house at Knockane; and
Tom Dycer says that every ma-
gistrate in the country is a marked
man."

Mrs. Hewson cast a frightened
glance towards the windows, which
opened nearly to the ground, and
gave a view of a wide tree-besprin-
kled lawn, through whose centre a
long straight avenue led to the
high-road. There was also a foot-
path at either side of the house,
branching off through close
thickets of trees, and reaching the
road by a circuitous route.

"Listen, James!" she said, after
a pause; "what noise is that?"

"Nothing but the sighing of the
wind among the trees. Come,
wife, you must not give way to
imaginary fears."

"But really I heard something
like footsteps on the gravel, round
the gable-end — I wish" —

A knock at the parlour door in-
terrupted her.

"Come in."

The door opened, and Tim
Gahan, Mr. Hewson's confidential
steward and right-hand man, en-
tered, followed by a fair-haired
delicate-looking boy of six years'
old, dressed in deep mourning.

"Well, Gahan, what do you
want?"

"I ask your Honour's pardon for
disturbing you and the mistress;
but I thought it right to come tell
you the bad news I heard."

"Something about the rebels, I suppose?"

"Yes, Sir; I got a whisper just now that there's going to be a great rising intirely, to-morrow; thousands are to gather before daybreak at Kilcrean bog, where I'm told they've a power of pikes hiding; and then they're to march on and sack every house in the country. I'll engage, when I heard it, I didn't let grass grow under my feet, but came off straight to your Honour, thinking maybe you'd like to walk over this fine evening to Mr. Warren's, and settle with him what's best to be done."

"Oh, James! I beseech you, don't think of going."

"Make your mind easy, Charlotte; I don't intend it: not that I suppose there would be much risk; but, all things considered, I think I'm just as comfortable at home."

The steward's brow darkened, as he glanced nervously towards the end window, which jutting out in the gable, formed a deep angle in the outer wall.

"Of course 't is just as your Honour plases, but I'll warrant you there would be no harm in going. Come, Billy," he added, addressing the child, who by this time was standing close to Mrs. Hewson, "make your bow, and bid good night to master and mistress."

The boy did not stir, and Mrs. Hewson taking his little hand in hers, said —

"You need not go home for half-an-hour, Gahan; stay and have a chat with the servants in the

kitchen, and leave little Billy with me — and with the apples and nuts" — she added, smiling as she filled the child's hands with fruit.

"Thank you, Ma'am," said the steward hastily. "I can't stop — I'm in a hurry home, where I wanted to leave this brat to-night; but he *would* follow me. Come, Billy; come this minute, you young rogue."

Still the child looked reluctant, and Mr. Hewson said peremptorily —

"Don't go yet, Gahan; I want to speak to you by and by; and you know the mistress always likes to pet little Billy."

Without replying, the steward left the room; and the next moment his hasty footsteps resounded through the long flagged passage that led to the offices.

"There's something strange about Gahan, since his wife died," remarked Mrs. Hewson. "I suppose 't is grief for her that makes him look so darkly, and seem almost jealous when any one speaks to his child. Poor little Billy! your mother was a sore loss to you."

The child's blue eyes filled with tears, and pressing closer to the lady's side, he said: —

"Old Peggy doesn't wash and dress me as nicely as mammy used."

"But your father is good to you?"

"Oh, yes, Ma'am, but he's out all day busy, and I've no one to talk to me as mammy used; for Peggy is quite deaf, and besides

she's always busy with the pigs and chickens."

"I wish I had you, Billy, to take care of and to teach, for your poor mother's sake."

"And so you may, Charlotte," said her husband. "I'm sure Gahan, with all his odd ways, is too sensible a fellow not to know how much it would be for his child's benefit to be brought up and educated by us, and the boy would be an amusement to us in this lonely house. I'll speak to him about it before he goes home. Billy, my fine fellow, come here," he continued, "jump up on my knee, and tell me if you'd like to live here always and learn to read and write."

"I would, Sir, if I could be with father too."

"So you shall;—and what about old Peggy?"

The child paused—

"I'd like to give her a pen'north of snuff and a piece of tobacco every week, for she said the other day that *that* would make her quite happy."

Mr. Hewson laughed, and Billy prattled on, still seated on his knee; when a noise of footsteps on the ground, mingled with low suppressed talking was heard outside.

"James, listen! there's the noise again."

It was now nearly dark, but Mr. Hewson, still holding the boy in his arms, walked towards the window and looked out.

"I can see nothing," he said,—"stay—there are figures moving off among the trees, and a man

running round to the back of the house—very like Gahan he is too!"

Seizing the bell-rope, he rang it loudly, and said to the servant who answered his summons:—

"Fasten the shutters and put up the bars, Connell; and then tell Gahan I want to see him."

The man obeyed; candles were brought, and Gahan entered the room.

Mr. Hewson remarked that, though his cheeks were flushed, his lips were very white, and his bold dark eyes were cast on the ground.

"What took you round the house just now, Tim?" asked his master, in a careless manner.

"What took me round the house, is it? Why, then, nothing in life, Sir, but that just as I went outside the kitchen door to take a smoke, I saw the pigs, that Shaneen forgot to put up in their sty, making right for the mistress's flower-garden; so I just put my *dudheen*, lighting as it was, into my pocket, and ran after them. I caught them on the grand walk under the end window, and indeed, Ma'am, I had my own share of work turning them back to their proper spear."

Gahan spoke with unusual volubility, but without raising his eyes from the ground.

"Who were the people," asked his master, "whom I saw moving through the western grove?"

"People! your Honour—not a sign of any people moving there, I'll be bound, barring the pigs."

"Then," said Mr. Hewson,

smiling, to his wife, "the miracle of Circe must have been reversed, and swine turned into men; for, undoubtedly, the dark figures I saw were human beings."

"Come, Billy," said Gahan, anxious to turn the conversation, "will you come home with me now? I am sure 't was very good of the mistress to give you all them fine apples."

Mrs. Hewson was going to propose Billy's remaining, but her husband whispered: — "Wait till to-morrow." So Gahan and his child were allowed to depart.

Next morning the magistrates of the district were on the alert, and several suspicious looking men found lurking about, were taken up. A hat which fitted one of them was picked up in Mr. Hewson's grove; the gravel under the end window bore many signs of trampling feet; and there were marks on the wall as if guns had rested against it. Gahan's information touching the intended meeting at Kilcrean bog proved to be totally without foundation; and after a careful search not a single pike or weapon of any description could be found there. All these circumstances combined certainly looked suspicious; but, after a prolonged investigation, as no guilt could be actually brought home to Gahan, he was dismissed. One of his examiners, however, said privately, "I advise you take care of that fellow, Hewson. If I were in your place, I'd just trust him as far as I could throw him, and not an inch beyond."

An indolent hospitable Irish country gentleman, such as Mr. Hewson, is never without an always shrewd and often roguish prime minister, who saves his master the trouble of looking after his own affairs, and manages everything that is to be done in both the home and foreign departments, — from putting a new door on the pig-stye, to letting a farm of an hundred acres on lease. Now in this, or rather these capacities, Gahan had long served Mr. Hewson; and some seven years previous to the evening on which our story commences, he had strengthened the tie and increased his influence considerably by marrying Mrs. Hewson's favourite and faithful maid. One child was the result of this union; and Mrs. Hewson, who had no family of her own, took much interest in little Billy, — more especially after the death of his mother, who, poor thing! the neighbours said, was not very happy, and would gladly, if she dared, have exchanged her lonely cottage for the easy service of her former mistress.

Thus, though for a time Mr. and Mrs. Hewson regarded Gahan with some doubt, the feeling gradually wore away, and the steward regained his former influence.

After the lapse of a few stormy months the rebellion was quelled: all the prisoners taken up were severally disposed of by hanging, transportation or acquittal, according to the nature and amount of the evidence brought against

them; and the country became as peaceful as it is in the volcanic nature of our Irish soil ever to be.

The Hewsons' kindness towards Gahan's child was steady and unchanged. They took him into their house, and gave him a plain but solid education; so that William, while yet a boy, was enabled to be of some use to his patron, and daily enjoyed more and more of his confidence.

Another Evening, the twentieth anniversary of that with which this narrative commenced, came round. Mr. and Mrs. Hewson were still hale and active, dwelling in their hospitable home. About eight o'clock at night, Tim Gahan, now a stooping, grey-haired man, entered Mr. Hewson's kitchen, and took his seat on the corner of the settle next the fire.

The cook, directing a silent significant glance of compassion towards her fellow-servants, said:

"Would you like a drink of cider, Tim, or will you wait and take a cup of tay with myself and Kitty?"

The old man's eyes were fixed on the fire, and a wrinkled hand was planted firmly on each knee, as if to check their involuntary trembling. "I'll not drink anything this night, thank you kindly, Nelly," he said, in a slow musing manner, dwelling long on each word.

"Where's Billy?" he asked, after a pause, in a quick hurried tone, looking up suddenly at the

cook, with an expression in his eyes, which, as she afterwards said, "took away her breath."

"Oh, never heed Billy! I suppose he's busy with the master."

"Where's the use, Nelly," said the coachman, "in hiding it from him? Sure, sooner or later he must know it. Tim," he continued, "God knows 't is sorrow to my heart this blessed night to make yours sore, — but the truth is, that William has done what he oughtn't to do to the man that was all one as a father to him."

"What has he done? what will you *dar* say again my boy?"

"Taken money, then," replied the coachman, "that the master had marked and put by in his desk; for he suspected this some time past that gold was missing. This morning 't was gone; a search was made, and the marked guineas were found with your son William."

The old man covered his face with his hands, and rocked himself to and fro.

"Where is he now?" at length he asked, in a hoarse voice.

"Locked up safe in the inner store-room; the master intends sending him to gaol early to-morrow morning."

"He will not," said Gahan slowly. "Kill the boy that saved his life! — no, no."

"Poor fellow! the grief is setting his mind astray — and sure no wonder!" said the cook, compassionately.

"I'm not astray!" cried the old

man, fiercely. "Where's the master? — take me to him."

"Come with me," said the butler, "and I'll ask him will he see you?"

With faltering steps the father complied; and when they reached the parlour, he trembled exceedingly, and leant against the wall for support, while the butler opened the door, and said:

"Gahan is here, Sir, and wants to know will you let him speak to you for a minute?"

"Tell him to come in," said Mr. Hewson, in a solemn tone of sorrow, very different from his ordinary cheerful voice.

"Sir," said the steward, advancing, "they tell me you are going to send my boy to prison, — is it true?"

"Too true, indeed, Gahan. The lad who was reared in my house, whom my wife watched over in health, and nursed in sickness — whom we loved almost as if he were our own, has *robbed* us, and that not once or twice, but many times. He is silent and sullen, too, and refuses to tell why he stole the money, which was never withheld from him when he wanted it. I can make nothing of him, and must only give him up to justice in the morning."

"No, Sir, no. The boy saved your life; you can't take his."

"You're raving, Gahan."

"Listen to me, Sir, and you won't say so. You remember this night twenty years? I came here with my motherless child, and yourself and the mistress pitied us,

and spoke loving words to him. Well for us all you did so! That night — little you thought it! — I was banded with them that were sworn to take your life. They were watching you outside the window, and I was sent to inveigle you out, that they might shoot you. A faint heart I had for the bloody business, for you were ever and always a good master to me; but I was under an oath to them that I darn't break, supposing they ordered me to shoot my own mother. Well! the hand of God was over you, and you wouldn't come with me. I ran out to them, and I said — 'Boys, if you want to shoot him, you must do it through the window,' thinking they'd be afraid of that; but they weren't — they were daring fellows, and one of them, sheltered by the angle of the window, took deadly aim at you. That very moment you took Billy on your knee, and I saw his fair head in a line with the musket. I don't know exactly then what I said or did, but I remember I caught the man's hand, threw it up, and pointed to the child. Knowing I was a determined man, I believe they didn't wish to provoke me; so they watched you for a while, and when you didn't put him down they got daunted, hearing the sound of soldiers riding by the road, and they stole away through the grove. Most of that gang swung on the gallows, but the last of them died this morning quietly in his bed. Up to yesterday he used to make me give him money, — sums of money to buy

his silence — and it was for that I made my boy a thief. It was wearing out his very life. Often he went down on his knees to me, and said: 'Father, I'd die myself sooner than rob my master, but I can't see *you* disgraced. Oh, let us fly the country!' Now, Sir, I have told you all — do what you like with me — send me to gaol, I deserve it — but spare my poor deluded innocent boy!"

It would be difficult to describe Mr. Hewson's feelings, but his wife's first impulse was to hasten to liberate the prisoner. With a few incoherent words of explanation she led him into the presence of his master, who, looking at him sorrowfully but kindly, said:

"William, you have erred deeply, but not so deeply as I supposed. Your father has told me everything. I forgive him freely and you also."

The young man covered his face with his hands, and wept tears more bitter and abundant than he had ever shed since the day when he followed his mother to the grave. He could say little, but he knelt on the ground, and clasping the kind hand of her who had supplied to him that mother's place, he murmured:

"Will you tell him I would rather die than sin again."

Old Gahan died two years afterwards, truly penitent, invoking blessings on his son and on his benefactors; and the young man's conduct, now no longer under evil influence, was so steady and

so upright, that his adopted parents felt that their pious work was rewarded, and that, in William Gahan, they had indeed a son.

A POPULAR DELUSION.

VICTIMISED by a deceptive idea originating in "The Complete Angler," and which has been industriously perpetuated by a numerous proprietary of punts and houses of public entertainment and eel pies — the London disciples of Izaak Walton usually seek for sport in the upper regions of the Thames. They resort to Shepperton, or Ditton, or Twickenham, or Richmond. Chiefly, it would seem, as a wholesome exercise of the greatest Christian virtue, patience; for recent experience proves that anglers who soar above stickle-bats, and are not content with occasional nibbles from starving gudgeons, or the frequent entanglements of writhing eels, mostly return to their homes and families with their baskets innocent of the vestige of a single scale.

If — as may be safely asserted — the aim, end, and purpose of all fishing is fish, the tenacity with which this idea is clung to, is astonishing; we may indeed say, amazing when we reflect that there exists — below bridge — a particular spot, more convenient, more accessible, and affording quite as good accommodation as any of the above-bridge fishing stations, and which abounds at

particular states of the tide, at particular times of the day, and at no particular seasons of the year, but all the year round, in fish of every sort, size, species, and condition, from the cod down to the sprat; from a salmon to a shrimp; from turbot to Thames flounders. Neither is there a single member of any one of these enormous families of fishes that may not be captured with the smallest possible expenditure of patience. And although the bait necessary for that purpose (a white bait manufactured of metal at an establishment on that bank of the Thames known as Tower Hill,) is unfortunately not always procurable by every class of her Majesty's subjects; yet it is so eagerly caught at, that, with a moderate supply, the least expert may be sure of filling his fish-basket very respectably.

In order to partake of all the advantages offered by this famed spot, it is necessary to rise betimes. The fishing excursion of which we are now about to give a sketch, commenced at about four o'clock on a Monday morning. The rain which fell at the time did not much matter, on account of the sheltered position of that margin of the Thames to which we were bound. With a small basket, and the waistcoat pocket primed with a little of the proper sort of bait; with no other rod than a walking stick, and no fly whatever, (except one upon four wheels procured from a neighbouring cab stand, (we arrived at

the great fish focus; which, we may as well mention, to relieve suspense, is situated on the Middlesex shore of the Thames at a short distance below London Bridge, close to the Custom House, opposite the Coal Exchange, and has been known from time immemorial as BILLINGSGATE.

When we arrived at the collection of sheds and stalls — like a dilapidated railway station — of which this celebrated place consists, it was nearly five o'clock. Its ancient reputation had prepared us for scenes of confusion and for volubility of abuse, which have since the times of the Tritons ever been associated with those whose special business is with fish. It was, therefore, with very great surprise that we walked unmolested through that portion of the precinct set aside as the market. We went straight to the river's edge, rod in hand, without having had once occasion to use it as a weapon, and without hearing one word that might not have been uttered in the Queen's drawing-room on a court day. No crowding, no elbowing, no screaming, no fighting: no ungenteel nicknames, no foul-mouthed females hurling anathemas at their neighbours' optics; no rude requests to despatch oneself suddenly down to the uttermost depth the human mind is capable of conceiving; no wish expressed that we might be inflated very tight indeed; no criticisms on the quality of our hat; no impertinent questions as to our present stock of soap; no

thing whatever, in short, calculated to sustain the ancient reputation of Billingsgate.

With easy deliberation we sauntered down to the dumb-barge which forms a temporary landing-place while a better one is being built. There we beheld a couple of clippers, quite as trim as any revenue-cutter; over the sides of which were being handed all sorts of fish; cod, soles, whittings, plaice, John Dorys, mackerel; some neatly packed in baskets. That nothing should be wanting utterly to subvert established notions of Billingsgate, the order, quietness, and system with which these cutters were emptied, and their cargoes taken to the stalls, could not be exceeded.

This office is performed by fellowship-porters. Being responsible individuals, they prevent fraud. Formerly a set of scamps, called lagers, "conveyed" the fish; but they used to drop some of the best sort softly into the stream, and pick them up at low water. An idea may be formed of the profits of their dishonesty, from the fact that lagers offered seven shillings a day to be employed, instead of demanding the wages of labour. When a salesman had one or two hundred turbot consigned to him, a lager would give the hint to an accomplice, who would quickly substitute several small fish for the same number of the largest size; a species of fraud which the salesman had it not in his power to

detect, as the tally was not deficient.

At that time an immense number of bad fish was condemned every morning by the superintendent. There was an understanding between the consignees and salesmen that when the market was well supplied, any overplus should be kept back in store boats at Gravesend, and not brought to market till the supply was diminished, and the price raised. This dishonest mode of "regulating" the market caused a great many stale fish to be brought to it; hence the quantity condemned. Now, however, the celerity with which fish can be conveyed prevents any such practice, and of late years the superintendent has only had occasion to condemn in rare instances.

Every possible expedient and appliance is now resorted to, to bring fish to market fresh. As we have a minute or two to wait on the Billingsgate punt before the market opens, let us trace the history of a fish from the sea to the salesman's stall. Suppose him to be a turbot hauled with a hundred other captives early on Monday afternoon on board one of the Barking fishing fleet moored on a bank some twenty miles off Dover. He is no sooner taken on board than he is trans-shipped immediately with thousands of his flat companions in a row-boat into a clipper, which is being fast filled from other vessels of the fleet. When her cargo is complete, she sets sail for the mouth

of the Thames, and on entering it is met by a tug steamer, which tows her up to Billingsgate early on Tuesday morning, bringing our turbot *alive* — for he has been put into a tank in the hold of the clipper. He is sold as soon as landed, and finds his way to table in the neighbourhood of the Mansion House or Belgrave Square some four-and-twenty hours after he has been sporting in the sea, not less than a hundred and fifty miles off.

Enormous accessions in the supply of fish to the London market have been effected, first by the employment of clippers as carrier-boats, (instead of each fishing-boat bringing its own cargo as formerly,) and secondly, by the use of steam-tugs for towing the transit-craft up the river. In the old time a southwesterly wind deprived all London of fish. While it prevailed the boats, which usually took shelter in Holy or East Haven on the Essex shore, waited for a change of wind, till the fish became odoriferous. The cargo was then thrown overboard, and the boats returned on another fishing voyage.

The Thames was, at that time, the only highway by which fish was brought to Billingsgate; but the old losses and delays are again obviated by another source of acceleration. Our turbot is brought at waggon pace compared with the more perishable mackerel. The Eddystone lighthouse is at least two hundred and fifty miles from Thames Street. Between it

and the Plymouth Breakwater lie some hundreds of fishing boats, plying their trawl-nets. A shoal of mackerel, the superficies of which may be measured by the mile, find their way among them, and several thousands dart into the nets. They are captured, hauled on board, shovelled into a clipper, and while she stands briskly in for shore, busy hands on board are packing the fish in baskets. Thousands of these baskets are landed in time for the mail train, rattle their way per railroad to Paddington, and by seven o'clock on the following morning — that is, in sixteen hours after they were rejoicing in the "ocean wave" — are in a London fishmonger's taxed-cart on their road to the gridiron or fish-kettle, as the taste of the customer dictates.

No distance appears too great from which to bring fish to Billingsgate. Packed in long boxes, both by rail and river, between layers of ice, salmon come daily in enormous quantities from the remotest rivers of Ireland, of Scotland, and even from Norway. So considerable an item is ice in the fishmonger's trade, that a large proprietor at Barking has an ice-well capable of stowing eight hundred tons. Another in the same line of business has actually contracted with the Surrey Canal Company for all the ice generated on their waters!

As we cogitate concerning these "great facts" on the dumb-barge, and while the baskets and boxes

are being systematically landed, it strikes five. A bell — the only noisy appurtenance of Billingsgate — stunningly announces that the market is open. The landing of fish proceeds somewhat faster, and fishmongers, from all parts of London, and from many parts of the provinces—from Oxford, Cambridge, Reading, Windsor, &c. — group themselves round the stalls of such salesmen as appear to have the choicest fish. These are rapidly sold by (Dutch) auction; and taken to the buyers' carts outside the market.

Nothing can exceed the gentlemanly manner in which the auction is conducted, except the mode of doing business at Christie and Manson's. Before the commencement, the salesman, with his flannel apron protecting his almost fashionable attire from scaly contact, is seen — behold him yonder! — seated behind his stall enjoying a mild Havannah, with an appearance of sublime indifference to all around him. Presently, his porter deposits a "lot" of fish between him, and an eager group of buyers. He puts down his cigar and mounts his rostrum.

"What shall we say, gentlemen, for this score of cod? Shall we say seven shillings a piece?"

No answer.

"Six?"

Perfect silence. The auctioneer gives pause for consideration, and takes a whiff at his Havannah. Time is, however, precious, where fish is concerned, and he is not long in abating another shilling.

"A crown?"

"Done!" exclaims Mr. Jollins of Pimlico.

"Five pounds, if you please!" demands the seller. A note is handed over, and the twenty cod are hoisted into Mr. Jollins's cart, which stands in Thames Street, before a second lot is quite disposed of.

This mild proceeding is going on all over the market. On looking to see if the remotest relic of such a being as a fish-fag is to be seen, we observe a gentleman who, though girded with the flannel uniform of the craft, has so fashionable a surtout, so elegant a neckerchief, and such a luxuriance of moustache and whiskers, that we mistake him for an officer in her Majesty's Life Guards, selling fish by way of — what in Billingsgate used to be called — a "jolly lark." Enquiry proves, however, that he is the accredited consignee of one of the largest fishing fleets which sail out of the Thames.

We are bound to confess that the high tone of refinement which had hitherto been so well supported on the occasion of our visit, became in a little while, slightly depressed. As the legislature of the British empire consists of Crown, Lords, and Commons; so also the executive of Billingsgate is composed of three estates: first, of the Lord Mayor (Piscine secretary of state, Mr. Goldham); secondly, of an aristocracy, and, thirdly, of a commonalty, of salesmen. The latter — called in ancient Billingsgate *Bummarees*, in

modern 'ditto, "Retailers" — are middlemen between the smaller fishmonger and the high salesman aristocracy. They purchase the various sorts of fish, and arrange them in small assorted parcels to suit the convenience of suburban fishmongers, or of those peripatetic tradesmen, to whom was formerly applied the obsolete term almost of "Costermonger." The transactions between these parties were not conducted under the influence of those strict rules of etiquette which governed the earlier dealings of the morning. Indeed, we detected the proprietor of a very respectable looking donkey answering a civil enquiry from a retailer as to what he was "looking for" with

"Not you!"

It is right, however, to add, in justice to the reputation of a locality which has been so long and so undeservedly regarded as the head quarters of verbal vulgarity, that a friend of the offender asked him solemnly *if he remembered were he wos*; and if he warn't ashamed of his-self for going and bringing his Cheek into that ere markit?

Connected with the perambulating purveyors, there is a subject of very great importance; namely, cheap food for the poor. Although painful revelations of want of proper sustenance in every part of this overcrowded country, are daily breaking forth to light; although the low dietaries of most workhouses, and some prisons, are very often complained of; yet the old Celtic prejudice against fish

still exists in great force among the humbler orders. Few poor persons will eat fish when they can get meat; many prefer gruel, and some slow starvation. Divers kinds of wholesome and nutritious fish are now sold at prices not above the means of the poorest persons; yet, so small is the demand, that the itinerant vendor — through whom what little that is sold reaches the humble consumer — makes it a matter of perfect indifference when he starts from home whether his venture for the day shall be fish or vegetables. His first visit is to Billingsgate; but if he find things, as regards price or kind, not to his taste, he adjourns to speculate in Covent Garden. He has, therefore, no regular market for what might most beneficially become a staple article. During the fruit season, little or no fish reaches the humbler classes; because then their purveyors find dealings with the "Garden" more profitable than dealings at the "Gate."

Not long since a large quantity of wholesome fish of various sorts was left upon the hands of the market superintendent. By the advice of the Lord Mayor, it was forwarded for consumption to Giltspur Street Compter. The prisoners actually refused to eat it, and accompanied their refusal with a jocose allusion to the want of a proper accompaniment of sauce.

Among the stronger instances of the popular aversion to this kind of food, we may mention that in

1812, one of the members of the Committee for the Relief of the Manufacturing Poor, agreed with some fishermen to take from ten to twenty thousand mackerel a day, at a penny a piece; a price at which the fishermen said they could afford to supply the London market, to any extent, were they sure of a regular sale. On the 15th June, 1812, upwards of seventeen thousand mackerel, delivered at the stipulated price, were sent to Spitalfields, and sold to the working weavers at the original cost of a penny a piece. Though purchased with great avidity by the inhabitants of that district, it soon appeared that Spitalfields alone would not be equal to the consumption of the vast quantities of mackerel which daily poured into the market; they were, therefore, sent for distribution at the same rate, in other parts of the town; workhouses and other public establishments were also served, and the supply increased to such a degree, that five hundred thousand mackerel arrived and were sold in one day.

This cheap and benevolent supply was eagerly absorbed while the distress lasted; but as soon as trade revived, the demand fell off and finally ceased altogether.

Is this aversion to fish unquerable? If it be not, what an enormous augmentation of wholesome food might be procured to relieve the increasing wants of the humble and needy. All the time the above experiment was tried, only a small portion of the coast

was available for the supply of the densest inland populations of this island. Now, there is scarcely a creek or an estuary from which fish cannot be rapidly transported, however great the distance.

Compared with the boundless means of supply, and the lightning-like powers of transit, the price of fish is at present inordinately dear. But this is solely the fault of the public. The demand is too inconsiderable to call forth any great and, therefore, economical system. The voyager, per steam, between the Thames and Scotland, or between London and Cork, cannot fail to wonder when he sees, as he surely will see on a warm, calm day, *scores of square miles* of haddocks, mackerel, pilchards, herrings, &c.; when he has left on shore thousands of human beings pining for food. These enormous shoals approach the land, too, on purpose to be caught. In the History of British Fishes, Mr. Yarrell says, "The law of Nature which obliges mackerel and many others to visit the shallower water of the shores at a particular season, appears to be one of those wise and beautiful provisions of the Creator by which not only is the species perpetuated with the greatest certainty, but a large portion of the parent animals are thus brought within the reach of man, who, but for the action of this law, would be deprived of many of those species most valuable to him as food. For the mackerel dispersed over the immense surface of the deep, no effective fishery

could be carried on; but approaching the shore as they do from all directions, and roving along the coast collected in immense shoals, millions are caught, which yet form but a very small portion compared with the myriads that escape." The fecundity of some of the species is marvellous. It has been ascertained by actual experiment, that the roe of the cod-fish contains from six to nine millions of eggs.

Nor are river fish less abundant. Mr. Yarrell says, that two persons once calculated from actual observation, that from sixteen to eighteen hundred of the delicate ingredients for Twickenham pies passed a given point on the Thames in one minute of time; an average of more than one hundred thousand per hour. And this *eel-fare*, as it is called, is going on incessantly for more than two months. The king of fish is equally prolific, and quite as easily captured. The choicest salmon that appear in Billingsgate are from the river Bann, near Coleraine. We found it eighteen-pence per pound; yet it is recorded that fourteen hundred and fifty salmon were taken in that river at one drag of a single net!

The appetite for fish is, it would seem, an acquired taste; but it would be of enormous advantage if any means could be devised for encouraging the consumption of this description of food. In order to commence the experiment we would suggest the regular introduction of fish into workhouse

and prison dietaries. Formerly, such a measure was not practicable during the whole of the year, but, with a trifling outlay, such a system of supply might be organised as would ensure freshness and constancy.

The proprietor of the handsome donkey, who led us into this statistical reverie, informed us — and he was corroborated by his friend — that the only certainty was the red-herring and periwinkle trade; but then the competition was so werry great. "I don't know how it is," he observed, "but people'll buy salt things with all the wirtue dried out on 'em, but —"

"That's because they has a relish," interrupted the Mentor.

"But fresh fish," renewed the other gentleman, with a glance of displeasure at being interrupted; "fresh fish — all alive, as we cries 'em — fresh fish, mind you! — they can't abear!"

We also learnt from these gentlemen that the professors of the Hebrew faith were the only constant fish-eaters.

"And wy?" continued the councillor, "cos when they eats fish, they thinks they're a fasting!"

This reminding us that we were actually fasting, we complimented our friend on his donkey (which he assured us was a "Moke" of the reg'lar Tantivy breed), and having completed the filling of our basket, were about to return home to breakfast, with an excellent appetite, and a high respect for the manners of modern fishmongers,

when he hailed us easily with, "Halloa, you Sir!"

We went back.

"I tell you wot," he said, jerking his thumb over his shoulder, in the direction of the Market Tavern, — "but p'raps you have though."

"Have what?" said we.

"Dined at Simpson's, the Fish Hord'n'ry," said he.

"Never," said we.

"Do it!" said he. "You go and have a tuck-out at Simpson's at four o'clock in the arternoon (wen me and my old ooman is a going to take our tea, with a winkle or wot not) and you 'll come out as bright as a star, and as sleek as this here Moke."

We thanked him for his hint towards the improvement of our personal appearance, which was a little dilapidated at that hour of the morning, and were so much impressed by the possibility of rivalling the Moke, that we returned at four o'clock in the afternoon, and climbed up to the first floor of Mr. Simpson's house.

A glance at the clock assured us that Mr. Simpson was a genius. He kept it back ten minutes, to give stragglers a last chance. Already, the long table down the whole length of the long low room was nearly full, and people were sitting at a side table, looking out through windows, like stern-wind-ows aboardship, at flapping sails, and rigging. The host was in the chair, with a wooden hammer ready to his hand; and five several gentlemen, much excited by hunger and haste, who had run us down

on the stairs, had leaped into seats, and were menacing expected tur-bots with their knives.

We slipped into a vacant chair by a gentleman from the Eastern Counties, who immediately in-formed us that Sir Robert Peel was all wrong, and the agricultural in-terest blown to shivers. This gen-tleman had little pieces of sticking-plaster stuck all over him, and we thought his discontent had broken out in an eruption, until he in-formed us that he had been "going it, all last week" with some ruined friends of his who were also in town, and that "champagne and claret always had that effect upon him."

On our left hand, was an under-taker from Whitechapel. "Here's a bill," says he; "this General In-terment! What's to become of my old hands who haven't been what you may call rightly sober these twenty years? Ain't there *any* religious feeling in the country?"

The company had come, like the fish, from various distances. There was a respectable Jew pro- vision-merchant from Hamburg, over the way. Next him, an old man with sunken jaws that were always in motion, like a gutta percha mouth that was being con- tinually squeezed. He had come from York. Hard by, a very large smooth-faced old gentleman in an immense ribbed satin waistcoat, out of Devonshire, attended by a pink nephew who was walking the London Hospitals. Lower down, was a wooden leg that had brought the person it belonged to, all the

way from Canada. Two "parties," as the waiter called them, who had been with a tasting-order to the Docks, and were a little scared about the eyes, belonged to Doncaster. Pints of stout and porter were handed round, agreeably to their respective orders. Everybody took his own pint pot to himself, and seemed suspicious of his neighbour. As the minute hand of the clock approached a quarter past four, the gentleman from the Eastern Counties whispered us, that if the country held out for another year, it was as much as he expected.

Suddenly a fine salmon sparkled and twinkled like a silver harlequin before Mr. Simpson. A goodly dish of soles was set on lower down; then, in quick succession, appeared flounders, fried eels, stewed eels, cod fish, melted butter, lobster-sauce, potatoes. Savoury steams curled and curled about the company's heads, and toyed with the company's noses. Mr. Simpson hammered on the table. Grace!

For one silent moment, Mr. Simpson gazed upon the salmon as if he were the salmon's admiring father, and then fell upon him, and helped twenty people without winking. Five or six flushed waiters hurried to and fro, and played cymbals with the plates; the company rattled an accompaniment of knives and forks; the fish were no more, in a twinkling. Boiled beef, mutton, and a huge dish of steaks, were soon disposed of in like manner. Small glasses of brandy round, were gone, ere

one could say it lightened. Cheese melted away. Crusts dissolved into air. Mr. Simpson was gay. He knew the worst the company could do. He saw it done, twice every day. Again he hammered on the table. Grace!

Then, the cloth, the plates, the salt-cellars, the knives and forks, the glasses and pewter-pots, being all that the guests had not eaten or drunk, were cleared; bunches of pipes were laid upon the table; and everybody ordered what he liked to drink, or went his way. Mr. Simpson's punch, in wicked tumblers of immense dimensions, was the most in favour. Mr. Simpson himself consorted with a company of generous spirits — connected with a Brewery, perhaps — and smoked a mild cigar. The large gentleman out of Devonshire: so large now, that he was obliged to move his chair back, to give his satin waistcoat play: ordered a small pint bottle of port, passed it to the pink nephew, and disparaged punch. The nephew dutifully concurred, but looked at the undertaker's glass, out of the corner of his eye, as if he could have reconciled himself to punch, too, under pressure, on a desert island. The "parties" from the Docks took rum-and-water, and wandered in their conversation. He of the Eastern Counties took cold gin-and-water for a change, and for the purification of his blood. Deep in the oiled depths of the old-fashioned table, a reflection of every man's face appeared below him, beaming. Many

pipes were lighted, the windows were opened at top, and a fragrant cloud enwrapped the company, as if they were all being carried upward together. The undertaker laughed monstrously at a joke, and the agriculturist thought the country might go on, say ten years, with good luck.

Eighteen pence a-head had done it all — the drink, and smoke, and civil attendance excepted — and again this was Billingsgate! Verily, there is “an ancient and fish-like smell” about our popular opinions sometimes; and our hereditary exaltations and depressions of some things would bear revision!

GREENWICH WEATHER-WISDOM.

IN England everybody notices the weather, and talks about the weather, and suffers by the weather, yet very few of us *know* anything about it. The changes of our climate have given us a constant and an insatiable national disease — consumption; the density of our winter fog has gained an European celebrity; whilst the general haziness of the atmosphere induces an Italian or an American to doubt whether we are ever indulged with a real blue sky. “Good day” has become the national salutation; umbrellas, water-proof clothes and cough mixtures are almost necessities of English life; yet, despite these daily and hourly proofs of the importance of the weather to each and all of us, it is

only within the last ten years that any effectual steps have been taken in England to watch the weather and the proximate elements which regulate its course and variations.

Yet, in those ten years positive wonders have been done, and good hope established that a continuance of patient enquiry will be rewarded by still further discoveries. To take a single result it may be mentioned, that a careful study of the thermometer has shown that a descent of the temperature of London from forty-five to thirty-two degrees, generally kills about 300 persons. They may not all die in the very week when the loss of warmth takes place, but the number of deaths is found to increase to that extent over the previous average within a short period after the change. The fall of temperature, in truth, kills them as certainly as a well aimed cannon-shot. Our changing climate or deficient food and shelter has weathered them for the final stroke, but they actually die at last of the weather.

Before 1838 several European states less apt than ourselves to talk about the weather, had taken it up as a study, and had made various contributions to the general knowledge of the subject; but in that year England began to act. The officials who now and then emerge from the Admiralty under the title of the “Board of Visitors,” to see what is in progress at the Greenwich Observatory, were reminded by Mr. Airy, the astronomer royal, that much good

might be done by pursuing a course of magnetic and meteorological observations. The officials "listened and believed."

The following years saw a wooden fence pushed out behind the Observatory walls in the direction of Blackheath, and soon afterwards a few low-roofed, unpainted, wooden buildings were dotted over the enclosure. These structures are small enough and humble enough to outward view, yet they contain some most beautifully constructed instruments, and have been the scene of a series of observations and discoveries of the greatest interest and value. The stray holiday visitor to Greenwich Park, who feels tempted to look over the wooden paling sees only a series of deal sheds, upon a rough grass-plat; a mast some 80 feet high, steadied by ropes, and having a lanthorn at the top, and a windlass below; and if he looks closer he perceives a small inner enclosure surrounded by a dwarf fence, an upright stand with a moveable top sheltering a collection of thermometers, and here and there a pile of planks and unused partitioning that helps to give the place an appearance of temporary expediency—an aspect something between a collection of emigrants' cottages and the yard of a dealer in second-hand building materials. But,—as was said when speaking of the Astronomical Observatory, — Greenwich is a practical place, and not one prepared for show. Science, like virtue, does not require a palace for a

dwelling-place. In this collection of deal houses during the last ten years Nature has been constantly watched, and interrogated with the zeal and patience which alone can glean a knowledge of her secrets. And the results of those watches, kept at all hours, and in all weathers, are curious in the extreme: but before we ask what they are, let us cross the barrier, and see with what tools the weather-students work.

The main building is built in the form of a cross, with its chief front to the magnetic north. It is formed of wood; all iron and other metals being carefully excluded; for its purpose is to contain three large magnets, which have to be isolated from all influence likely to interfere with their truthful action. In three arms of the cross these magnets are suspended by bands of unwrought, untwisted silk. In the fourth arm is a sort of double window filled with apparatus for receiving the electricity collected at the top of the mast which stands close by. Thus in this wooden shed we find one portion devoted to electricity—to the detection and registry of the stray lightning of the atmosphere—and the other three to a set of instruments that feel the influence and register the variations of the magnetic changes in the condition of the air. "True as the needle to the pole," is the burden of an old song, which now shows how little our forefathers knew about this same needle, which, in truth, has a much steadier character than it deserves. Let

all who still have faith in the legend go to the magnet-house, and when they have seen the vagaries there displayed, they will have but a poor idea of Mr. Charles Dibdin's sea-heroes whose constancy is declared to have been as true as their compasses were to the north.

Upon entering the magnet-house, the first object that attracts attention are the jars to which the electricity is brought down. The fluid is collected, as just stated, by a conductor running from the top of the mast outside. In order that not the slightest portion may be lost in its progress down, a lamp is kept constantly burning near the top of the pole, the light of which keeps warm and dry a body of glass that cuts off all communication between the conductor and the machinery which supports it. Another light for the purpose of collecting the electricity by its flame, is placed above the top of the pole. This light, burning at night, has given rise to many a strange supposition in the neighbourhood. It is too high up to be serviceable as a lantern to those below. Besides, who walks in Greenwich Park after the gates are closed? It can light only the birds or the deer. "Then, surely," says another popular legend, "it is to guide the ships on the river, when on their way up at night; — a sort of land-mark to tell whereabouts the Observatory is when the moon and stars are clouded, and refuse to show where their watchers are."

All these speculations are idle, for the lights burn when the sun is

shining, as well as at night; and the object of the lower one is that no trace of moisture, and no approach of cold, shall give the electricity a chance of slipping down the mast, or the ropes, to the earth, but shall leave it no way of escape from the wise men below, who want it, and will have it, whether it likes or no, in their jars, that they may measure its quantity and its quality, and write both down in their journals. It is thus that electricity comes down the wires into those jars on our right as we enter. If very slight, its presence there is indicated by tiny morsels of pendent gold-leaf; if stronger, the divergence of two straws show it; if stronger still, the third jar holds its greater force, whilst neighbouring instruments measure the length of the electric sparks, or mark the amount of the electric force. At the desk, close by, sits the observer, who jots down the successive indications. In his book he registers from day to day, throughout the year, how much electricity has been in the air, and what was its character, even to such particulars as to whether its sparks were blue, violet, or purple in colour. At times, however, he has to exercise great care, and it is not always that he even then escapes receiving severe shocks.

Passing on, we approach the magnets. They are three in number; of large size, and differently suspended, to show the various ways in which such bodies are acted upon. All hang by bands of

unwrought silk. If the silk were twisted, it would twist the magnets, and the accuracy of their position would be disturbed. Magnets, like telescopes, must be true in their adjustment to the hundredth part of a hair's breadth. One magnet hangs north and south; another east and west; and a third, like a scale-beam, is balanced on knife-edges and agate planes, so beautifully, that when once adjusted and enclosed in its case, it is opened only once a year, lest one grain of dust, or one small spider, should destroy its truth; for spiders are as troublesome to the weather-student as to the astronomer. These insects like the perfect quiet that reigns about the instruments of the philosopher, and with heroic perseverance persist in spinning their fine threads amongst his machines. Indeed, spiders occasionally betray the magnetic observer into very odd behaviour. At times he may be seen bowing in the sunshine, like a Persian fire-worshipper; now stooping in this direction, now dodging in that, but always gazing through the sun's rays up towards that luminary. He seems demented, staring at nothing. At last he lifts his hand; he snatches apparently at vacancy to pull nothing down. In truth his eye had at last caught the gleam of light reflected from an almost invisible spider line running from the electrical wire to the neighbouring planks. The spider who had ventured on the charged wire paid the penalty of such daring with his life

long ago, but he had left his web behind him, and that beautifully minute thread has been carrying off to the earth a portion of the electric fluid, before it had been received, and tested, and registered, by the mechanism below. Such facts show the exceeding delicacy of the observations.

For seven years, the magnets suspended in this building were constantly watched every two hours — every even hour — day and night, except on Sundays, the object being that some light might be thrown upon the laws regulating the movements of the mariner's compass; hence, that whilst men became wiser, navigation might be rendered safer. The chief observer—the *genius loci*—is Mr. Glaisher, whose name figures in the reports of the Registrar-General. He, with two assistants, from year to year, went on making these tedious examinations of the variations of the magnets, by means of small telescopes, fixed with great precision upon pedestals of masonry or wood fixed on the earth, and unconnected with the floor of the building, occupying a position exactly between the three magnets. This mode of proceeding had continued for some years with almost unerring regularity, and certain large quarto volumes full of figures were the results, when an ingenious medical man, Mr. Brooke, hit upon a photographic plan for removing the necessity for this perpetual watchfulness. Now, in the magnet-house, we see light and chemistry doing the tasks

before performed by human labour; and doing them more faithfully than even the most vigilant of human eyes and hands. Around the magnets are cases of zinc, so perfect that they exclude all light from without. Inside those cases, in one place, is a lamp giving a single ray of prepared light which, falling upon a mirror soldered to the magnet, moves with its motions. This wandering ray, directed towards a sheet of sensitive photographic paper, records the magnet's slightest motion! The paper moves on by clock-work, and once in four-and-twenty hours an assistant, having closed the shutters of the building, lights a lanthorn of *yellow glass*, opens the magnet-boxes, removes the paper on which the magnets have been enabled to record their own motions, and then, having put in a fresh sheet of sensitive paper, he shuts it securely in, winds up the clock-work, puts out his yellow light and lets in the sunshine. His lanthorn glass is yellow, because the yellow rays are the only ones which can be safely allowed to fall upon the photographic paper during its removal from the instrument, to the dish in which its magnetic picture is to be *fixed* by a further chemical process. It is the blue ray of the light that gives the daguerrotypic likeness; — as most persons who have had their heads off, under the hands of M. Claudet, or Mr. Beard, or any of their numerous competitors in the art of preparing sun-pictures, well know.

Since the apparatus of Mr. Brooke for the self-registration of the magnetic changes has been in operation at Greenwich, the time of Mr. Glaisher and his assistants has been more at liberty for other branches of their duties. These are numerous enough. Thermometers and barometers have to be watched as well as magnets. To these instruments the same ingenious photographic contrivance is applied.

The wooden building next to the magnet-house on the southwest contains a modification of Mr. Brooke's ingenious plan, by which the rise and fall of the temperature of the air is self-registered. Outside the building are the bulbs of thermometers freely exposed to the weather. Their shafts run through a zinc case, and as the mercury rises or falls, it moves a float having a projecting arm. Across this arm is thrown the ray of prepared light which falls then upon the sensitive paper. Thus we see the variations of the needle and the variations in heat and cold both recording their own story, within these humble-looking wooden sheds, as completely as the wind and the rain are made to do the same thing, on the top of the towers of the Observatory. The reward given to the inventor of this ingenious mode of self-registration has been recently revealed in a parliamentary paper, thus: — "To Mr. Charles Brooke for his invention and establishment at the Royal Observatory, of the apparatus for the self-reg-

gistration of magnetical and meteorological phenomena, 500 *l.*" Every year the invention will save fully 500 *l.* worth of human toil; and the reward seems small when we see every year millions voted for warlike, sinecure, and other worse than useless purposes.

Photography, however, cannot do all the work. Its records have to be checked by independent observations every day, and then both have to be brought to their practical value by comparison with certain tables which test their accuracy, and make them available for disclosing certain scientific results. The preparation of such tables is one of the practical triumphs of Greenwich. Many a quiet country gentleman amuses his leisure by noting day by day the variations of his thermometer and barometer. Heretofore such observations were isolated and of no general value, but now by the tables completed by Mr. Glaisher, and published by the Royal Society, they may all be converted into scientific values, and be made available for the increase of our weather-wisdom. For nearly seventy years the Royal Society had observations made at Somerset House, but they were a dead letter — mere long columns of figures — till these tables gave them significance. And the same tables now knit into one scientific whole, the observations taken by forty scientific volunteers, who, from day to day, record for the Registrar-General of births and deaths, the temperature, moisture,

&c., of their different localities, which vary from Glasgow to Guernsey, and from Cornwall to Norwich.

What the Rosetta stone is to the history of the Pharaohs, these Greenwich tables have been to the weather - hieroglyphics. They have afforded something like a key to the language in which the secrets are written; and it remains for industrious observation and scientific zeal to complete the modern victory over ancient ignorance. Already, the results of the Greenwich studies of the weather have given us a number of curious morsels of knowledge. The wholesale destruction of human life induced by a fall in the temperature of London has just been noticed. Besides the manifestation of that fact, we are shown, that instead of a warm summer being followed by a cold winter, the tendency of the law of the weather is to group warm seasons together, and cold seasons together. Mr. Glaisher has made out, that the character of the weather seems to follow certain curves, so to speak, each extending over periods of fifteen years. During the first half of each of these periods, the seasons become warmer and warmer, till they reach their warmest point, and then they sink again, becoming colder and colder, till they reach the lowest point, whence they rise again. His tables range over the last seventy-nine years — from 1771 to 1849. Periods shown to be the coldest, were years memorable for high-priced

food, increased mortality, popular discontent, and political changes. In his diagrams, the warm years are tinted brown, and the cold years grey, and as the sheets are turned over and the dates scanned, the fact suggests itself that a grey period saw Lord George Gordon's riots; a grey period was marked by the Reform Bill excitement; and a grey period saw the Corn Laws repealed.

A few more morsels culled from the experience of these weather-seers, and we have done.

Those seasons have been best which have enjoyed an average temperature — nor too hot nor too cold.

The indications are that the climate of England is becoming warmer, and, consequently, healthier; a fact to be partly accounted for by the improved drainage and the removal of an excess of timber from the land.

The intensity of cholera was found greatest in those places where the air was stagnant; and, therefore, any means for causing its motion, as lighting fires and improving ventilation, are thus proved to be of the utmost consequence.

Some day near the 20th of January — the lucky guess in 1838 of Murphy's Weather Almanac — will, upon the average of years, be found to be the coldest of the whole year.

In the middle of May there are generally some days of cold, so severe as to be unexplainable. Humboldt mentions this fact in

his Cosmos; and various authors have tried to account for it, — at present in vain. The favourite notion, perhaps, is that which attributes this period of cold to the loosening of the icebergs of the North. Another weather eccentricity is the usual advent of some warm days at the beginning of November.

Certain experiments in progress to test the difference between the temperature of the Thames and of the surrounding atmosphere are expected to show the cause of the famous London fog. During the night the Thames is often from ten to seventeen degrees warmer, and in the day time from eight to ten degrees colder than the air above it.

If the theory of weather-cycles holds good, we are to have seasons colder than the average from this time till 1853, when warmth will begin again to predominate over cold. A chilly prophecy this to close with, and therefore, rather let an anecdote complete this chapter on the Weather-Watchers of Greenwich.

Amongst other experiments going on some time ago in the Observatory enclosure, were some by which Mr. Glaisher sought to discover how much warmth the Earth lost during the hours of night, and how much moisture the Air would take up in a day from a given surface. Upon the long grass within the dwarf fence already mentioned were placed all sorts of odd substances in little distinct quantities. Ashes, wood, leather, linen, cot-

ton, glass, lead, copper, and stone, amongst other things, were there to show how each affected the question of radiation. Close by upon a post was a dish six inches across, in which every day there was punctually poured one ounce of water, and at the same hour next day, as punctually was this fluid re-measured to see what had been lost by evaporation. For three years this latter experiment had been going on, and the results were posted up in a book; but the figures gave most contradictory results. There was either something very irregular in the air, or something very wrong in the apparatus. It was watched for leakage, but none was found, when one day Mr. Glaisher stepped out of the magnet-house, and looking towards the stand, the mystery was revealed. The evaporating dish of the philosopher was being used as a bath by an irreverent bird! — a sparrow was scattering from his wings the water left to be drunk by the winds of Heaven. Only one thing remained to be done; and the next minute saw a pen run through the tables that had taken three years to compile. The labour was lost — the work had to be begun again.

MY WONDERFUL ADVENTURES IN SKITZLAND.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

The Beginning is a Bore — I fall into Misfortune.

I AM fond of Gardening. I like to dig. If among the operations

of the garden any need for such a work can be at any time discovered or invented, I like to dig a hole. On the 3d of March, 1849, I began a hole behind the kitchen wall, whereinto it was originally intended to transplant a plum-tree. The exercise was so much to my taste, that a strange humour impelled me to dig on. A fascination held me to the task. I neglected my business. I disappeared from the earth's surface. A boy who worked a basket by means of a rope and pulley, aided me; so aided, I confined my whole attention to spade labour. The centripetal force seemed to have made me its especial victim. I dug on until Autumn. In the beginning of November I observed that, upon percussion, the sound given by the floor of my pit was resonant. I did not intermit my labour, urged as I was by a mysterious instinct downwards. On applying my ear, I occasionally heard a subdued sort of rattle, which caused me to form a theory that the centre of the earth might be composed of mucus. In November, the ground broke beneath me into a hollow, and I fell a considerable distance. I alighted on the box-seat of a four-horse coach, which happened to be running at that time immediately underneath. The coachman took no notice whatever of my sudden arrival by his side. He was so completely muffled up, that I could observe only the skilful way in which he manipulated reins and whip. The horses were yellow. I had seen no more than this, when

the guard's horn blew, and presently we pulled up at an inn. A waiter came out, and appeared to collect four bags from the passengers inside the coach. He then came round to me.

"Dine here, Sir?"

"Yes, certainly," said I. I like to dine—not the sole point of resemblance between myself and the great Johnson.

"Trouble you for your stomach, Sir."

While the waiter was looking up with a polite stare into my puzzled face, my neighbour, the coachman, put one hand within his outer coat, as if to feel for money in his waistcoat-pocket. Directly afterwards his fingers came again to light, and pulled forth an enormous sack. Notwithstanding that it was abnormally enlarged, I knew by observation of its form and texture that this was a stomach, with the œsophagus attached. This, then, the waiter caught as it was thrown down to him, and hung it carelessly over his arm, together with the four smaller bags (which I now knew to be also stomachs) collected from the passengers within the coach. I started up, and as I happened to look round, observed a skeleton face upon the shoulders of a gentleman who sat immediately behind my back. My own features were noticed at the same time by the guard, who now came forward, touching his hat.

"Beg your pardon, Sir, but you've been and done it."

"Done what?"

"Why, Sir, you should have

booked your place, and not come up in this clandestine way. However, you've been and done it!"

"My good man, what have I done?"

"Why, Sir, the Baron Terroro's eyes had the box-seat, and I strongly suspect you've been and sat upon them."

I looked involuntarily to see whether I had been sitting upon anything except the simple cushion. Truly enough, there was an eye, which I had crushed and flattened.

"Only one," I said.

"Worse for you, and better for him. The other eye had time to escape, and it will know you again that's certain. Well, it's no business of mine. Of course you've no appetite now for dinner? Better pay your fare, Sir. To the Green Hippopotamus and Spectacles, where we put up, it's ten-and-six."

"Is there room inside?" I enquired. It was advisable to shrink from observation.

"Yes, Sir. The inside passengers are mostly skeleton. There's room for three, Sir. Inside, one-pound-one."

I paid the money, and became an inside passenger.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

Of Divisions which occur in Skitzland —
I am taken up.

Professor Essig's Lectures on Anatomy had so fortified me, that I did not shrink from entering the Skitzton coach. It contained living limbs, loose or attached to

skeletons in other respects bare, except that they were clothed with broadcloth garments, cut after the English fashion. One passenger only had a complete face of flesh, he had also one living hand; the other hand I guessed was bony, because it was concealed in a glove obviously padded. By observing the fit of his clothes, I came to a conclusion that this gentleman was stuffed throughout; that all his limbs, except the head and hand, were artificial. Two pairs of Legs, in woollen stockings, and a pair of Ears, were in a corner of the coach, and in another corner there were nineteen or twenty Scalps.

I thought it well to look astonished at nothing, and, having pointed in a careless manner to the scalps, asked what might be their destination? The person with the Face and Hand replied to me; and although evidently himself a gentleman, he addressed me with a tone of unconcealed respect.

"They are going to Skitzton, Sir, to the hair-dresser's."

"Yes, to be sure," I said. "They are to make Natural Skin Wigs. I might have known."

"I beg your pardon, Sir. There is a ball to-morrow night at Culmsey. But the gentry do not like to employ village barbers, and therefore many of the better class of people send their hair to Skitzton, and receive it back by the return coach properly cut and curled."

"Oh," said I. "Ah! Oh, indeed!"

"Dinners, gentlemen!" said a voice at the window, and the waiter handed in four stomachs, now tolerably well filled. Each passenger received his property, and pulling open his chest with as much composure as if he were unbuttoning his waistcoat, restored his stomach, with a dinner in it, to the right position. Then the reckonings were paid, and the coach started.

I thought of my garden, and much wished that somebody could throw Professor Essig down the hole that I had dug. A few things were to be met with in Skitzland which would rather puzzle him. They puzzled me; but I took refuge in silence, and so fortified, protected my ignorance from an exposure.

"You are going to Court, Sir, I presume?" said my Face and Hand friend, after a short pause. His was the only mouth in the coach, excepting mine, so that he was the only passenger able to enter into conversation.

"My dear Sir," I replied, "let me be frank with you. I have arrived here unexpectedly out of another world. Of the manners and customs, nay, of the very nature of the people who inhabit this country, I know nothing. For any information you can give me, I shall be very grateful."

My friend smiled incredulity, and said,

"Whatever you are pleased to profess, I will believe. What you are pleased to feign a wish for, I am proud to furnish. In Skitzland, the inhabitants, until they come

of age, retain that illustrious appearance which you have been so fortunate as never to have lost. During the night of his twenty-first birthday, each Skitzlander loses the limbs which up to that period have received from him no care, no education. Of those neglected parts the skeletons alone remain, but all those organs which he has employed sufficiently continue unimpaired. I, for example, devoted to the study of the law, forgot all occupation but to think, to use my senses and to write. I rarely used my legs, and therefore Nature has deprived me of them."

"But," I observed, "it seems that in Skitzland you are able to take yourselves to pieces."

"No one has that power, Sir, more largely than yourself. What organs we have we can detach on any service. When dispersed, a simple force of Nature directs all corresponding members whither to fly that they may re-assemble."

"If they can fly," I asked, "why are they sent in coaches? There were a pair of eyes on the box seat."

"Simply for safety against accidents. Eyes flying alone are likely to be seized by birds, and incur many dangers. They are sent, therefore, usually under protection, like any other valuable parcel."

"Do many accidents occur?"

"Very few. For mutual protection, and also because a single member is often all that has been left existing of a fellow Skitz-

lander our laws, as you, Sir, know much better than myself, estimate the destruction of any part absent on duty from its skeleton as a crime equivalent to murder —"

After this I held my tongue. Presently my friend again enquired whether I was going up to Court?

"Why should I go to Court?"

"Oh, Sir, it pleases you to be facetious. You must be aware that any Skitzlander who has been left by Nature in possession of every limb, sits in the Assembly of the Perfect, or the Upper House, and receives many state emoluments and dignities."

"Are there many members of that Upper Assembly?"

"Sir, there were forty-two. But if you are now travelling to claim your seat, the number will be raised to forty-three."

"The Baron Terroro —" I hinted.

"My brother, Sir. His eyes are on the box seat under my care. Undoubtedly he is a Member of the Upper House."

I was now anxious to get out of the coach as soon as possible. My wish was fulfilled after the next pause. One Eye, followed by six Pairs of Arms, with strong hard Hands belonging to them, flew in at the window. I was collared; the door was opened, and all hands were at work to drag me out and away. The twelve Hands whisked me through the air, while the one Eye sailed before us, like an old bird, leader of the flight.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

My Imprisonment and Trial for Murder.

What sort of sky have they in Skitzland? Our earth overarches them, and, as the sunlight filters through, it causes a subdued illumination with very pure rays. Skitzland is situated nearly in the centre of our globe, it hangs there like a shrunken kernel in the middle of a nutshell. The height from Skitzland to the over-arching canopy is great; so great, that if I had not fallen personally from above the firmament, I should have considered it to be a blue sky similar to ours. At night it is quite dark; but during the day there is an appearance in the Heaven of white spots; their glistening reminded me of stars. I noticed them as I was being conveyed to prison by the strong arms of justice, for it was by a detachment of members from the Skitzton Police that I was now hurried along. The air was very warm, and corroborated the common observation of an increase of heat as you get into the pith of our planet. The theory of Central Fire, however, is, you perceive quite overturned by my experience.

We alighted near the outskirts of a large and busy town. Through its streets I was dragged publicly, much stared at, and much staring. The street life was one busy nightmare of disjointed limbs. Professor Essig, could he have been dragged through Skitzton, would have delivered his farewell lecture

upon his return. "Gentlemen, Fuit Ilium — Fuit Ischium — Fuit Sacrum — Anatomy has lost her seat among the sciences. My occupation's gone." Professor Owen's Book "On the Nature of Limbs," must contain, in the next edition, an Appendix "Upon Limbs in Skitzland." I was dragged through the streets, and all that I saw there, in the present age of little faith, I dare not tell you. I was dragged through the streets to prison and there duly chained, after having been subjected to the scrutiny of about fifty couples of eyes drawn up in a line within the prison door. I was chained in a dark cell, a cell so dark that I could very faintly perceive the figure of some being who was my companion. Whether this individual had ears wherewith to hear, and mouth wherewith to answer me, I could not see, but at a venture I addressed him. My thirst for information was unconquerable; I began, therefore, immediately with a question:

"Friend, what are those stars which we see shining in the sky at mid-day?"

An awful groan being an unsatisfactory reply, I asked again.

"Man, do not mock at misery. You will yourself be one of them."

"The Teachers shall shine like Stars in the Firmament." I have a propensity for teaching, but was puzzled to discover how I could give so practical an illustration of the text of Fichte.

"Believe me," I said, "I am

strangely ignorant. Explain yourself."

He answered with a hollow voice :

"Murderers are shot up out of mortars into the sky, and stick there. Those white, glistening specks, they are their skeletons."

Justice is prompt in Skitzland. I was tried incredibly fast by a jury of twelve men who had absolutely heads. The judges had nothing but brain, mouth and ear. Three powerful tongues defended me, but as they were not suffered to talk nonsense, they had little to say. The whole case was too clear to be talked into cloudiness. Baron Terroro, in person, deposed, that he had sent his eyes to see a friend at Culmsey, and that they were returning on the Skitzton coach, when I, illegally, came with my whole bulk upon the box-seat, which he occupied. That one of his eyes was, in that manner, totally destroyed, but that the other eye, having escaped, identified me, and brought to his brain intelligence of the calamity which had befallen. He deposed further, that having received this information, he despatched his uncrushed eye with arms from the police-office, and accompanied with several members of the detective force, to capture the offender, and to procure the full proofs of my crime. A sub-inspector of Skitzton Police then deposed that he sent three of his faculties, with his mouth, eye, and ear, to meet the coach. That the driver, consisting only of a

stomach and hands, had been unable to observe what passed. That the guard, on the contrary, had taxed me with my deed, that he had seen me rise from my seat upon the murdered eye, and that he had heard me make confession of my guilt. The guard was brought next into court, and told his tale. Then I was called upon for my defence. If a man wearing a cloth coat and trousers, and talking excellent English, were to plead at the Old Bailey that he had broken into some citizen's premises accidentally by falling from the moon, his tale would be received in London as mine was in Skitzton. I was severely reprimanded for my levity, and ordered to be silent. The Judge summed up and the Jury found me Guilty. The Judge, who had put on the black cap before the verdict was pronounced, held out no hope of mercy, and straightway sentenced me to Death, according to the laws and usage of the Realm.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

The last Hours of the Condemned in Skitzland — I am executed.

The period which intervenes between the sentence and execution of a criminal in Skitzland, is not longer than three hours. In order to increase the terror of death by contrast, the condemned man is suffered to taste at the table of life from which he is banished, the most luscious viands. All the attainable enjoyment that his wit can ask for, he is allowed

to have, during the three hours before he is shot, like rubbish, off the fields of Skitzland.

Under guard, of course, I was now to be led whithersoever I desired.

Several churches were open. They never are all shut in Skitzton. I was taken into one. A man with heart and life was preaching. People with hearts were in some pews; people with brains, in others; people with ears only, in some. In a neighbouring church, there was a popular preacher, a skeleton with life. His congregation was a crowd of ears, and nothing more.

There was a day-performance at the Opera. I went to that. Fine lungs and mouths possessed the stage, and afterwards there was a great bewilderment with legs. I was surprised to notice that many of the most beautiful ladies were carried in and out, and lifted about like dolls. My guides sneered at my pretence of ignorance, when I asked why this was. But they were bound to please me in all practicable ways, so they informed me, although somewhat pettishly. It seems that in Skitzland, ladies who possess and have cultivated only their good looks, lose at the age of twenty-one, all other endowments. So they become literally dolls, but dolls of a superior kind; for they can not only open and shut their eyes, but also sigh; wag slowly with their heads, and some times take a pocket-handkerchief out of a bag, and drop it. But as

their limbs are powerless, they have to be lifted and dragged about after the fashion that excited my astonishment.

I said then, "Let me see the Poor." They took me to a Workhouse. The men, there, were all yellow; and they wore a dress which looked as though it were composed of asphalte; it had also a smell like that of pitch. I asked for explanation of these things.

A Superintendent of Police remarked that I was losing opportunities of real enjoyment for the idle purpose of persisting in my fable of having dropped down from the sky. However, I compelled him to explain to me what was the reason of these things. The information I obtained, was briefly this:—that Nature, in Skitzland, never removes the stomach. Every man has to feed himself; and the necessity for finding food, joined to the necessity for buying clothes is, a mainspring whereby the whole clockwork of civilised life is kept in motion. Now, if a man positively cannot feed and clothe himself, he becomes a pauper. He then goes to the Workhouse, where he has his stomach filled with a cement. That stopping lasts a life-time, and he thereafter needs no food. His body, however, becomes yellow by the superfluity of bile. The yellow-boy, which is the Skitzland epithet for pauper, is at the same time provided with a suit of clothes. The clothes are of a material so tough that they can be worn unrepaired for more than

eighty years. The pauper is now freed from care, but were he in this state cast loose upon society, since he has not that stimulus to labour which excites industry in other men, he would become an element of danger in the state. Nature no longer compelling him to work, the law compels him. The remainder of his life is forfeit to the uses of his country. He labours at the workhouse, costing nothing more than the expense of lodging, after the first inconsiderable outlay for cement wherewith to plug his stomach, and for the one suit of apparel.

When we came out of the workhouse, all the bells in the town were tolling. The Superintendent told me that I had sadly frittered away time, for I had now no more than half an hour to live. Upon that I leaned my back against a post, and asked him to prepare me for my part in the impending ceremony by giving me a little information on the subject of executions.

I found that it was usual for a man to be executed with great ceremony upon the spot whereon his crime had been committed. That in case of rebellions or tumults in the provinces, when large numbers were not unfrequently condemned to death, the sentence of the law was carried out in the chief towns of the disturbed districts. That large numbers of people were thus sometimes discharged from a single market-place, and that the repeated strokes appeared to shake, or

crack, or pierce in some degree that portion of the sky towards which the artillery had been directed. I here at once saw that I had discovered the true cause of earthquakes and volcanoes; and this shows how great light may be thrown upon theories concerning the hidden constitution of this earth, by going more deeply into the matter of it than had been done by any one before I dug my hole. Our volcanoes, it is now proved, are situated over the market-places of various provincial towns in Skitzland. When a revolution happens, the rebels are shot up, — discharged from mortars by means of an explosive material evidently far more powerful than our gunpowder or gun-cotton; and they are pulverised by the friction in grinding their way through the earth. How simple and easy truth appears, when we have once arrived at it.

The sound of muffled drums approached us, and a long procession turned the corner of a street. I was placed in the middle of it, — Baron Terroro by my side. All then began to float so rapidly away, that I was nearly left alone, when forty arms came back and collared me. It was considered to be a proof of my refractory disposition, that I would make no use of my innate power of flight. I was therefore dragged in this procession swiftly through the air, drums playing, fifes lamenting.

We alighted on the spot where I had fallen, and the hole through which I had come I saw above me.

It was very small, but the light from above shining more vividly through it made it look, with its rough edges, like a crumpled moon. A quantity of some explosive liquid was poured into a large mortar, which had been erected (under the eye of Baron Terroro) exactly where my misfortune happened. I was then thrust in, the Baron ramming me down, and pounding with a long stock or pestle upon my head in a noticeably vicious manner. The Baron then cried "Fire!" and as I shot out, in the midst of a blaze, I saw him looking upward.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

My revenge on the Skitzlanders.

By great good fortune, they had planted their artillery so well, that I was fired up through my hole again, and alighted in my own garden, just a little singed. My first thought was to run to an adjoining bed of vegetable marrows. Thirty vegetable marrows and two pumpkins I rained down to astonish the Skitzlanders, and I fervently hope that one of them may have knocked out the remaining eye of my vindictive enemy, the Baron. I then went into the pantry, and obtained a basket full of eggs, and having rained these down upon the Skitzlanders, I left them.

It was after breakfast when I went down to Skitzland, and I came back while the dinner bell was ringing.

BIRTH SONG.

HAIL, new-waked atom of the Eternal whole,

Young voyager upon Time's might river!

Hail to thee, Human Soul,

Hail, and for ever!

Pilgrim of life, all hail!

He who at first called forth

From nothingness the earth,

Who clothed the hills in strength, and dug the sea

Who gave the stars to gem

Night, like a diadem,

Thou little child, made thee;

Young habitant of earth,

Fair as its flowers, though brought in sorrow forth,

Thou art akin to God who fashioned thee!

The Heavens themselves shall vanish as a scroll,

The solid earth dissolve, the stars grow pale,

But thou, oh Human Soul,

Shalt be immortal! Hail!

Thou young Immortal, hail!

He, before whom are dim

Seraph and cherubim,

Who gave the archangels strength and majesty,

Who sits upon Heaven's throne,

The Everlasting One,

Thou little child, made thee!

Fair habitant of Earth,

Immortal in thy God, though mortal by thy birth,

Born for life's trials, hail, all hail to thee!

SONG OF DEATH.

SHRINK not, O Human Spirit,

The Everlasting Arm is strong to save!

Look up, look up, frail nature, put thy trust

In Him who went down mourning to the dust,

And overcame the grave!

Quickly goes down the sun;

Life's work is almost done;

Fruitless endeavour, hope deferred, and strife!

One little struggle more,

One pang, and then is o'er

All the long, mournful, weariness of life.

Kind friends, 'tis almost past;
Come now and look your last!
Sweet children, gather near,
And his last blessing hear,
See how he loved you who departeth now!
And, with thy trembling step and pallid
brow,

O, most beloved one,
Whose breast he leaned upon,
Come, faithful unto death,
Receive his parting breath!
The fluttering spirit panteth to be free,
Hold him not back who speeds to victory!
— The bonds are riven, the struggling
soul is free!

Hail, hail, enfranchised Spirit!
Thou that the wine-press of the field hast
trod!

On, blest Immortal, on, through bound-
less space,
And stand with thy Redeemer face to
face;

And stand before thy God!
Life's weary work is o'er,
Thou art of earth no more;
No more art trammelled by the oppres-
sive clay,

But tread'st with winged ease
The high acclivities
Of truths sublime, up Heaven's crystalline
way.

Here no bootless quest;
This city's name is Rest;
Here shall no fear appal;
Here love is all in all;
Here shalt thou win thy ardent soul's de-
sire;

Here clothe thee in thy beautiful attire.
Lift, lift thy wond'ring eyes!
Yonder is Paradise,
And this fair shining band
Are spirits of thy land!

And these who throng to meet thee are
thy kin,
Who have awaited thee, redeemed from
sin!

— The city's gates unfold — enter, oh!
enter in!

THE SICKNESS AND HEALTH OF THE PEOPLE OF BLEABURN.

IN THREE PARTS.

CHAPTER III.

MR. FINCH was standing in front of his bookcase, deeply occupied in ascertaining a point in ecclesiastical history, when he was told that Ann Warrender wished to speak to him.

"O dear!" he half-breathed out. He had for some time been growing nervous about the state of things at Bleaburn; and there was nothing he now liked so little as to be obliged to speak face to face with any of the people. It was not all cowardice; though cowardice made up sadly too much of it. He did not very well know how to address the minds of his people; and he felt that he could not do it well. He was more fit for closet study than for the duties of a parish priest; and he ought never to have been sent to Bleaburn. Here he was, however; and there was Ann Warrender waiting in the passage to speak to him.

"Dear me!" said he, "I am really very busy at this moment. Ask Ann Warrender if she can come again to-morrow."

To-morrow would not do. Ann followed the servant to the door of the study to say so. Mr. Finch hastily asked her to wait a moment, and shut the door behind the servant. He unlocked a cupboard, took out a green bottle and a wineglass, and fortified himself

against infection with a draught of something whose scent betrayed him to Ann the moment the door was again opened.

"Come in," said he, when the cupboard was locked.

"Will you please come, Sir, and see John Billiter? He is not far from death; he asked for you just now; so I said I would step for you."

"Billiter! The fever has been very fatal in that house, has it not? Did not he lose two children last week?"

"Yes, Sir; and my father thinks the other two are beginning to sicken. I'm sure I don't know what will become of them. I saw Mrs. Billiter stagger as she crossed the room just now; and she does not seem, somehow, to be altogether like herself this morning. That looks as if she were beginning. But if you will come and pray with them, Sir, that is the comfort they say they want."

"Does your father allow you to go to an infected house like that?" asked Mr. Finch. "And does he go himself?"

Ann looked surprised, and said she did not see what else could be done. There was no one but her father who could lift John Billiter, or turn him in his bed; and as for her, she was the only one that Mrs. Billiter had to look to, day and night. The Good Lady went in very often, and did all she could; but she was wanted in so many places, besides having her hands full with the Johnsons, that she could only come in and direct

and cheer them, every few hours. She desired to be sent for at any time, night or day; and they did send when they were particularly distressed, or at a loss; but for regular watching and nursing, Ann said the Billiters had no one to depend on but herself. She could not stay talking now, however. How soon might she say that Mr. Finch would come?

Mr. Finch was now walking up and down the room. He said he would consider, and let her know as soon as he could.

"John Billiter is as bad as can be, Sir. He must be very near his end."

"Ah! well; you shall hear from me very soon."

As Ann went away, she wondered what could be the impediment to Mr. Finch's going with her. He, meantime, roused his mind to undertake a great argument of duty. It was with a sense of complacency, even of elevation, that he now set himself to work to consider of his duty—determined to do it when his mind was made up.

He afterwards declared that he went to his chamber to be secure against interruption, and there walked up and down for two hours in meditation and prayer. He considered that it had pleased God that he should be the only son of his mother, whose whole life would be desolate if he should die. He thought of Ellen Price, feeling almost sure that she would marry him whenever he felt justified in

asking her; and he considered what a life of happiness she would lose if he should die. He remembered that his praying with the sick would not affect life on the one side, while it might on the other. The longer he thought of Ellen Price and of his mother, and of all that he might do if he lived, the more clear did his duty seem to himself to become. At the end of the two hours, he was obliged to bring his meditations to a conclusion; for Ann Warrender's father had been waiting for some time to speak to him, and would then wait no longer.

"It is not time lost, Warrender," said Mr. Finch, when at last he came down stairs. "I have been determining my principle, and my mind is made up."

"Then, Sir, let us be off, or the man will be dead. What! you cannot come, Sir! Why, bless my soul!"

"You see my reasons, surely, Warrender."

"Why, yes; such as they are. The thing that I can't see the reason for, is your being a clergyman."

While Mr. Finch was giving forth his amiable and gentlemanly notions of the position of a clergyman in society, and of filial consideration, Warrender was twirling his hat, and fidgetting, as if in haste; and his summing up was —

"I don't know what your mother herself might say, Sir, to your consideration for her; but most likely she has, being a mother, noticed that saying about a man leaving

father and mother, and houses and lands, for Christ's sake; and also — But it is no business of mine to be preaching to the clergyman, and I have enough to do, elsewhere."

"One thing more, Warrender. I entrust it to you to let the people know that there will be no service in church during the infection. Why, do not you know that, in the time of the plague, the churches were closed by order, because it was found that the people gave one another the disease, by meeting there?"

John had never heard it; and he was sorry to hear it now. He hastened away to the Good Lady, to ask her if he must really tell the afflicted people that all religious comfort must be withheld from them now, when they were in the utmost need of it. Meantime, Mr. Finch was entering at length in his diary, the history of his conflict of mind, his decision, and the reasons of it.

Henceforth, Mr. Finch had less time for his diary, and for clearing up points of ecclesiastical history. There were so many funerals that he could never be sure of leisure; nor, when he had it, was he in a state to use it. Sometimes he almost doubted whether he was in his right mind, so overwhelmingly dreadful to him was the scene around him. He met Farmer Neale one day. Neale was at his wit's end what to do about his harvest. Several of his labourers were dead, and others were kept aloof by his own servants, who

declared they would all leave him if any person from Bleaburn was brought among them; and no labourers from a distance would come near the place. Farmer Neale saw no other prospect than of his crops rotting on the ground.

"You must offer high wages," said Mr. Finch. "You must be well aware that you do not generally tempt people into your service by your rate of wages. You must open your hand at such a time as this."

Neale was ready enough now to give good wages; but nobody would reap an acre of his for love or money. He was told to be thankful that the fever had spared his house; but he said it was no use bidding a man be thankful for anything, while he saw his crops perishing on the ground.

Next, Mr. Finch saw, in his afternoon ride, a waggon-load of coffins arrive at the brow from O—. He saw them sent down, one by one, on men's shoulders, to be ranged in the carpenter's yard. The carpenter could not work fast enough; and his stock of wood was so nearly exhausted that there had been complaints, within the last few days, that the coffins would not bear the least shock, but fell to pieces when the grave was opened for the next. So an order was sent to O—for coffins of various sizes; and now they were carried down the road, and up the street, before the eyes of some who were to inhabit one or another of them. The doctor, hurrying from house to house, had

hardly a moment to spare, and no comfort to give. He did not see what there was to prevent the whole population from being swept away. He was himself almost worn out; and just at such a moment, his surgery boy had disappeared. He had no one that he could depend on to help him in making up the medicines, or even to deliver them. The fact was, he said in private, the place was a pest-house; and, except to Miss Pickard, he did not know where to look for any aid or any hope whatever. It would not do to say so to the people; but, frankly speaking, this was what he felt. When the pastor's heart was thus sunk very low, he thought he would just pass the Plough and Harrow, and see who was there. If there were any cheerful people in Bleaburn, that was where they would be found. At the Plough and Harrow, the floor was swept and the table was clean; and the chimney was prettily dressed with green boughs; but there were only two customers there; and they were smoking their pipes in silence. The landlord said the scores were run up so high, he could not give more credit till better days. The people wanted their draught of comfort badly enough, and he had given it as long as he could; but he must stop somewhere: and if the baker had to stop scores (as he knew he had) the publican had little chance of getting his own. At such a time, however, he knew men ought to be liberal; so he went on serving

purl and bitters at five in the morning. The men said it strengthened their stomachs against the fever before they went to work (such of them as could work) and God forbid he should refuse them that! But he knew the half of those few that came at five in the morning would never be able to pay their score. Yet did the publican, amidst all these losses, invite the pastor to sit down and have a cheerful glass; and the pastor did not refuse. There was too little cheerfulness to be had at present to justify him in declining any offer of it. So he let the landlord mix his glass for him, and mix it strong.

It was easy to make the mixture strong; but not so easy to have a "cheerful glass." The host had too many dismal stories to tell for that; and, when he could be diverted from the theme of the fate of Bleaburn, it was only to talk of the old king's madness, and the disasters of the war, and the weight of the taxes, and the high price of food, and the riots in the manufacturing districts; a long string of disasters all undeniably true. He was just saying that he had been assured that something would soon appear which would explain the terrors of the time, when a strange cry was heard in the street, and a bustle among the neighbours; and then two or three people ran in and exclaimed, with white lips, that there was a fearful sign in the sky.

There indeed it was, a lustrous thing, shining down into the hol-

low. Was there ever such a star seen, — as large as a saucer — some of the people said, and with a long white tail, which looked as if it was about to sweep all the common stars out of the sky! The sounds of amazement and fear that ran along the whole street, up and down, brought the neighbours to their doors; and some to the windows, to try how much they could see from windows that would not open. Each one asked somebody else what it was; but all agreed that it was a token of judgment, and that it accounted for everything; the cold spring, the bad crops, the king's illness, the war, and this dreadful sickly autumn. At last, they bethought them of the pastor, and they crowded round him for an explanation. They received one in a tone so faltering as to confirm their fears, though Mr. Finch declared that it certainly must be a comet: he had never seen a comet; but he was confident this must be one, and that it must be very near the earth: — he did not mean near enough to do any harm; — it was all nonsense talking of comets doing any harm.

"Will it do us any good, Sir?" asked the carpenter, sagely.

"Not that I know of. How should it do us any good?"

"Exactly so, Sir: that is what we say. It is there for no good, you may rely upon it: and, for the rest, Heaven knows!"

"I hope Farmer Neale may be seeing it," observed a man to his neighbour. "It may be a mercy

to him, if it is sent to warn him of his hard ways."

"And the doctor, too. I hope it will take effect upon him," whispered another. The whisper was caught up and spread. "The doctor! the doctor!" every one said, glancing at the comet, and falling to whispering again.

"What are they saying about the doctor?" whispered Mr. Finch to the landlord. "What is the matter about him?" But the landlord only shook his head, and looked excessively solemn in the yellow light which streamed from his open door. After this, Mr. Finch was very silent, and soon stole away homewards. Some who watched him said that he was more alarmed than he chose to show. And this was true. He was more shaken than he chose to admit to his own mind. He would not have acknowledged to himself that he, an educated man, could be afraid of a comet: but, unnerved before by anxiety of mind, and a stronger dose of spirit and water than he had intended to take, he was as open to impression as in the most timid days of his childhood. As he sat in his study, the bright, silent, steady luminary seemed to be still shining full upon his very heart and brain: and the shadowy street, with its groups of gazers, was before his eyes; and the hoarse or whispering voices of the terrified people were in his ear. He covered his eyes, and thought that he lived in fearful times. He wished he was asleep: but then, there were three funerals

for to-morrow! He feared he could not sleep, if he went to bed. Yet, to sit up would be worse; for he could not study to-night, and sitting up was the most wearing thing of all to the nerves. Presently he went to his cupboard. Now, if ever, was the time for a cordial; for how should he do his duty, if he did not get sleep at night, with so many funerals in the morning? So he poured out his medicine, as he called it, and uncorked his laudanum bottle, and obtained the oblivion which is the best comfort of the incapable.

PART II.

CHAPTER IV.

THERE were some people in Bleaburn to whom the sign in heaven looked very differently. On the night when the people assembled in the street to question each other about it, Mary was at the Billiters' house, where, but for her, all would have been blank despair. Mrs. Billiter lay muttering all night in the low delirium of the fever; and Mary could not do more for her than go to the side of her mattress now and then, to speak to her, and smooth her pillow, or put a cool hand on her forehead, while one of the dying children hung on the other shoulder. At last, the little fellow was evidently so near death that the slightest movement on her part might put out the little life. As he lay with his head on her shoulder, his bony arms hanging helpless, and his feet like those of a skeleton across her lap, she felt every

painful breath through her whole frame. She happened to sit opposite the window; and the window, which commanded a part of the brow of the hollow, happened to be open. Wherever the Good Lady had been, the windows would open now; and, when closed, they were so clear that the sunshine and moonlight could pour in cheerfully. This September night was sultry and dry; and three fever patients in two little low rooms needed whatever fresh air could be had. There sat Mary, immovable, with her eyes fixed on the brow from which she had seen more than one star come up, since she last left her seat. She now and then spoke cheerfully to the poor mutterer in the other room, to prevent her feeling lonely, or for the chance of bringing back her thoughts to real things; and then she had to soothe the little Ned, lying on a bed of shavings in the corner, sore and fretful, and needing the help that she could not stir to give. His feeble cry would have upset any spirits but Mary's; but her spirits were never known to be upset, though few women have gone through such ghastly scenes, or sustained such tension of anxiety.

"I cannot come to you at this moment, Ned," said she, "but I will soon, — very soon. Do you know why your brother is not crying? He is going to sleep, — for a long quiet sleep. Perhaps he will go to sleep more comfortably if you can stop crying. Do you think you can stop crying, Ned?"

The wailing was at once a little less miserable, and by degrees it came to a stop as Mary spoke.

"Do you know, your little brother will be quite well, when he wakes from that long sleep. It will be far away from here, — where daddy is."

"Let me go, too."

"I think you will go, Ned. If you do, you will not live here any more. You will live where daddy is gone."

"Will Dan Cobb tease me then? Dan does tease us so!"

Mary had to learn who Dan Cobb was, — a little boy next door, who was not in the fever as yet. He was always wanting Ned's top. Would he want Ned's top in that place where they were all going to be well?

"No," said Mary; "and you will not want it, either. When we go to that place, we have no trouble of carrying anything with us. We shall find whatever we want there."

"What shall I play at?"

"I don't know till we go and see; but I am sure it will be with something better than your top. But, Ned, are you angry with Dan? Do you wish that he should have the fever? And are you glad or sorry that he has no top?"

By this time the crying had stopped; and Ned, no longer filling his ears with his own wailing, wondered and asked what that odd sound was, — he did not like it.

"It will soon be over," said Mary, very gently. "It is your

brother just going to sleep. Now, lie and think what you would say to Dan, if you were going a long way off, and what you would like to be done with your top, when you do not want it yourself. You shall tell me what you wish when I come to you presently."

Whether Ned was capable of thinking she could not judge, but he lay quite silent for the remaining minutes of his little brother's life; — a great comfort to Mary, who could not have replied, because the mere vibration of her own voice would now have been enough to stop entirely the breathings which came at longer and longer intervals. Her frame ached, and her arms seemed to have lost power, — so long was it since she had changed her posture. At such a moment it was that the great comet came up from behind the brow. The apparition was so wonderful, and so wholly unexpected, that Mary's heart beat; but it was from no fear, but rather a kind of exhilaration. Slowly it ascended, proving that it was no meteor, as she had at the first moment conjectured. When the bright tail disclosed itself, she understood the spectacle, and rejoiced in it, she scarcely knew why.

When at last the breathing on her shoulder ceased, she let down the little corpse upon her knee, and could just see, by the faint light from the rush candle in the outer room, that the eyes were half closed, and the face expressive of no pain. She closed the

eyes, and, after a moment's silence, said:

"Now, Ned, I am coming to you, in a minute."

"Is he asleep?"

"Yes. He is in the quiet long sleep I told you of."

Ned feebly tried to make room for his brother on the poor bed of shavings; and he wondered when Mary said that she was making a bed in the other corner which would do very well. She was only spreading mammy's cloak on the ground, and laying her own shawl over the sleeper; but she said that would do very well.

Mary was surprised to find Ned's mind so clear as that he had really been thinking about Dan and the top. She truly supposed that it was the clearing before death. He said:

"You told me daddy was dead. Am I going to be dead?"

"Yes, I think so. Would not you like it? — to go to sleep, and then be quite well?"

"But, shan't I see Dan, then?"

"Not for a long time, I dare say: and whenever you do, I don't think you and he will quarrel again. I can give Dan any message, you know."

"Tell him he may have my top. And tell him I hope he won't have the fever. I'm sure I don't like it at all. I wish you would take me up, and let me be on your knee."

Mary could not refuse it, though it was soon to be going over again the scene just closed. Poor Ned was only too light, as to weight;

but he was so wasted and sore that it was not easy to find a position for him. For a few minutes he was interested by the comet, which he was easily led to regard as a beautiful sight, and then he begged to be laid down again.

The sun was just up when Mary heard the tap at the door below, which came every morning at sunrise. She put her head out of the window, and said softly that she was coming, — would be down in two minutes. She laid poor Ned beside his brother, and covered him with the same shawl; drew off the old sheets and coverlid from the bed of shavings, bundled them up with such towels as were in the room, and put them out of the window, Warrender being below, ready to receive them. She did not venture to let the poor mother see them, delirious as she was. Softly did Mary tread on the floor, and go down the creaking stair. When she reached the street she drew in, with a deep sigh, the morning air.

"The poor children's bedding," she said to Warrender.

"They are gone?" he inquired. "What, both?"

"One just before midnight. The other half-an-hour ago. And their mother will follow soon."

"The Lord have mercy upon us," said Warrender, solemnly.

"I think it is mercy to take a family thus together," replied Mary. "But I think of poor Aunt. If I could find any one to sit here for half-an-hour, I would

go to her, and indeed, I much wish it."

"There is a poor creature would be glad enough to come, Ma'am, if she thought you would countenance it. A few words will tell you the case. She is living with Simpson, the baker's man, without being his wife. Widow Johnson was very stern with her, and with her daughter, Billiter, for being neighbourly with the poor girl — though people do say that Simpson deceived her cruelly. I am sure, if I might fetch Sally, she would come, and be thankful; and —"

"O! ask her to come and help me. If she has done wrong, that is the more reason why she should do what good she can. How is Ann?"

"Pretty well. Rather worn, as we must all expect to be. She never stood so many hours at the wash-tub, any one day, as she does now every day: but then, as she says, there never was so much reason."

"And you, yourself?"

"I am getting through, Ma'am, thank you. I seem to see the end of the white-washing, for one thing. They have sent us more brushes of the right sort from O—, and I should like, if I could, to get two or three boys into training. They might do the out-houses and the lower parts, where there are fewest sick, while I am upstairs. But, for some reason or other, the lads are shy of me. There is some difference already, I assure you, Ma'am, both as to sight and smell;

but there might be more, if I could get better help."

"And you are careful, I hope, for Ann's sake, to put all the linen first into a tub of water outside."

"Yes, surely. I got the carpenter's men to set a row of tubs beside our door, and to promise to change the water once a day. I laughed at them for asking if they could catch the fever that way: and they are willing enough to oblige where there's no danger. Simpson offered to look to our boiler as he goes to the bake-house when, as he says, Ann and I ought to be asleep. I let him do it and thank him; but it is not much that we sleep, or think of sleeping, just now."

"Indeed," said Mary, "you have a hard life of it, and without pay or reward, I am afraid. I never saw such —"

"Why, Ma'am," said Warrender, "you are the last person to say those sort of things. However, it is not a time for praising one another, when there are signs in the heaven, and God's wrath on earth."

"You saw the comet, did you? How beautiful it is! It will cheer our watch at nights now. Ah! you see I don't consider it anything fearful, or a sign of anything but that, having a new sort of stars brought before our eyes to admire, we don't understand all about the heavens yet, though we know a good deal; and just so with the fever: it is a sign, not of wrath, as I take it, but that the people here do not understand

how to keep their health. They have lived in dirt, and damp, and closeness, some hungry and some drunken: and when unusual weather comes, a wet spring and a broiling summer, down they sink under the fever. Do you know, I dare not call this God's wrath."

Warrender did not like to say it, but the thought was in his mind, why people were left so ignorant and so suffering. Mary was quick at reading faces, and she answered the good fellow's mind, while she helped to hoist the bundle of linen on his shoulder.

"We shall see, Warrender, whether the people can learn by God's teaching. He is giving us a very clear and strong lesson now."

Warrender touched his hat in silence, and walked away.

Aunty had for some time been out of danger from the fever, or Mary could not have left her to attend on the Billiters, urgent as was their need. But her weakness was so great that she had to be satisfied to lie still all day in the intervals of Mary's little visits. Poor Jem brought her this and that, when she asked for it, but he was more trouble than help, from his incurable determination to shut all doors and windows, and keep a roaring fire: he did everything else, within his power, that his mother desired him, but on these points he was immovable. If ever his mother closed her eyes, he took the opportunity to put more wood on the fire; and he

looked so grievously distressed if requested to take it off again, that at last he was let alone. Mary was fairly accustoming him to occupy himself in bringing pails of water and carrying away all refuse, when she was summoned to the Billiters; but the hint was given, and the neighbours saw that they need no longer use water three or four times over for washing, while poor Jem was happy to carry it away, rinse the pails, and bring fresh. His cousin Mary had often of late found him thus engaged: but this morning he was at home, cowering in a chair. When she set the windows open, he made no practical objection; and the fire was actually out. Mary was not therefore surprised at Aunt's reply to her inquiries.

"I am tolerably easy myself, my dear, but I can't tell what has come over Jem; it seems to me that somebody must have been giving him drink, he staggered so when he crossed the room half-an-hour ago; yet I hardly think he would take it, he has such a dislike to everything strong. What a thing it is that I am lying here, unable to stir to see about it myself!"

"We will see about it," said Mary, going to poor Jem. "I neither think he would touch drink, nor that any body would play such a trick with him at such a time. No," she went on, when she had felt his pulse and looked well at his face, "it is not drink: it is illness."

"The fever," groaned the mother.

"I think so. Courage, Aunt! we will nurse him well: and the house is wholesome now, you know. You are through the fever: and his chance is a better one than yours, the house is so much more airy, and I have more experience."

"But, Mary, you cannot go on for ever, without sleep or rest, in this way. What is to be done, I don't see."

"I do, Aunt. I am very well to-day. To-morrow will take care of itself. I must get Jem to bed; and if he soon seems to be moaning and restless, you must mind it as little as you can. It is very miserable, as you have good reason to know; but —"

"I know something that you do not, I see," said Aunt. "A more patient creature than my poor Jem does not live in Bleaburn, nor anywhere else."

"What a good chance that gives him!" observed Mary, "and what a blessing it is, for himself and for you! I must go to my cousin now presently; and I will send the doctor to see Jem."

The poor fellow allowed himself to be undressed; and let his head fall on his bolster, as if it could not have kept up a minute longer. He was fairly down in the fever.

CHAPTER V.

THAT evening, Mary felt more at leisure and at rest than for weeks past. There was nothing to be done for Mrs. Billiter but to

watch beside her: and the carpenter had had his whispered orders in the street for the coffins for the two little boys. The mother had asked no questions, and had appeared to be wandering too much to take notice of anything passing before her eyes. Now she was quiet, and Mary felt the relief. She had refreshed herself (and she used to tell, in after years, what such refreshments were worth) with cold water, and a clean wrapper, and a mutton-chop, sent hot from the Plough and Harrow for the Good Lady (with some wine which she kept for the convalescents), and she was now sitting back in her chair beside the open window, through which fell a yellow glow of reflected sunshine from the opposite heights. All was profoundly still. When she had once satisfied her conscience that she ought not to be plying her needle because her eyes were strained for want of sleep, she gave herself up to the enjoyment — for she really was capable of enjoyment through everything — of watching the opposite precipice; how the shadow crept up it; and how the sunny crest seemed to grow brighter; and how the swallows darted past their holes, and skimmed down the hollow once more before night should come on. Struck, at last, by the silence, she turned her head, and was astonished at the change she saw. Her cousin lay quiet, looking as radiant as the sunset itself; her large black eyes shining, unoppressed

by the rich light; her long dark hair on each side the wasted face, and waving down to the white hands which lay outside the quilt. Their eyes met, full and clear; and Mary knew that her cousin's mind was now clear, like the gaze of her eyes.

"I see it all now," said the dying woman, gently.

"What do you see, love?"

"I see the reason of everything that I did not understand before." And she began to speak of her life and its events, and went on with a force and clearness, and natural eloquence — yet more, with a simple piety — which Mary was wont to speak of afterwards as the finest revelation of a noble soul that she had ever unexpectedly met with. Mrs. Billiter knew that her little boys were dead; she knew, by some means or other, all the horrors by which she was surrounded; and she knew that she was about to die. Yet the conversation was a thoroughly cheerful one. The faces of both were smiling; the voices of both were lively, though that of the dying woman was feeble. After summing up the experience of her life, and declaring what she expected to experience next, and leaving a message for her mother, she said there was but one thing more; she "should like to receive the sacrament." Mary wrote a note in pencil to Mr. Finch, and sent it by Sally, who had been hovering about ever since the morning, in the hope of being of further use, but who was glad

now to get out of sight, that her tears might have way; for she felt that she was about to lose the only friend who had been kind to her (in a way she could accept) since Simpson had put her off from the promised marriage.

"She is sorry to part with me," said that dying friend. "Cousin Mary, you do not think, as my mother does, that I have done wrong in noticing Sally, do you?"

"No; I think you did well. And I think your mother will be kind to her, for your sake, from this time forward. Sickness and death open our eyes to many things, you know, cousin."

"Ay, they do. I see it all now."

Sally was sorely ashamed to bring back Mr. Finch's message. Well as she knew that time was precious, she lingered with it at the door.

Mr. Finch was sorry, but he was too busy. He hoped he should not be sent for again; for he could not come.

"Perhaps, Miss," said Sally, with swimming eyes, "it might have been better to send somebody else than me. Perhaps, if you sent somebody else —"

"I do not think that, Sally. However, if you will remain here, I will go myself. It does not matter what he thinks of me, a stranger in the place; and perhaps none of his flock could so well tell him that this is a duty which he cannot refuse."

Mary had not walked up the street for several weeks. Though her good influence was in almost

every house, in the form of cleanliness, fresh air, cheerfulness, and hope, she had been seen only when passing from one sick room to another, among a cluster of houses near her aunt's. She supposed it might be this disuse which made everything appear strange; but it was odd scarcely to feel her limbs when she walked, and to see the houses and people like so many visions. She had no feeling of illness, however, and she said to herself, that some time or other she should get a good long sleep; and then everything would look and feel as it used to do.

As she passed along the street, the children at play ran in to the houses to say that the Good Lady was coming; and the healthy and the convalescent came out on their door-steps, to bid God bless her; and the sick, who were sensible enough to know what was going on, bade God bless her from their beds.

What influence the Good Lady used with the clergyman there is no saying, as the conversation was never reported by either of them; but she soon came back bright and cheerful, saying that Mr. Finch would follow in an hour. She had stepped in at Warrender's, to beg the father and daughter to come and communicate with the dying woman. They would come: and Sally would go, she was sure, and take Ann Warrender's place at the wash-tub at home; for there were several sick people in want of fresh linen before night. Poor Sally went sobbing through the

streets. She understood the Good Lady's kindness in sending her away, and on a work of usefulness, because she, alas! could not receive the communion. She was living in sin; and when two or three were gathered together in the name of Christ, she must be cast out.

There was little comfort in the service, unless, as the bystanders hoped, the sick woman was too feeble and too much absorbed in her own thoughts to notice some things that dismayed them. Mrs. Billiter was, indeed, surprised at first at the clergyman's refusal to enter the chamber. He would come no further than the door. Mary saw at a glance that he was in no condition to be reasoned with, and that she must give what aid she could to get the administration over as decently as possible. Happily, he made the service extremely short. The little that there was he read wrong: but Mrs. Billiter (and she alone) was not disturbed by this. Whether it was that the deadening of the ear had begun, or that Mr. Finch spoke indistinctly, and was chewing spices all the time, or that the observance itself was enough for the poor woman, it seemed all right with her. She lay with her eyes still shining, her wasted hands clasped, and a smile on her face, quite easy and content; and when Mr. Finch was gone, she told Mary again that she saw it all now, and was quite ready. She was dead within an hour.

As for Warrender, he was more

disturbed than any one had seen him since the breaking out of the fever.

"Why, there it is before his eyes in the Prayer-book," said he, "that clergymen 'shall diligently from time to time (but especially in the time of pestilence, or other infectious sickness) exhort their parishioners to the often receiving of the holy communion:' and instead of this, he even shuts up the church on Sundays."

"He is not the first who has done that," said Mary. "It was done in times of plague, as a matter of precaution."

"But, Miss, should not a clergyman go all the more among the people, and not the less, for their having no comfort of worship?"

"Certainly: but you see how it is with Mr. Finch, and you and I cannot alter it. He has taken a panic; and I am sure he is the one most to be pitied for that. I can tell you too, between ourselves, that Mr. Finch judges himself, at times, as severely as we can judge him; and is more unhappy about being of so little use to his people than his worst enemy could wish him."

"Then, Ma'am, why does not he pluck up a little spirit, and do his duty?"

"He has been made too soft," he says, "by a fond mother, who is always sending him cordials and spices against the fever. We must make some allowance, and look another way. Let us be thankful that you and Ann are not afraid. If our poor neighbours have not

all that we could wish, they have clean bedding and clothes, and lime-washed rooms, fresh and sweet compared with anything they have known before."

"And," thought Warrender, though he did not say it, but only touched his hat as he went after his business, "one as good as any clergyman to pray by their bedsides, and speak cheerfully to them of what is to come. When I go up the stair, I might know who is praying by the cheerfulness of the voice. I never saw such a spirit in any woman, — never. I have never once seen her cast down, ever so little. If there is a tear in her eye, for other people's sake, there is a smile on her lips, because her heart tells her that everything that happens is all right."

This night, Mary was to have slept. She herself had intended it, warned by the strange feelings which had come over her as she walked up the street: and it would gratify Aunt's feelings that the corpse should not be left. She intended to lie down and sleep beside the still and unbreathing form of the cousin whose last hours had been so beautiful in her eyes. But Aunt's feelings were now tried in another direction. Unable to move, Aunt was sorely distressed by Jem's moaning and restlessness; and Mary was the only one who could keep him quiet in any degree. So, without interval, she went to her work of nursing again. Next, the funeral of Mrs. Billiter, and two or three more,

were put off, because Mr. Finch was ill. And when Mr. Finch was ill, he sent to beg the Good Lady to come immediately and nurse him. After writing to his own family, to desire some of them to come and take charge of him, she did go to him: but not to remain day and night as she did with the poor who had none to help them. She saw that all was made comfortable about him, gave him his medicines at times, and always spoke cheerfully. But it was as she saw from the beginning. He was dying of fear, and of the intemperate methods of precaution which he had adopted, and of dissatisfaction with himself. His nervous depression from the outset was such as to predispose him to disease, and to allow him no chance under it. He was sinking when his mother and sister arrived, pale and tearful, to nurse him: and it did no good that they isolated the house, and locked the doors, and took things in by the window, after being fumigated by a sentinel outside. The doctor laughed as he asked them whether they would not be more glad to see him, if he came down the chimney, instead of their having to unlock the door for him. He wondered they had not a vinegar bath for him to go overhead in, before entering their presence. The ladies thought this shocking levity; and they did not conceal their opinion. The doctor then spoke gravely enough of the effects of fear on the human frame. With its effects on the conscience, and

on the peace of the mind, he said he had nothing to do. That was the department of the physician of souls. (His hearers were unconscious of the mournful satire conveyed in these words.) His business was with the effect of fear on the nerves and brain, exhausting through them the resources of life. He declared that Mr. Finch would probably have been well at that moment, if he had gone about as freely as other persons among the sick, more interested in getting them well than afraid of being ill himself; and, for confirmation, he pointed to the Good Lady and the Warrenders, who had now for two months run all sorts of risks, and showed no sign of fever. They were fatigued, he said; too much so; as he was himself; and something must be done to relieve Miss Pickard especially; but —

"Who is she?" inquired the ladies. "Why is she so prominent here?"

"As for who she is," replied he, "I only know that she is an angel."

"Come down out of the clouds, I suppose."

"Something very like it. She dropped into our hollow one August evening — nobody knows whence nor why. As for her taking the lead here, I imagine it is because there was nobody else to do it."

"But has she saved many lives, do you think?"

"Yes, of some that are too young to be aware what they owe her; and of some yet unborn. She could not do much for those who

were down in the fever before she came: except, indeed, that it is much to give them a sense of relief and comfort of body (though short of saving life) and peace of mind, and cheerfulness of heart. But the great consequences of her presence are to come. When I see the change that is taking place in the cottages here, and in the clothes of the people, and their care of their skins, and their notions about their food, I feel disposed to believe that this is the last plague that will ever be known in Bleaburn."

"Plague! O horrid!" exclaimed the shuddering sister.

"Call it what you will," the doctor replied. "The name matters little when the thing makes itself so clear. Yes, by the way, it may matter much with such a patient as we have within there. Pray, whatever you do, don't use the word "plague" within his hearing. You must cheer him up; only that you sadly want cheering yourselves. I think an hour a day of the Good Lady's smile would be the best prescription for you all."

"Do you think she would come? We should be so obliged to her if she would!"

"And she should have a change of dress lying ready in the passage-room," declared the young lady. "I think she is about my size. Do ask her to come."

"When I see that she is not more wanted elsewhere," replied the doctor. "I need not explain, however, that that smile of hers is not

an effect without a cause. If we could find out whether we have anything of the same cause in ourselves, we might have a cheerfulness of our own, without troubling her to come and give us some."

The ladies thought this odd, and did not quite understand it, and agreed that they should not like to be merry and unfeeling in a time of affliction; so they cried a great deal when they were not in the sick room. They derived some general idea, however, from the doctor's words, that cheerfulness was good for the patient; and they kept assuring him, in tones of forced vivacity, that there was no danger, and that the doctor said he would be well very soon. The patient groaned, remembering the daily funerals of the last few weeks; and the only consequence was that he distrusted the doctor. He sank more rapidly than any other fever patient in the place. In a newspaper paragraph, and on a monumental tablet, he was described as a martyr to his sacred office in a season of pestilence; and his family called on future generations to honour him accordingly.

"I am sorry for the poor young man," observed the host at the Plough and Harrow; "he did very well while nothing went wrong; but he had no spirit for trying times."

"Who has?" murmured Farmer Neale. "Any man's heart may die within him that looks into the churchyard now."

"There's a woman's that does not," observed the host; "I saw

the Good Lady crossing the churchyard this very morning, with a basket of physic bottles on her arm —"

"Ah! she goes to help to make up the medicines every day now," the hostess explained, "since the people began to suspect foul play in their physic."

"Well; she came across the bit of grass that is left, and looked over the rows of graves — not smiling exactly, but as if there was not a sad thought from top to bottom of her mind — much as she might look if she was coming away from her own wedding."

"What is that about 'sweet hopes,' in the newspaper?" asked Neale; "about some 'sweet hopes' that Mr. Finch had? Was he going to be married?"

"By that, I should think he was in love," said the host: "and that may excuse some backwardness in coming forward, you know."

"The Good Lady is to be married, when she gets home to America," the hostess declared. "Yes, 't is true. Widow Johnson told the doctor so."

"What *will* her lover say to her risking her life, and spending her time in such a way, here?" said Neale.

"She tells her aunt that he will only wish he was here to help her. He is a clergyman. 'O!' says she, 'he will only wish he was here to help us.'"

"I am sure I wish he was," sighed Neale. "I wonder what sort of a man will be sent us next. I hope

he will be something unlike poor Mr. Finch."

"I think you will have your wish," said the landlord. "No man of Mr. Finch's sort would be likely to come among us at such a time."

THE SON OF SORROW.

A FABLE FROM THE SWEDISH.

ALL lonely, exclud'd from Heaven,
Sat SORROW one day on the strand;
And, mournfully buried in thought,
Form'd a figure of clay with her hand.

JOVE appeared. "What is this?" he demands:

She replied, "'Tis a figure of clay.
Show thy pow' on the work of my hand;
Give it life, mighty Father, I pray!"

"Let him live!" said the God. "But observe,

As I lend him, he mine must remain."
"Not so," SORROW said, and implor'd,
"Oh! let me my offspring retain!"

"'Tis to me his creation he owes."

"Yes," said JOVE, "but 'twas I gave him breath."

As he spoke, EARTH appears on the scene,

And, observing the image, thus saith:

"From me — from my bosom he's torn,
I demand, then, what's taken from me."

"This strife shall be settled," said JOVE;
"Let SATURN decide 'tween the three."

This sentence the Judge gave. "To all
He belongs, so let no one complain;
The life, JOVE, Thou gav'st him shalt
Thou

With his soul, when he dies, take again.

"Thou, EARTH, shalt receive back his frame,

At peace in thy lap he'll recline;
But during his whole troubled life,
He shall surely, O SORROW, be thine!"

"His features thy look shall reflect;
Thy sigh shall be mix'd with his breath;
And he ne'er shall be parted from thee
Until he reposes in death!"

MORAL.

The sentence of Heaven, then is this:
And hence Man lies under the sod;
Though SORROW possesses him, living,
He returns both to EARTH and to GOD.

THE APPETITE FOR NEWS.

THE last great work of that great philosopher and friend of the modern housewife, Monsieur Alexis Soyer, is remarkable for a curious omission. Although the author — a foreigner — has abundantly proved his extensive knowledge of the weakness of his adopted nation; yet there is one of our peculiarities which he has not probed. Had he left out all mention of cold punch in connexion with turtle; had his receipt for curry contained no cayenne; had he forgotten to send up tongs with asparagus, or to order a service of artichokes without napkins, he would have been thought forgetful; but when — with the unction of a gastronome, and the thoughtful skill of an artist — he marshals forth all the luxuries of the British breakfast-table, and forgets to mention its first necessity, he shows a sort of ignorance. We put it to his already extensive knowledge of English character, whether he thinks it possible for any English subject whose means bring him under the screw of the Income-tax, to break his fast without — a newspaper.

The city clerk emerging through folding doors from bed to sitting-

room, though thirsting for tea, and hungering for toast, darts upon that morning's journal with an eagerness, and unfolds it with a satisfaction, which show that all his wants are gratified at once. Exactly at the same hour, his master, the M. P., crosses the hall of his mansion. As he enters the breakfast-parlour, he fixes his eye on the fender, where he knows his favourite damp sheet will be hung up to dry. — When the noble lord first rings his bell, does not his valet know that, however tardy the still-room-maid may be with the early coffee, he dares not appear before his lordship without the "Morning Post?" Would the minister of state presume to commence the day in town till he has opened the "Times," or in the country till he has perused the "Globe?" Could the oppressed farmer handle the massive spoon for his first sip out of his sevens cup till he has read of ruin in the "Herald" or "Standard?" Might the juvenile Conservative open his lips to imbibe old English fare or to utter Young England opinions, till he has glanced over the "Chronicle?" Can the financial reformer know breakfast-table happiness till he has digested the "Daily News," or skimmed the "Express?" And how would it be possible for mine host to commence the day without keeping his customers waiting till he has perused the "Advertiser" or the "Sun?"

In like manner the provinces cannot — once a week at least — satisfy their digestive organs till

their local organ has satisfied their minds.

Else, what became of the 67,476,768 newspaper stamps which were issued in 1848 (the latest year of which a return has been made) to the 150 London and the 238 provincial English journals; of the 7,497,064 stamps impressed on the corners of the 97 Scottish, and of the 7,028,956 which adorned the 117 Irish newspapers? A professor of the new science of literary mensuration has applied his foot-rule to this mass of print, and publishes the result in "Bentley's Miscellany." According to him, the press sent forth, in daily papers alone, a printed surface amounting in twelve months to 349,308,000 superficial feet. If to these are added all the papers printed weekly and fortnightly in London and the provinces, the whole amounts to 1,446,150,000 square feet of printed surface, which was, in 1849, placed before the comprehensive vision of John Bull. The area of a single morning paper, — the Times say — is more than nineteen and a half square feet, or nearly five feet by four, compared with an ordinary octavo volume, the quantity of matter daily issued is equal to three hundred pages. There are four morning papers whose superficies are nearly as great, without supplements, which they seldom publish. A fifth is only half the size. We may reckon, therefore, that the constant craving of Londoners for news is supplied every morning with as much as would fill about

twelve hundred pages of an ordinary novel; or not less than five volumes.

These acres of print sown broadcast, produce a daily crop to suit every appetite and every taste. It has winged its way from every spot on the earth's surface, and at last settled down and arranged itself into intelligible meaning, made instinct with ink. Now it tells of a next-door neighbour; then of dwellers in the uttermost corners of the earth. The black side of this black and white daily history, consists of battle, murder, and sudden death; of lightning and tempest; of plague, pestilence and famine; of sedition, privy conspiracy and rebellion; of false doctrine, heresy, and schism; of all other crimes, casualties, and falsities, which we are enjoined to pray to be defended from. The white side chronicles heroism, charitableness, high purpose, and lofty deeds; it advocates the truest doctrines, and the practice of the most exalted virtue: it records the spread of commerce, religion, and science; it expresses the wisdom of the few sages and shows the ignorance of the neglected many—in fine, good and evil as broadly defined or as inextricably mixed in the newspapers as they are over the great globe itself.

With this variety of temptation for all tastes, it is no wonder that those who have the power have also the will to read newspapers. The former are not very many in this country where, among the great bulk of the population, read-

ing still remains an accomplishment. It was so in Addison's time. "There is no humour of my countrymen," says the Spectator, "which I am more inclined to wonder at, than their great thirst for news." This was written at the time of imposition of the tax on newspapers, when the indulgence in the appetite received a check from increased costliness. From that date (1712) the statistical history of the public appetite for news is written in the Stamp Office. For half a century from the days of the Spectator, the number of British and Irish newspapers was few. In 1782 there were only seventy-nine, but in the succeeding eight years they increased rapidly. There was "great news" stirring in the world in that interval,—the American War, the French Revolution; beside which, the practice had sprung up of giving domestic occurrences in fuller detail than heretofore, and journals became more interesting from that cause. In 1790 they had nearly doubled in number, having reached one hundred and forty-six. This augmentation took place partly in consequence of the establishment of weekly papers—which originated in that year—and of which thirty-two had been commenced before the end of it. In 1809, twenty-nine and a half millions of stamps were issued to newspapers in Great Britain. The circulation of journals naturally depends upon the materials existing to fill them. While wars and rumours of wars were rife they were extensively

read, but with the peace their sale fell off. Hence we find, that in 1821 no more than twenty-four millions of newspapers were disposed of. Since then the spread of education — slow as it has been — has increased the productiveness of journalism. During the succeeding eight-and-twenty years, the increase may be judged of by reference to the figures we have already jotted down; the sum of which is, that during the year 1848 there were issued, for English, Irish and Scotch newspapers eighty-two millions of stamps, — more than thrice as many as were paid for in 1821. The cause of this increase was chiefly the reduction of the duty from an average of three-pence to one penny per stamp.

A curious comparison of the quantity of news devoured by an Englishman and a Frenchman, was made in 1819, in the *Edinburgh Review*: — “thirty-four thousand papers,” says the writer, are “dispatched daily from Paris to the departments, among a population of about twenty-six millions, making one journal among 776 persons. By this, the number of newspaper readers in England would be to those in France as twenty to one. But the number and circulation of country papers in England are so much greater than in France, that they raise the proportion of English readers to about twenty-five to one, and our papers contain about three times as much letter-press as a French paper. The result of all this is that an Englishman reads about

seventy-five times as much of the newspapers of his country in a given time, as a Frenchman does of his. But in the towns of England, most of the papers are distributed by means of porters, not by post; on the other hand, on account of the number of coffee-houses, public gardens, and other modes of communication, less usual in England, it is possible that each French paper may be read, or listened to, by a greater number of persons, and thus the English mode of distribution may be compensated. To be quite within bounds, however, the final result is, that every Englishman reads daily fifty-times as much as the Frenchman does, of the newspapers of his country.”

From this it might be inferred that the craving for news is peculiarly English. But the above comparison is chiefly affected by the restrictions put upon the French press, which, in 1819, were very great. In this country, the only restrictions were of a fiscal character; for opinion and news there was, as now, perfect liberty. It is proved, at the present day, that Frenchmen love news as much as the English; for now that all restriction is nominally taken off, there are as many newspapers circulated in France in proportion to its population, as there are in England.

The appetite for news is, in truth, universal; but is naturally disappointed, rather than bounded, by the ability to read. Hence it is that the circulation of newspapers is

proportioned in various countries to the spread of letters; and if their sale is proportionately less in this empire, than it is among better taught populations, it is because there exist among us fewer persons who are able to read them; either at all, or so imperfectly, that attempts to spell them give the tyro more pain than pleasure. In America, where a system of national education has made a nation of readers, (whose taste is perhaps susceptible of vast improvement, but who are readers still) the sale of newspapers greatly exceeds that of Great Britain. All over the continent there are also more newspaper *readers*, in proportion to the number of people, though, perhaps, fewer buyers, from the facilities afforded by coffee-houses and reading-rooms, which all frequent. In support of this fact, we need go no farther than the three kingdoms. Scotland — where national education has largely given the ability to read — a population of three millions demands yearly from the Stamp Office seven and a half millions of stamps; while in Ireland, where national education has had no time for development, eight millions of people take half a million of stamps *less* than Scotland.

Although it cannot be said that the appetite for mere news is one of an elevated character; yet as we have before hinted, the dissemination of news takes place side by side with some of the most sound, practical, and ennobling sentiments and precepts that issue from

any other channels of the press. As an engine of public liberty, the newspaper press is more effectual than the Magna Charta, because its powers are wielded with more ease, and exercised with more promptitude and adaptiveness to each particular case.

Mr. F. K. Hunt in his "Fourth Estate" remarks, "The moral of the history of the press seems to be, that when any large proportion of a people have been taught to read, and when upon this possession of the tools of knowledge, there has grown up a habit of perusing public prints, the state is virtually powerless if it attempts to check the press. James the Second in old times, and Charles the Tenth, and Louis Philippe, more recently, tried to trample down the Newspapers, and everybody knows how the attempt resulted. The prevalence or scarcity of Newspapers in a country affords a sort of index to its social state. Where Journals are numerous, the people have power, intelligence, and wealth; where Journals are few, the many are in reality mere slaves. In the United States every village has its Newspaper, and every city a dozen of these organs of popular sentiment. In England we know how numerous and how influential for good the Papers are; whilst in France they have perhaps still greater power. Turn to Russia, where Newspapers are comparatively unknown, and we see the people sold with the earth they are compelled to till. Austria, Italy, Spain, oc-

cupy positions between the extremes — the rule holding good in all, that in proportion to the freedom of the press is the freedom and prosperity of the people.”

FROM THE RAVEN IN THE HAPPY FAMILY.

HALLOA!

You *won't* let me begin that Natural History of you, eh? You *will* always be doing something or other, to take off my attention? Now, you have begun to argue with the Undertakers, have you? What next!

Ugh! you are a nice set of fellows to be discussing, at this time of day, whether you shall countenance that humbug any longer. “Performing” funerals, indeed! I have heard of performing dogs and cats, performing goats and monkeys, performing ponies, white-mice, and canary-birds; but, performing drunkards at so much a day, guzzling over your dead, and throwing half of you into debt for a twelvemonth, beats all I ever heard of. Ha, ha!

The other day there was a person “went and died” (as our Proprietor’s wife says) close to our establishment. Upon my beak I thought I should have fallen off my perch, you made me laugh so, at the funeral!

Oh my crop and feathers, what a scene it was! I never saw the Owl so charmed. It was just the thing for him.

First of all, two dressed-up fel-

lows came — trying to look sober, but they couldn’t do it — and stuck themselves outside the door. There they stood, for hours, with a couple of crutches covered over with drapery: cutting their jokes on the company as they went in, and breathing such strong rum and water into our establishment over the way, that the Guinea Pig (who has a poor little head) was drunk in ten minutes. You are so proud of your humanity. Ha, ha! As if a pair of respectable crows wouldn’t have done it much better?

By-and-bye, there came a hearse and four, and then two carriages and four; and on the tops of ’em, and on all the horses’ heads, were plumes of feathers, hired at so much per plume; and everything, horses and all, was covered over with black velvet, till you couldn’t see it. Because there were not feathers enough yet, there was a fellow in the procession carrying a board of ’em on his head, like Italian images; and there were about five-and-twenty or thirty other fellows (all hot and red in the face with eating and drinking) dressed up in scarves and handkerchiefs, and carrying — shut-up fishing-rods, I believe — who went draggling through the mud, in a manner that I thought would be the death of me; while the “Black Jobmaster” — that’s what he calls himself — who had let the coaches and horses to a furnishing undertaker, who had let ’em to a haberdasher, who had let ’em to a carpenter, who had

let 'em to the parish-clerk, who had let 'em to the sexton, who had let 'em to the plumber painter and glazier who had got the funeral to do, looked out of the public-house window at the corner, with his pipe in his mouth, and said—for I heard him — “that was the sort of turn-out to do a gen-teel party credit.” That! As if any two-and-sixpenny masquerade, tumbled into a vat of blacking, wouldn't be quite as solemn, and immeasurably cheaper!

Do you think I don't know you? You're mistaken if you think so. But perhaps you do. Well! Shall I tell you what I know? Can you bear it? Here it is then. The Black Jobmaster is right. The root of all this, is the gen-teel party.

You don't mean to deny it, I hope? You don't mean to tell me that this nonsensical mockery isn't owing to your gentility. Don't I know a Raven in a Cathedral Tower, who has often heard your service for the Dead? Don't I know that you almost begin it with the words, “We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain that we can carry nothing out”? Don't I know that in a monstrous satire on those words, you carry your hired velvets, and feathers, and scarves, and all the rest of it, to the edge of the grave, and get plundered (and serve you right!) in every article, because you WILL be gen-teel parties to the last?

Eh? Think a little! Here's the plumber painter and glazier

Household Words. II.

come to take the funeral order which he is going to give to the sexton, who is going to give it to the clerk, who is going to give it to the carpenter, who is going to give it to the haberdasher, who is going to give it to the furnishing undertaker, who is going to divide it with the Black Jobmaster. “Hearse and four, Sir?” says he. “No, a pair will be sufficient.” “I beg your pardon, Sir, but when we buried Mr. Grundy at number twenty, there was four on 'em, Sir; I think it right to mention it.” “Well, perhaps there had better be four.” “Thank you, Sir. Two coaches and four, Sir, shall we say?” “No. Coaches and pair.” “You'll excuse my mentioning it, Sir, but pairs to the coaches, and four to the hearse, would have a singular appearance to the neighbours. When we put four to anything, we always carry four right through.” “Well! say four!” “Thank you, Sir. Feathers of course?” “No. No feathers. They're absurd.” “Very good, Sir. No feathers?” “No.” “Very good, Sir. We can do fours without feathers, Sir, but it's what we never do. When we buried Mr. Grundy, there was feathers, and — I only throw it out, Sir — Mrs. Grundy might think it strange.” “Very well! Feathers!” “Thank you, Sir,” — and so on.

Is it and so on, or not, through the whole black job of jobs, because of Mrs. Grundy and the gen-teel party?

I suppose you've thought about

this? I suppose you've reflected on what you're doing, and what you've done? When you read about those poisonings for the burial society money, you consider how it is that burial societies ever came to be, at all? You perfectly understand — you who are not the poor, and ought to set 'em an example—that, besides making the whole thing costly, you've confused their minds about this burying, and have taught 'em to confound expense and show, with respect and affection. You know all you've got to answer for, you gen-teel parties? I'm glad of it.

I believe it's only the monkeys who are servile imitators, is it? You reflect! To be sure you do. So does Mrs. Grundy — and she casts reflections — don't she?

What animals are those who scratch shallow holes in the ground in crowded places, scarcely hide their dead in 'em, and become unnaturally infected by their dead, and die by thousands? Vultures, I suppose. I think you call the Vulture an obscene bird? I don't consider him agreeable, but I never caught him misconducting himself in that way.

My honourable friend, the dog — I call him my honourable friend in your Parliamentary sense, because I hate him — turns round three times before he goes to sleep. I ask him why? He says he don't know; but he always does it. Do you know how you ever came to have that board of feathers carried on a fellow's head? Com? You're a boast-

ful race. Show yourselves superior to the dog, and tell me!

Now, I don't love many people; but I do love the undertakers. I except them from the censure I pass upon you in general. They know you so well, that I look upon 'em as a sort of Ravens. They are so certain of your being gen-teel parties, that they stick at nothing. They are sure they've got the upper hand of you. Our proprietor was reading the paper, only last night, and there was an advertisement in it from a sensitive and libelled undertaker, to wit, that the allegation "that funerals were unnecessarily expensive, was an insult to his professional brethren." Ha! ha! Why he knows he has you on the hip. It's nothing to him that their being unnecessarily expensive is a fact within the experience of all of you as glaring as the sun when there's not a cloud. He is certain that when you want a funeral "performed," he has only to be down upon you with Mrs. Grundy, to do what he likes with you — and then he'll go home, and laugh like a Hyæna.

I declare (supposing I wasn't detained against my will by our proprietor) that, if I had any arms, I'd take the undertakers to 'em! There's another, in the same paper, who says they're libelled, in the accusation of having disgracefully disturbed the meeting in favour of what you call your General Interment Bill. Our establishment was in the Strand, that night. There was

no crowd of undertakers' men there, with circulars in their pockets, calling on 'em to come in coloured clothes to make an uproar; it wasn't undertakers' men who got in with forged orders to yell and screech; it wasn't undertakers' men who made a brutal charge at the platform, and overturned the ladies like a troop of horse. Of course not. *I* know all about it.

But—and lay this well to heart, you Lords of the creation, as you call yourselves! — it is these undertakers' men to whom, in the last trying, bitter grief of life, you confide the loved and honoured forms of your sisters, mothers, daughters, wives. It is to these delicate gentry, and to their solemn remarks, and decorous behaviour, that you entrust the sacred ashes of all that has been the purest to you, and the dearest to you, in this world. Don't improve the breed! Don't change the custom! Be true to my opinion of you, and to Mrs. Grundy!

I nail the black flag of the black Jobmaster to our cage — figuratively speaking — and I stand up for the gen-teel parties. So (but from different motives) does the Owl. You've got a chance, by means of that bill I've mentioned — by the bye, I call my own a General Interment Bill, for it buries everything it gets hold of — to alter the whole system; to avail yourselves of the results of all improved European experience; to separate death from life; to surround it with everything that

is sacred and solemn, and to dis-sever it from everything that is shocking and sordid. You won't read the bill? You won't dream of helping it? You won't think of looking at the evidence on which it's founded — Will you? No. That's right!

Gen-teel parties, step forward, if you please, to the rescue of the black Jobmaster! The rats are with you. I am informed that they have unanimously passed a resolution that the closing of the London churchyards will be an insult to their professional brethren, and will oblige 'em "to fight for it." The Parrots are with you. The Owl is with you. The Raven is with you. No General Interments. Carrion for ever!

Ha, ha! Halloo!

HOW WE WENT FISHING IN CANADA.

THERE were three of us. Our purpose was fishing, in Canadian fashion, *under* the ice, and our destination was the township of New Ireland, distant about seventy miles from our starting point, Quebec, and situated about midway between the St. Lawrence and the American line. Our conveyance was a stout, commodious, yet light, and not inelegant sleigh, with seats for four, and plentifully supplied with buffalo robes, which are dressed so as to be as soft as blankets — useful in a temperature of twenty degrees below Zero, and ornamental from their fringes,

which were garnished with various devices, all of which had some reference to the wild denizens of the forest. Under each seat was a box, which we stowed with a goodly supply of creature comforts and a few books, thus prudently making provision against the contingencies of privation and *ennui*. Our locomotive power consisted of two small but very spirited horses, which were neatly harnessed, with a string of merry sleigh bells dangling from the girths of each.

In this comfortable condition we in due time arrived at "Richardson's," one of the most celebrated hostleries in the seignory of St. Giles.

Here we put up for the night, tempted to do so by the superiority of the accommodation, especially as we had but an easy day's journey before us for the morrow. During the morning it was so intensely cold that our breath formed thick crusts of ice on the shawls which we had round our necks, whilst the bushy whiskers of our companion Perroque were pendant with tiny icicles. As our horses warmed, almost every hair on their backs formed the nucleus of a separate icicle, which, by-and-bye, made them all stand erect, and caused the animals to look more like porcupines than horses. About midday it began to moderate, and by nightfall the temperature had risen considerably. The wind had by this time set in, with a steady current from the east. This, with the change of

temperature, made us somewhat uneasy as to the weather; but our hopes rose when we found that it was yet a brilliant starlight about 10 o'clock, when we retired to rest. But even then the coming tempest was not far off; and in about two hours afterwards the wind was howling fearfully about the house, which it shook to its very foundations, whilst the driving snow pattered against the windows as if clouds of steel filings had been driven against them. I was soon soothed to sleep by the wild lullaby of the winter night, and did not awake again until eight in the morning, when I was called by a servant, who entered my room with a lighted candle in her hand. I should otherwise have been in darkness, for the snow had, over night, completely blocked up my window. My room was on the ground floor, and looked to the east. Against that side of the house, the snow had been piled by the wind in an enormous wreath, which partly encroached upon the windows of the floor above. Blungle, my other friend, who had recently arrived from the region of Russell Square, London, slept in a room contiguous to mine, but he refused to get up, declaring that although it was still the middle of the night, he was too wide awake to be humbugged. It was not until breakfast was sent in to him, and he found by the state of his appetite that it must have been several hours since he had supped, that he condescended to examine his window, which dis-

covered to him the true state of the case.

The wind was still high, and although the snow had ceased to fall, the tempest abated nothing of its fury. The dry snow was driven like light sand before the blast, until the air was thick with it. Neither man nor beast was astir, every living thing taking shelter from the storm. By-and-bye, the heavy pall overhead began to rend, and a few faint gleams of sunshine would occasionally light up the wild turmoil and confusion that raged below. About ten o'clock, the clouds were rolled away, and the sun shone steadily out. For a full hour afterwards the wind maintained its strength, but by noon had so far abated, that the drift had almost ceased.

But, by this time, the roads had become utterly impracticable. They were, indeed, obliterated; the snow lying, in some places, lightly upon them; and in others, forming huge swelling wreaths, either across or along them. We were eager to go forward, but were dissuaded by our host from attempting it, till the afternoon, when the road might be at least practicable. On such occasions the law requires the owners of land to "break the roads" passing through or by their respective properties; and by two o'clock every sleigh in St. Giles's was out for the purpose. As soon as a track was opened, we prepared to start. The road for the first quarter of a mile had been well sheltered; and as the evergreens

were still standing, there was but little difficulty in keeping the old track, which afforded a firm footing for the horses. But beyond that the evergreens had been prostrated and buried in the snow; and it was evident that our pioneers had floundered in the midst of difficulties. Such was presently our own fate, our horses having plunged into the soft snow, where it was fully six feet deep, from which we had with no little difficulty and labour to dig them out. This quenched our enthusiasm, and we returned to the inn, where we remained for another night.

Next morning we were enabled to proceed, though but slowly, on our way. Leaving St. Giles's, we entered St. Sylvestre, the last, on this road, of the belt of French seignories lying between the St. Lawrence and the "Townships." It is almost exclusively inhabited by British settlers. In the townships, Frenchmen are as rare as negroes in Siberia. The first township we came to was that of Leeds; on entering which we found a great change in the whole aspect of the country. From being flat and monotonous it became suddenly varied and undulating, and appeared to consist of a succession of rather lofty ridges, with broad belts of fertile table land at their summit. On gaining the top of the first, we turned to enjoy the prospect which lay behind us. It was really magnificent. The air was so clear and crisp, that almost every object embraced within the distant horizon had a distinct form

and outline. The level tract over which we had passed lay extended beneath our feet, stretching for about forty miles to the St. Lawrence. In appearance it was as variegated as a carpet, — the white patches of every shape and size with which it was interspersed indicating the clearances amongst the dark brown woods. The bold and precipitous banks of the St. Lawrence could be traced for miles, whilst here and there the stream itself was visible. The distant city, on its rocky promontory, came out in fine relief against the sky, its tin covered spires glistening in the sunshine like silver pinacles. A little to the right, the outline of the chain of hills lying behind it, although they were fully sixty miles distant from us, was distinctly visible in the far-off heavens.

On quitting Leeds, our way led chiefly through the woods, the clearances being now the rare exception.

At length we reached the district, or "township," of New Ireland, which having been settled by immigrants from Maine and New Hampshire, more than forty years ago, is now reckoned one of the wealthiest and most prosperous parts of the country. To one of its well-to-do farmers we had introductions, and took up our quarters. His large and spacious house was built upon a high bank, overlooking one of the smaller lakes, from which our sport was to be derived, because it afforded one of the best fishing grounds in

the neighbourhood. Shortly after breakfast (the buck-wheat cakes and pumpkin pie were beyond praise), we prepared for a day's sport. Our tackle would appear rather odd to English sportsmen: our lines consisted of strong hempen cords, of which we provided ourselves with about a dozen. To each were attached two very large hooks, dressed upon thin whipcord. We had likewise three axes, and as many chisels of the largest size, attached to handles about six feet long. In addition to these we had a shovel and a broad hoe. They were all stowed into a large hand sleigh, which was dragged to the fishing ground by a servant.

The lake was about three miles long and half-a-mile wide. It lay in a beautiful valley, embossed in the deep and sombre pine woods, which covered the lower grounds. It was one of a series, some of which were smaller and others much larger than itself. For fully five months in the year the surface of each is frozen to the depth of several feet. We started off to skate to the upper end, which was two-and-a-half miles distant. My friend Blungle, not an accomplished skater, made so very false a start, that he was speedily noticed spinning round rapidly on the ice on a pivot, of which his heels and his head formed opposite angles — precisely like a rotatory letter V. Perroque, our French comforter and guide is a perfect Perrot in skates, and performed the most graceful evolutions

around our prostrate friend, in a manner that produced a pretty and highly diverting tableau. At last, however, he managed to "feel his feet" better, and we all soon afterwards reached the fishing ground.

The spot selected was close to the head of the lake, where the stream flowing from that immediately above, fell into it. Here the fish are generally attracted by the greater quantity of food there deposited by the stream. In winter they have additional inducements, owing to the greater warmth of the water from the number of springs in the neighbourhood, and to the greater abundance of light which they enjoy through the ice which is here comparatively thin. Indeed, over some of the springs no ice forms during the coldest seasons. Our first care was to make at least half-a-dozen holes in the ice. This sportsman-like operation we commenced with our axes, making each hole about three feet in diameter. When we got down about a foot or so the axes became useless to us, and we had to resort to our chisels, with which we speedily progressed; clearing the holes of the broken ice with the shovel first and afterwards with the hoe. We were not long at work, before we found the utility of the long handles of both hoe and chisels, the ice which we had to perforate being fully three feet thick. There is a legend in the neighbourhood, of an Irishman, who, having forgotten his chisel, very wisely got into the

hole which he was cutting, that he might use his axe with better effect; he, of course, kept going down as the hole got deeper and deeper, until, at last, he went down altogether, and, according to the report, made food for the fish he intended to capture.

Things being thus prepared, we baited our hooks with pieces of fat pork, and dropped them into the water — the lines being set in each hole — the other end of each line was attached to the middle of a stick, about six feet in length, so placed, that it could not be dragged into the hole. These we left lying upon the ice, some distance from the holes, so as to give us warning of a bite, and the fish an opportunity of running a little when hooked. The contemplative angler of the Waltonian School has no chance here, for he would be inevitably frozen to an icicle before he obtained so much as a bite. For amusement as well as for warmth, therefore, we skated in the immediate vicinity of our lines, of which we seldom lost sight. The fish, which is a species of pike, and attains a large size, sometimes weighing upwards of thirty pounds, are soon attracted to the spot by the columns of light descending through the apertures in the ice. It is seldom, therefore, that the angler has to remain long in suspense ere some token is afforded him that his labour is not likely to be in vain. A few minutes after the casting of the nets, I happened to approach the hole in which mine were set, and was

looking inquisitively into its leaden depths, eager, if possible, to catch a glimpse of what was going on underneath, when suddenly the stick to which one of the lines was attached, was dragged towards the aperture with great velocity, and catching me by the heels, turned poor Blungle's laugh completely against me; for it laid me at once upon my back, with my legs spanning the hole, I should certainly have gone with it, but that the stick, when the fish came to the end of his run, lay firmly across it, and kept me up. Having risen, I thought it my time, and began to pull at the line. From the power with which I had to contend, however, I found it necessary to have a better foundation than my skates afforded me; so getting upon my knees, I soon brought my captive to light, and deposited him upon the ice. He was a splendid fish, weighing upwards of twenty pounds, and floundered prodigiously for a few minutes. The frost, however, soon tranquillised him, and in about a quarter-of-an-hour he was as hard and brittle as an icicle.

We continued our sport for some time with tolerable success, having, by three o'clock, caught eleven fish, the smallest of which weighed eight pounds. But our pleasures were brought to an untimely period by Blungle, whose ill luck had now passed into a proverb amongst us. Hitherto no fish had favoured his line with so much as the passing compliment of a nibble. He had given up the at-

tempt, and for nearly two hours had been amusing himself by skating up and down the lake. Practice had improved him, and like all beginners, he was proud of his prowess, and was particularly anxious to redeem his lost character for skating by one extraordinary achievement. He had been warned to give what a nautical friend of our host called a "wide berth" to the mouth of the stream which ran into the lake. Bold in the strength of his newly acquired skill, he neglected this advice, and about three o'clock shot rapidly past us in the direction of the stream. In less than a minute there was a loud agonising cry for help.

We looked round. Every vestige of Blungle was invisible, except his head, and that was seen just above the ice, his body being immersed in water. He had ventured too far, and the ice had given way with him. Mirth instantly was changed to the acutest apprehension. In that part, the ice was so weak, that he might have broken it by pressing his arms against it. But this he could not do; for although his toes touched ground, he happened to be standing on the tail of a small bank, off which the water rapidly deepened in one direction. For a moment or two we were perplexed what to do, when it occurred to us that we might turn the hand sleigh to account. Having tied the three chisels with their long handles, firmly together, we tied the long pole thus furnished, to the sleigh,

and pushed it towards him; Perroque putting a large piece of pork upon the sleigh, that he might bite at it. He hesitated for some time to relinquish his secure foothold; but at length, seeing that it was his only chance, and being terrified by a great fish which came up and stared him hungrily in the face, he seized the sleigh, which we then pulled towards us, and got safely to land. It crushed and broke the weak ice, but rose upon that which was stronger, dragging Blungle with it.

For some time he lay where we landed him, and would soon have been as stiff as the fish, had we not raised him to his feet, when he immediately started for the house. We followed him as soon as we could, dragging our tackle, implements, and spoils along with us, and were not long in overtaking him; for before he had got half-way down the lake, his clothes had become quite stiff, and he looked like a man in a cracked glass case. On reaching the house, it was with difficulty we undressed him and put him to bed; when by dint of warmth without, and brandy administered within, we gradually thawed him. He did not afterwards join our fishing; but confined himself to improving his skill in skating in the centre of the lake.

We remained altogether four days, by which time we had caught as many fish as we had room for in our sleigh. We then bade adieu to our kind host and his family, and after a pleasant journey, ar-

rived towards the evening of the second day, at Quebec. The fish, which were still frozen and in excellent condition, we distributed in presents to our friends.

A WISH.

OH, that I were the Spirit of a Plant,
Rear'd in Imagination's evergreen world, —
To lift my head above the meadow grass,
And strike my roots, far-spread and in-
terwolved,
Deep as the Central Heart, wherefrom to
taste
The springs of infinite being! From that
source
What pregnant fermentations would arise;
What blossom, fruit, perfume, and in-
fluence;
To purify mankind's destructive blood, —
So full of life and elevating powers —
So cloy'd and clogg'd for exercise of good.

THE BLACK DIAMONDS OF ENGLAND.

CHAPTER I.

The diamonds.

THE history and adventures of the "great diamonds" of Eastern, Northern, Southern, and Western potentates, have been often chronicled; their several values have been estimated at hundreds of thousands, and at millions; but not a syllable has ever been breathed of their utility. The reason is tolerably obvious; these magnificent diamonds are of no practical use at all, being purely ornamental luxuries. Now, it has occurred to us that the diamonds indigenous to England, are the converse of these brilliant usurpers of the chief fame of the nether earth

(to say nothing of the vain-glories on the upper surface) being black, instead of prismatic white — opaque, instead of transpicious; and in place of deriving a fictitious and fluctuating value from scarcity and ornamental beauty, deriving their value from the realities of their surpassing utility and great abundance. They certainly make no very striking figure in the ball-room dress of prince or princess; but it is their destiny and office to carry comfort to the poor man's home, as well as to the mansion of the rich; they are not to be looked upon as treasures of beauty, they are to be shovelled out and burnt; they are not the bright emblems of no change, and no activity, but like heralds, sent from the depths of night, where Nature works her secret wonders, to advance those sciences and industrial arts which are equally the consequence and the re-acting cause of the progress of humanity.

In the reign of King Edward the First of England, a new fuel was brought to London, much to his subjects' objection and the perplexity of his majesty. Listen to the history — not of the king, but of the great event of his time which few historians mention.

If chemical nature beneath the earth be accounted very slow, human nature above ground is comparatively slower, — and without the same reason for it. The transmutations beneath the earth require centuries for their accomplishment, and of necessity; — the proper use of new and valuable

discoveries on the surface, is a matter of human understanding and rational will. In the former case, the thing is not perfect without its number of centuries; in the latter, the thing has very seldom been acknowledged without great lapse and loss of time, because mankind will *not* be made more comfortable and happy without a long fight against the innovation. Wherefore coals, the most excellent material of fuel, — for cooking, for works of industry and skill, for trades and arts, and the cutting short of long journeys, — have only been in use during the last three centuries.

The first mention of coals, as a fuel, occurs in a charter of Henry the Third, granting licenses to the burgesses of Newcastle to dig for coals; and in 1281, this city had created, out of these diggings, a pretty good trade.

In the beginning of the fourteenth century, coals were first sent from Newcastle to London, by way of a little experiment on the minds of the blacksmiths and brewers, and a few other trades needing fuel; but for no other purposes. So the good black smoke rose from a score or two of favoured chimneys.

As one man, all London instantly rose up against it, and was exceeding wroth. Whereof, in 1316, came a petition from Parliament to the king, praying his Majesty, — if he had any love for a fair garden, a clean face, yea, or a clean shirt and ruff, — and if he did not wish his subjects to be choked, or,

at the very best, to be smoked into bad hams, — to forbid all use of the new and pestilent fuel called “coals.”

So the king, seeing the good sense and reasonableness of the request, forthwith issued a Proclamation, commanding all use of the dangerous nuisance of coals to cease from that day henceforth.

But the blacksmiths and brewers took counsel together, and they were joined by several other trades, who had found great advantage in the use of coals; and they resolved to continue the same, as secretly as might be — forgetting all about the smoke, or innocently trusting that it would not again betray them.

No sooner, however, did the black smoke begin to rise and curl above the chimneys, than it was actually seen by many eyes! — and away ran the people bawling to Parliament; and more petitions were sent; and his Majesty, being now very angry, ordered all these refractory coal-burning smiths, brewers, and other injurious rogues to be heavily fined, and their fire-places and furnaces cast down and utterly demolished.

All this was accordingly done. Still, it was done to no purpose; for so very excellent was the result to the different trades of those who had smuggled and used the prohibited fuel, that use it by some means they would, let happen what might. More chimneys than ever now sent up black curling clouds, and more fire-places and furnaces

were destroyed; and so they went on.

At length it was wisely discovered that nobody had been choked, poisoned, “cured” into a bad ham, or otherwise injured and transformed. Now, then, of course, it was reasonable to expect, as the advantages were proved to be so great and numerous, the injuries trivial, and the dangers nothing, the use of coal would become pretty general, without more prohibition, contest, or question.

No, indeed; this is not the way the world goes on. Social benefits are not to be forced upon worthy people at this rate. Centuries must elapse — even as we find with the growth of metals and minerals beneath the earth. In the latter case, it is a necessary condition; in the former, it is made one.

The many good services and value of coals being now ascertained, as well as their harmlessness (except that they certainly did give a bad colour to all the public edifices and great houses), and the progressive increase of many luxuries of life, together with their advantages to numerous trades besides those of the wisely-valiant and not-to-be-denied blacksmiths and brewers who first adopted and persisted in using them, every facility for their importation into London was naturally expected by the citizens of that highly-favoured place. Innocent human nature! vain hopes of children, who always expect reason from those who preach it! For now,

various lets and hindrances were cunningly devised, in the shape of taxes and duties, so as to check the facilities of interchange between London and Newcastle. So, the new fuel — the product of the mine destined one day to become the Black Diamonds of England — had to struggle for its freedom through a succession of “wise and happy reigns.”

CHAPTER II.

The emancipation of the diamond.

BEFORE a cargo of coals could be discharged from a collier, it was necessary to get the permission of the Lord Mayor to land them. And how was this to be obtained? By what sort of dulcet persuasion, we are left in no difficulty to conjecture; but as to the amount of the sum, a modest official veil of darkness enshrouds the record. The perquisites, however, granted to the aldermen, are fortunately within reach of knowledge; and accordingly we find it set down that the corporation were empowered to measure and weigh coals, either in person, and in their gowns, or by proxy, if they preferred that course, and to charge the sum of 8*d.* per ton for their labour. This was confirmed by a charter in 1613. By this tax the City made some 50,000*l.* a-year, and rejoiced exceedingly.

This system of protection, under several forms and pleasant variations, long continued, and was extended all over England, the pressure falling most unequally, to the injury of the least wealthy and

the poor, according to the immemorial custom of Governments. Some of the people of London were audacious enough to complain that they did not need to be protected from the Newcastle coals, but all on the contrary, would give any fair sum to obtain them; and that, indeed, what they really needed was to be protected from the Lord Mayor and Corporation, and other taxes and duties. But these people were reproved as ignorant and froward, and told that they understood nothing at all: — what they had to do, was simply — to pay, first for the protection, and then for the coals. So they paid. But the importance of the article being found to exceed even the greediness of the impost, the use of coals became general during the reign of Charles the First; the same, with other taxes, being demanded, from the reign of William the Third downwards.

In 1830, and not before, the heaviest of the above duties were abolished; those, however, which were collected from the Londoners being excepted — for their old impertinence — together with two or three sea-ports, who had also spoken.

Who shall repress a truth? Coals were excellent good things — there was no reason in denying it. But any foolish people, and there will always be more than enough found to do it, *can* repress a truth for an abominably long period, denying it without reason, yet very effectually. Or, when

they admit it, then comes the tax and penalty to be paid for the fact. Thus was the free introduction and use of coals repressed throughout England until 1830; from which date, its grand rise from the bowels of the earth into a new and most extensive importance may be dated.

Yet, as extremes meet, and as human nature delights in opposites, if only by way of reaction or relaxation, so the long-continued obstinate slowness of past ages bids fair, in our own day, to enter upon an extreme change to flighty prematurities, and the overleaping of all intermediate and necessary knowledge. But the reign of the fast-ones is now approaching its height; which having once reached, it will then have a rapid decline into contempt, and so give place to regular and steady advances upon solid ground.

Still, we are not to infer from the present flourishing state of things, that the great black-diamond millionaires are very numerous, or that fortunes are readily accumulated in the trade. Coal mines are hazardous speculations: costly is the sinking of shafts — precarious the lives of men and property from constant dangers of explosion or inundation; whereof it comes that no Insurance Office will guarantee such property against these or any other accidents. True may it be that the large coal-owners on the Tyne and the Wear rejoice in a sort of monopoly; as do other owners; but herein shall we not

find the cause of coals being sold in London at nearly three times the price they cost at the pit's mouth. The cause is to be sought in the expenses of transit (which, alone, are often equal to, and not unfrequently exceed, the cost price); in the loss of screening; the expenses of lighters and lighter-men wharfs, officers, and wharfingers, coal-heavers, carmen, horses, waggons, sacks — to say nothing of long credit, or bad debts; — and the profits of the various middle-men, among the most numerous of whom are the brass-plate coal merchants (whose establishments simply consist of an order-book, wherein it appeareth that they get a little more than they give); and the retailers of various gradations.

All these difficulties, and all these reductions and dues, notwithstanding, and in spite of, — the coal trade has risen during the last twenty years to a magnitude in quantity and influence which may be regarded as one of the greatest commercial triumphs of this our England.

The coal-fields of the United States of America are upwards of fourteen times larger extent than ours; yet, in 1845, while the American coal-mines produced 4,400,000 of tons, the coal mines of England produced upwards of 32,000,000 of tons. In the same year, our production of iron was more than four times the American amount. Moreover, — and here may the gravest historian exalt his pen, and yet be accounted no flourisher,

— we have for some years past been able to supply coals to all the great powers of the globe. In 1842, England exported 60,000 tons of coals to the United States of America; 88,000 tons to Russia; 111,000 tons to Prussia; 515,900 tons to France; — not to speak of the hundreds of thousands of tons exported in the same year to Germany collectively, to Holland, to Denmark, Sweden, the East Indies and China, &c., &c.

The use of coals has now extended, not only over the civilised world, but in its potent form of steam has reached most of the remotest regions. From Suez to Singapore are steam vessels already in course of passage, and the line will soon be carried to Australia. When the American locomotives have made their way to the shores of the Pacific, their vessels will be ready to carry onward the traffic to China and the Indian Islands from the east; “and thus,” as writes a learned critic, discoursing of the virtues of steam-coal, “complete the circuit of the globe.” Whereby, “a steam voyage round the world will in a few years, be so practicable, that the merchant and tourist may make the circuit within a year, and yet have time enough to see and learn much at many of the principal ‘stations’ on his way.”

All rightful honour, then, to these priceless Diamonds — whether they be black spirits or furnace-white, flame-red spirits, or ashy-grey — whether cannel coal and caking coal — cherry coal and

stone coal — whether any of the forty kinds of Newcastle coal, or any of the seventy species of the great family, from the highest class of the bituminous, down to the one degree above old coke.

CHAPTER III.

The Coal Exchange.

NEAR to the Custom House rises one of the most ornate edifices in the metropolis, — the Coal Exchange of London, — in which is carried on one of our most stupendous trades.

It is Wednesday — a market day — we ascend the steps of a beautiful sort of round tower, and pass through the folding swing-doors of the principal entrance. The space here, or little vestibule, forms the base of the centre of a well-staircase of iron. You look up, through the coiling balustrades as they climb up to the top, and at the very top you see a painting in the Rubens style of colouring, (though a long way *after* Rubens in other respects,) of the figure of a prodigal lady, who is upsetting a cornucopia, full — *not* of coals — but of all the most richly coloured fruits of Italy and the East, which seem about to descend straight through the centre of the well-staircase, and shower down upon your wondering and expectant head. Cupids — or, at least, little chubby boys, tumbling in the air — are also in attendance on this theatrical Goddess of Abundance.

Passing from this entrance into the grand central market, you find

yourself in a circular area boarded with oak planks of a light and dark hue, arranged in a kind of mosaic of long angles, which converge to a centre-piece, wherein a great anchor is inlaid. Beside this, there is a wooden dagger, to the blade of which a legend of no interest is attached. Three ranges of cast-iron galleries rise all round, terminating above in a large glass dome, with an orange-coloured centre of stained glass. Around the floor of the area, at due intervals, long desks of new polished oak, with inkstands let into the wood, stand invitingly ready for the transaction of business. The City Arms, on a series of small shields, is the simple adornment of the outer balustrade-work of the three galleries, — except, also, that these galleries often have many lady-visitors who lean over and contemplate the “dark doings” of the busy black-diamond merchants who congregate below.

But let it not be supposed that the ornaments of the Coal Exchange of London are confined to the City Arms, or even the beauty of the lady-visitors. Private offices, and recesses for business, having the most neat, orderly appearance, even to a primness and propriety worthy of the Society of Friends, are observable round the area, beneath the galleries; but the panels of the woodwork that separate these offices, rejoice in the most lively adornments, *à la Julien*. They are covered with emblematic, fanciful, and not very characteristic pictures and de-

signs, all in the brightest hues; and, being painted on a light ground, they have a look of gaiety and airiness quite of a continental character. The weight and gravity of the City has, for once — and by way of smiling antagonism to what every one would expect of a coal-market — determined to emulate the gayest places of public amusement in France or Germany. Restaurants, cafés, dancing-rooms — and oh! — shall we say it — a touch of Cremorne! In one panel you see a figure of *Watchfulness*, typified by a robed lady, with a wise-faced owl at her side. The river Severn is typified by Naiads and a dolphin — by a little poetic licence. In another panel we have *Charity*, bearing a couple of children, with a figure of old Father Thames sitting among rushes below. Then, we have *Perseverance* for the Avon, emblemized by a snail at the foot of a brunette lady with black eyes, — the favourite style of beauty of the artist, Mr. Sang. The Trent and the Tyne are similarly illustrated, and all in the brightest colours, on a light ground.

Let us now return to the principal entrance, and ascend to the first gallery. The panels all round, are painted as below. The chief subject of most of them appears to be a colliery — that it, the works above ground, such as the little black house of the steam-engine, with its long chain passing over the drum, and then over a wheel above the pit’s mouth. The first we come to is the celebrated Wallsend colliery. Each has fanciful

designs above and beneath, as if to atone for the dark reality of the centre piece, picturesque as this is always made. Over some of these we find heraldic monsters of the right frightful Order of the Griffin, prancing above greyhounds who crouch on each side of a large ornamental cup, not unlike a head-dress of the ancient South American Indians, which however is supported by a lady in the bright costume of a Mexican peasant, wearing wings. Beneath, there lies a rich grouping of grapes, arborescent ferns, with vulture-headed griffins, and flowers of the cactus. The collieries are occasionally varied with a sea-piece, in which, of course, a black collier-vessel is sailing from the North. Sometimes the scene is a shore-piece with a collier boat; but pre-
sided over by the usual sort of nut-brown mining beauty with Italian eyes, and hair in no particular order, bearing a fruit-basket on her head, piled up with all sorts of ripe fruit of the most tempting size and colour. Beneath her, we again find the griffin vultures holding watch over some logs of antediluvian trees.

Wandering onwards in this way, we observed, a little in advance of us, a seafaring man, in a rough blue pilot coat, with a face so weather-beaten that it looked as hard as a ship's figure-head, and a pair of great dangling hands that seemed hewn out of solid oak. He was very busy in front of one of the panels, admiring a lady with very good-humoured black

eyes, and cheeks as red as ripe tomatoes, carrying on her head a basket of Orlean plums and alligator pears, richly grouped with a profusion of grapes, and crimson flowers of the cactus. Her face was turned smilingly upwards at a collier-brig in full sail.

We congratulated him on his "choice," and the suggestion appearing to please his fancy, a little colloquy ensued, from which it turned out that he was Thomas Oldcastle, of Durham, captain of the collier brig "Shiner," of South Shields, and having just discharged his cargo at Rotherhithe, had come to London to amuse himself for a few hours. Arriving at the entrance in the course of our talk, we ascended the stairs together, and soon reached the second gallery.

The flooring of this gallery—in fact the whole of it, like the previous one, was of cast iron. In the semicircle of the entrance was a picture of Newcastle, on one side, with its iron bridge and railway combined, and its old stone bridge below. It was very well and characteristically painted, and of a sombre and rather smoky colour, which Captain Oldcastle said was too like to be very pleasing. His thoughts were evidently reverting to the very highly-coloured operatic ladies below. On the other side of this entrance was a picture of Durham, with the cathedral among the trees—also a very good and truthful picture. Captain Oldcastle, after great deliberation, and the slow pocketing of both

hands, was obliged to confess that it was something like the old place. But this wall was not right — any how — and that spire did not look so — when last he saw it — in short, it was clear he wanted reality, could not make out perspective differences, and preferred the handsome looks of the brunette fruit-bearer in the lower gallery.

But though our honest friend had no good taste in pictures, there was a great mass of good solid practical knowledge in the hard-outlined head of this rough captain of the North Sea. It turned out that he was an old friend of Mr. Buddle, the coal engineer of Wallsend, and often quoted him as authority. Chancing to ask him some question about the number of people employed in the coal trade on the Tyne and the Wear, he said that he had heard Buddle say (twenty years ago) there were nearly 5,000 boys, and quite 3,500 men *underground* in the works near the Tyne: and nearly 3,000 men, and 700 boys above ground. On the Wear, he said there were 9,000. All of these were employed in the mines, and taking the coal to the ships on the two rivers. Captain Oldcastle estimated the vessels employed at about 1,400, which would require 15,000 sailors and boys to work them "as all ought to be." Besides these, there were lots more hands in other parts of the great coal trade of the north.

But as this estimate of his friend

Buddle, we remarked, had been made twenty years ago, was it not pretty certain that the numbers had immensely increased by this time? To this the Captain replied that it was so, no doubt; and supposing that every other district, besides the North, of the entire coal trade of England, had increased in the same proportion, and if you added to this all the agents, factors, clerks, subordinates, whippers, lightermen, wharfingers, &c., there would be found upwards of 200,000 men engaged in the coal trade of England, — enough, he added with a grimly comical look, if a war broke out, to furnish the army and navy with 20,000 men each, at a week's notice.

"If they liked the work," we added; but the Captain had walked on, attracted by a picture in one of the panels. It was a portrait of a miner in his underground dress — when he wears any — the darkness of his figure and position in the mine being pleasantly and appropriately relieved by an immense quantity of highly coloured *tropical* fruits, flowers, griffin-vultures, long and sleek-necked cranes, arborescent ferns, various logs of wood known in fossil botany, with here and there a string of choice jewels, — rubies, emeralds, and carbuncles of prodigious size, such as one has seen in "Blue Beard" and "Pizarro." The next figure was a miner with a Davy-lamp, whom Captain Oldcastle shrewdly conjectured to be looking out for some of those jewels so profusely accorded to the

fortunate miner in the previous picture.

In walking round these galleries, amidst so many adornments attracting the attention, a visitor might be excused for not too hastily turning his thoughts to utility. But this thought, in these too practical days, will obtrude itself. The number of the private rooms for offices, on each gallery, is considerable; their accommodations, all that could be desired; their appearance most neat, quiet, and unexceptionable; but by far the greater part are *empty*. Nobody will take them. Many of those on the ground floor, or area of the market — obviously the best place by far — are unlet. These are of the high-priced, of course; still, as the price decreases with the ascent, why are not more of the upper offices taken? Here — in the very centre of all the great coal trade of England! — and not one-third, not one-fourth, we think, of the offices let? We expressed our astonishment to the Captain.

"Oh!" said he, "the City is a queer place, and the City authorities are a rum sort of reasoners. They asked too much rent for these berths at first; and though but a few factors and merchants can afford to give it, the City still persists. And so they are obliged to go to the expense of fires in all the empty offices to keep them aired three-quarters of the year round, rather than see the place full at a moderate rent. That's how I read their log."

We now ascended to the third gallery. Here, the cold, though not the "beggary array of empty boxes," was most expressive of the mismanagement, *somehow* and *somewhere* of this well-placed, and most commodious building, on which so much money has been expended.

The paintings in the entrance of this uppermost gallery were of "Shields" on one side, and "Sunderland" on the other. That of Shields was a view of colliers in the river by moonlight, with a dull sky of indigo blue, and smoky clouds — very well done, and truthful, having a sufficient mixture of reality for the nature of the subject, and of fancy for the picturesque. The picture of Sunderland, with its one-arched iron bridge, which is so high above the water, that a collier can pass underneath without striking her topmasts, is also a night scene; but by torch-light; the red flashes of which fall upon a train of little upright waggons full of coals, coming from the pit to be shipped.

The panels round this gallery are adorned with paintings of gigantic ferns, fragments of the trunks of the lepidodendron, and the sigillaria, and other stems and foliage of those antediluvian plants and trees which subsequently contributed most largely to the coal formations. These paintings are interspersed with various miners' tools, above which rises the glass dome of the building.

Descending the well-staircase,

we asked Captain Oldcastle what capital he thought was employed by the great coal owners on the Tyne and Wear. He said — quoting his friend Buddle again, as authority — that they could not have embarked less than a million and a half of money, without reckoning any of the vessels on the river; but taking these into the account, the capital employed would not amount to less than between eight and ten millions. And this estimate was made by Buddle twenty years ago!

THE GREAT PENAL EXPERIMENTS.

PRISON LIFE, like life in all other circumstances, has its extremes; and these have been pushed to the farthest verge of contrast by the “great experiments” that have lately been essayed. There is an aristocracy of prisoners, and a commonality of prisoners; there are palace prisons, and kennel prisons in which it would be cruelty to confine refractory dogs. We have hardened criminals put into training in Model Prisons for pattern penitence, and novices in crime thrust into dens with the most depraved felons; so as to bring them down in morals to the lowest practicable level. The study of some of these extremes is instructive. It shows what results have been produced by the “great experiments” which have been tried; either how much reform

they have effected; or how many misdemeanants they are likely to add to the already over-populated dangerous class. For the sake of impartiality we shall in each instance offer no description of our own; but we intend to cite what has already been in print.

A graphic but eccentric pen has supplied a vivid description of the palace order of gaols. “Some months ago,” says Mr. Carlyle, in a recent pamphlet, “some friends took me with them to see one of the London Prisons; a Prison of the exemplary or model kind. An immense circuit of buildings; cut out, girt with a high ring wall, from the lanes and streets of the quarter, which is a dim and crowded one. Gateway as to a fortified place; then a spacious court, like the square of a city; broad staircases, passages to interior courts; fronts of stately architecture all round. It lodges some Thousand or Twelve-hundred prisoners, besides the officers of the establishment. Surely one of the most perfect buildings, within the compass of London. We looked at the apartments, sleeping-cells, dining-rooms, general courts or special and private; excellent all, the ne-plus-ultra of human care and ingenuity; in my life I never saw so clean a building; probably no Duke in England lives in a mansion of such perfect and thorough cleanness. The bread, the cocoa, soup, meat, all the various sorts of food, in their respective cooking-places, we tasted; found them of

excellence superlative. The prisoners sat at work, light work, picking oakum and the like, in airy apartments with glass roofs, of agreeable temperature and perfect ventilation; silent, or at least conversing only by secret signs; others were out, taking their hour of promenade in clean flagged courts; methodic composure, cleanliness, peace, substantial wholesome comfort, reigned everywhere supreme."

This is the great model experiment. We can easily reverse the picture. It is but a short walk from Pentonville to Smithfield — scarcely two miles — yet, in the prison world, the two places are antipodes. Here, within the hallowed precincts of the City, stands Giltspur Street Compter, upon the state of which we produce another witness. Mr. Dixon, in his work on London Prisons, testifies that in this jail the prisoners "sleep in small cells, little more than half the size of the model cell at Pentonville, which is calculated (on the supposition that the cell is to be ventilated on the best plan which science can suggest, regardless of cost) to be just large enough for *one* inmate. The cell in Giltspur Street Compter is little more than half the size, and is either not ventilated at all, or is ventilated very imperfectly. I have measured it, and know exactly the quantity of air which it will hold, and have no doubt but that it contains less than any human being ought to breathe in, in the course of a night. Well, in this cell, in

which there is hardly room for them to lie down, I have seen *five* persons locked up, at four o'clock in the day, to be there confined, in darkness, in idleness, to pass all those hours, to do all the offices of nature, not merely in each other's presence, but crushed by the narrowness of their den into a state of filthy contact which brute beasts would have resisted to the last gasp of life! Think of these five wretched beings — men with souls, and gifted with human reason — condemned, day by day, to pass in this unutterably loathsome manner two-thirds of their time! Can we wonder if these men come out of prison, after three or four months of such treatment, prepared to commit the most revolting crimes? Could five of the purest men in the world live together in such a manner without losing every attribute of good which had once belonged to them? He would be a rash man who would dare to answer — "Yes." Take another fact from Newgate. In any of the female wards may be seen, a week before the Sessions, a collection of persons of every shade of guilt, and some who are innocent. I remember one case particularly. A servant girl, of about sixteen, a fresh-looking healthy creature, recently up from the country, was charged by her mistress for stealing a brooch. She was in the same room — lived all day, slept all night — with the most abandoned of her sex. They were left alone; they had no work to do; no books — except a few tracts for which

they had no taste — to read. The whole day was spent, as is usual in such prisons, in telling stories — the gross and guilty stories of their own lives. There is no form of wickedness, no aspect of vice, with which the poor creature's mind would not be compelled to grow familiar in the few weeks she passed in Newgate awaiting trial. When the day came, the evidence against her was found to be the lamest in the world, and she was at once acquitted. That she entered Newgate innocent I have no doubt; but who shall answer for the state in which she left it?"

Let us not wrong the City in supposing it singular in promoting these loathsome prison scenes. A hundred passages, in nearly as many blue books, are ready for quotation, to show how some of the "great experiments" in not a few of the National prisons have turned out. One, however, will do. Here is a sentence or two from the Government's own report of the state of one of its own hulks at Woolwich — the same Government which has been so good as to dispense upwards of 90,000*l.* of the public money in building the Pentonville Model. We cannot quote it entire, by reason of some of the passages being too revolting for reproduction in these pages:—

"In the hospital ship, the 'Unité,' the great majority of the patients were infested with vermin, and their persons in many instances, particularly their feet, begrimed with dirt. No regular supply of body linen had been

issued; so much so, that many men had been five weeks without a change; and all record had been lost of the time when the blankets had been washed; and the number of sheets was so insufficient, that the expedient had to be resorted to of only a single sheet at a time to save appearances. Neither towels nor combs were provided for the prisoners' use. *** On the admission of new cases into the hospital, patients were directed to leave their beds and go into hammocks, and the new cases were turned into the vacated beds, without changing the sheets."

Is anything more shocking than the Compter, Newgate, and the Unité to be conceived? Do travellers tell us of anything worse in Russia, or China, or Old Tartary? "O! yes; there is Austria and its life-punishments in Spielberg," some one may suggest, "surely there is no London parallel for that." But Mr. Dixon answers there is:— in the Millbank Penitentiary. "The dark cells," he says, "are fearful places, and sometimes melancholy mistakes are made in committing persons to them. You descend about twenty steps from the ground-floor into a very dark passage leading into a corridor, on one side of which the cells — small, dark, ill-ventilated, and doubly barred — are ranged. No glimpse of day ever comes into this fearful place. The offender is locked up for three days, and fed on bread and water only. There is only a board to sleep on; and the only furniture of the cell

is a water-closet. On a former visit to Millbank, some months ago, I was told there was a person in one of these cells. "He is touched, poor fellow!" said the warden, "in his intellects." But his madness was very mild. He wished to fraternise with the other prisoners; declared that all mankind are brethren; sang hymns when told to be silent; and when reprimanded for taking these unwarranted liberties, declared that he was the "governor." They said he *pretended* to be mad; which, seeing that his vagaries subjected him to continual punishments, and procured him no advantages, was very likely! They put him into darkness to enlighten his understanding; and alone, to teach him how unbrotherly men are. Poor wretch! He was frightened with his solitude, and howled fearfully. I shall never forget his wail as we passed the door of his horrid dungeon. The tones were quite unearthly, and caused an involuntary shudder. On hearing footsteps, he evidently thought they were coming to release him. While we remained in the corridor, he did not cease to shout and implore most lamentably for freedom: when he heard us retreating, his voice rose into a yell; and when the fall of the heavy bolts told him that we were gone, he gave a shriek of horror, agony, and despair, which ran through the pentagon, and can never be forgotten. God grant that I may never hear such sounds again! On coming again, after three or four

months' absence, to this part of the prison, the inquiry naturally arose, "What has become of the man who *pretended* to be mad?" The answer was, "Oh, he went mad, and was sent to Bedlam!"

What happens at Pentonville, and what takes place at Millbank, is done under the same eye, under the same legislative supervision. The two "great experiments" of iron and feather-bed prison reform are worked out by the same power. The despots of Russia, Austria, and China, are at least consistent. They have not carried on opposite systems — one of extreme severity, and another of superlative "coddling." In no other country but this does Justice — blind as she is — administer cocoa and condign misery to the same degree of crime with the same hand.

We have thrown these facts together, merely to awaken attention to them. We purposely abstain from suggestive comment. We know that the subject of reformatory punishment is fraught with difficulties, to conquer which all the "great experiments" have been tried. But they have only been "great" because of their great expense and their great failure; and when the failure is incontestable — proved beyond doubt by the direct results, — should they not be abandoned, and something else tried, instead of being made an absolute matter of faith, and a test to which certain county magistrates, whom we could name, bring every man who is unhappy enough to be within

their power? The cause of it is plainly and constantly presented at the bar of every Police Court and in the dock of every Sessions House. It has resulted from an utter misapprehension of means to end, and a lofty disregard of the good old adage, "prevention is better than cure." Although it has been daily observed that ignorance — moral more than intellectual ignorance has been the forerunner of all juvenile crime, we have never tried any very great experiment upon that. On the contrary, we spend hundreds of thousands every year to effect the manifest impossibility of re-forming what has never been formed. We have tried every shade of system but the right. Ingenuity has been on the rack to invent every sort of reformatory, from the iron rule of Millbank, to the affectionate fattening at Pentonville — except one, and that happens to be the right one. Punishment has occupied all our thoughts, — training, none. We condemn young criminals for not knowing certain moralities which we have not taught them, and — by herding them with accomplished professors of dishonesty in transit jails — punish them for immoralities which have been there taught them. Instances of this can be adduced in so large a proportion as to amount to a rule; to which the appearance of instructed juvenile criminals at the tribunals is the exception. Two or three glaring cases occurred only the past month. We select one as reported

in the "Globe" newspaper of Tuesday, May 7, 1850: —

"BOW-STREET POLICE-COURT. — This day, two little children, whose heads hardly reached the top of the dock, were placed at the bar before Mr. Jardine, charged with stealing a loaf. Their very appearance told the want they were in. The housekeeper to Mr. Mims, baker, Drury Lane, deposed, that they, about eight o'clock last evening, went into the shop and asked for a quarter loaf, and while her back was turned to get it for them, they stole a half quarter loaf, value 2½ d., which was lying on the counter, and made off with it. Police constable, F 14, deposed, that he was on duty in Drury Lane, and seeing them quarrelling over the loaf, he asked them where they had got it. One of them answered, they had stolen it. After ascertaining how they came by it, he took them into custody. In defence, the prisoners said they were starving. Mr. Jardine sentenced them both to be once whipped in the House of Correction."

These children were without means, friends, or any sort of instruction. They were whipped then for their ignorance and want, for both which they are not responsible. After whipping and a few imprisonments they will doubtless be boarded and instructed by fellow-prisoners into finished thieves. The authorities tell us, that five-eighths of the juvenile criminals — and a few become professional after the age of twenty — who are received into jails, have not received one spark of moral or intellectual training!

These, and a thousand other facts too obvious for the common sense of our readers to be troubled with, induce us to recommend one other "great experiment" which has never yet been tried. It has

the advantage of being a preventive as well as a cure — it is — compared with all the penal systems now in practice — immeasurably safer, more humane, and incalculably cheaper. The “great experiment” we propose, is NATIONAL EDUCATION.

THE ORPHAN'S VOYAGE HOME.

THE men could hardly keep the deck,
So bitter was the night;
Keen north-east winds sang thro' the shrouds,

The deck was frosty white;
While overhead the glistening stars
Put forth their points of light.

On deck, behind a bale of goods,
Two orphans crouch'd, to sleep;
But 'twas so cold, the youngest boy
In vain tried not to weep:
They were so poor, they had no right
Near cabin doors to creep.

The elder round the younger wrapt
His little ragged cloak,
To shield him from the freezing sleet,
And surf that o'er them broke;
Then drew him closer to his side,
And softly to him spoke: —

“The night will not be long” — he said,
“And if the cold winds blow,
We shall the sooner reach our home,
And see the peat-fire glow;
But now the stars are beautiful —
Oh, do not tremble so!

“Come closer! — sleep — forget the frost —
Think of the morning red —
Our father and our mother soon
Will take us to their bed;
And in their warm arms we shall sleep.”
He knew not they were dead.

For them no father to the ship
Shall with the morning come;
For them no mother's loving arms
Are spread to take them home:
Meanwhile the cabin passengers
In dreams of pleasure roam.

At length the orphans sank to sleep
All on the freezing deck;
Close huddled side to side — each arm
Clasp'd round the other's neck.
With heads bent down, they dream'd the earth
Was fading to a speck.

The steerage passengers have all
Been taken down below,
And round the stove they warm their limbs
Into a drowsy glow;
And soon within their berths forget
The icy wind and snow.

Now morning dawns: the land in sight,
Smiles beam on every face!
The pale and qualmy passengers
Begin the deck to pace,
Seeking along the sun-lit cliffs
Some well-known spot to trace.

Only the orphans do not stir,
Of all this bustling train:
They reach'd their home this starry night!
They will not stir again!
The winter's breath proved kind to them,
And ended all their pain.

But in their deep and freezing sleep
Clasp'd rigid to each other,
In dreams they cried, “The bright morn
breaks,
Home! home! is here, my brother!
The Angel Death has been our friend —
We come! dear Father! Mother!”

ILLUSTRATIONS OF CHEAPNESS.

TEA.

THE history of tea, from its first introduction to England, may be read in the history of taxation. It appears to have escaped the notice of nearly all writers on tea, that the first tax is a curious illustration of the original mode of its sale. By the act of the 22d and 23d Charles II., 1670-1, a duty of eighteenpence was imposed upon “every gallon of chocolate, sher-

bet, and tea, made and sold, to be paid by the makers thereof." It is manifest that such a tax was impossible to be collected without constant evasion; and so, after having remained on the Statute Book for seventeen years, it was discovered, in 1688, that "the collecting of the duty by way of Excise upon the liquors of coffee, chocolate, and tea, is not only very troublesome and unequal upon the retailers of these liquors, but requireth such attendance of officers as makes the neat receipt very inconsiderable." The excise upon the liquor was therefore repealed, and heavy Customs' duties imposed on the imported tea.

The annals of tea may be divided into epochs. The first is that in which the liquid only was taxed, which tax commenced about ten years after we have any distinct record of the public or private use of tea. In 1660, dear old Pepys writes, "I did send for a cup of tea (a China drink) of which I never had drank before." In 1667, the herb had found its way into his own house: "Home, and there find my wife making of tea; a drink which Mr. Pelling, the Potticary, tells her is good for her cold and defluxions."

Mrs. Pepys making her first cup of tea is a subject to be painted. How carefully she metes out the grains of the precious drug, which Mr. Pelling, the Potticary, has sold her at a most enormous price — a crown an ounce at the very least. She has tasted the liquor once before; but then there was

sugar in the infusion — a beverage only for the highest. If tea should become fashionable, it will cost in housekeeping as much as their claret. However, Pepys says, the price is coming down; and he produces the handbill of Thomas Garway, in Exchange Alley, which the lady peruses with great satisfaction; for the worthy merchant says, that although "tea in England hath been sold in the leaf for six pounds, and sometimes for ten pounds the pound weight," he "by continued care and industry in obtaining the best tea," now "sells tea for 16s. to 50s. a pound." Garway not only sells tea in the leaf, but "many noblemen, physicians, merchants, &c., daily resort to his house to drink the drink thereof." The coffee-houses soon ran away with the tea-merchant's liquid customers. They sprang up all over London; they became a fashion at the Universities. Coffee and tea came into England as twin-brothers. Like many other foreigners, they received a full share of abuse and persecution from the people and the state. Coffee was denounced as "hell broth," and tea as "poison." But the coffee-houses became fashionable at once; and for a century were the exclusive resorts of wits and politicians. "Here," says a pamphleteer of 1673, "haberdashers of political small wares meet, and mutually abuse each other and the public, with bottomless stories and headless notions." Clarendon, in 1666, proposed, either to suppress them, or to em-

ploy spies to note down the conversation. In 1670 the liquors sold at the coffee-houses were to be taxed. We can scarcely imagine a state of society in which the excise officer was superintending the preparation of a gallon of tea, and charging his eightpence. The exciseman and the spy were probably united in the same person. During this period we may be quite certain that tea was unknown, as a general article of diet, in the private houses even of the wealthiest. But it was not taxation which then kept it out of use. The drinkers of tea were ridiculed by the wits, and frightened by the physicians. More than all, a new habit had to be acquired. The praise of Boyle was nothing against the ancient influences of ale and claret. It was then a help to excess instead of a preventive. A writer in 1682 says, — "I know some that celebrate good Thee for preventing drunkenness, taking it before they go to the tavern, and use it very much also after a debauch." One of the first attractions of "the cup which cheers but not inebriates" was as a minister of evil.

The second epoch of tea was that of excessive taxation; which lasted from the five shillings Customs' duty of 1688 to 1745, more than half a century, in which fiscal folly and prohibition were almost convertible terms. Yet tea gradually forced its way into domestic use. In a *Tatler* of 1710 we read "I am credibly informed, by an antiquary who has searched the

registers in which the bills of fare of the court are recorded, that instead of tea and bread and butter, which have prevailed of late years, the maids of honour in Queen Elizabeth's time were allowed three rumps of beef for their breakfast." Tea for breakfast must have been expensive in 1710. In the original edition of the *Tatler*, we have many advertisements about tea, one of which we copy:—

From the Tatler of October 10, 1710.

"MR. FARY'S 16s. Bohee Tea, not much inferior in goodness to the best Foreign Bohee Tea, is sold by himself only at the Bell in Gracechurch Street Note, — the best Foreign Bohee is worth 30s. a pound; so that what is sold at 20s. or 21s. must either be faulty Tea, or mixed with a proportionate quantity of damaged Green or Bohee, the worst of which will remain black after infusion."

"Mr. Fary's 16s. Bohee Tea, not much inferior in goodness to the best Foreign Bohee Tea" was, upon the face of it, an indigenous manufacture. "The best Foreign Bohee is worth 30s. a pound." With such Queen Anne refreshed herself at Hampton Court:

"Here thou, great Anna, whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take, and sometimes tea."

When the best tea was at 30s. a pound, the home consumption of tea was about a hundred and forty thousand pounds per annum. A quarter of a century later, in the early tea-drinking days of Dr. Johnson, the consumption had quadrupled. And yet tea was then so dear, that Garrick was cross even with his favourite actress for

using it too freely. "I remember," says Johnson, "drinking tea with him long ago, when Peg Woffington made it, and he grumbled at her for making it too strong. He had then begun to feel money in his purse, and did not know when he should have enough of it." In 1745, the last year of the second tea epoch, the consumption was only seven hundred and thirty thousand pounds per annum. Yet even at this period tea was forcing itself into common use. Duncan Forbes, in his *Correspondence*, which ranges from 1715 to 1748, is bitter against "the excessive use of tea; which is now become so common, that the meanest families, even of labouring people, particularly in boroughs, make their morning's meal of it, and thereby wholly disuse the ale, which heretofore was their accustomed drink; and the same drug supplies all the labouring women with their afternoon's entertainments, to the exclusion of the twopenny." The excellent President of the Court of Session had his prejudices; and he was frightened at the notion that tea was driving out beer; and thus, diminishing the use of malt, was to be the ruin of agriculture. Some one gave the Government of the day wiser counsel than that of prohibitory duties, which he desired.

In 1745, the quantity of tea retained for home consumption was 730,729 lbs. In 1746, it amounted to 2,358,589 lbs. The consumption was trebled. The duty had been reduced, in 1745, from 4s.

per lb. to 1s. per lb., and 25 per cent. on the gross price. For forty years afterwards, the Legislature contrived to keep the consumption pretty equal with the increase of the population, putting on a little more duty when the demand seemed a little increasing. These were the palmy days of Dr. Johnson's tea triumphs — the days in which he describes himself as "a hardened and shameless tea drinker, who has for many years diluted his meals with only the infusion of this fascinating plant; whose kettle has scarcely time to cool; who with tea amuses the evenings; with tea solaces the midnights; and with tea welcomes the morning." This was the third epoch — that of considerable taxation, enhancing the monopoly price of an article, sold to the people at exorbitant profits.

In 1785, the Government boldly repealed the Excise duty; and imposed only a Customs' duty of $12\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. The consumption of tea was doubled in the first year after the change, and quadrupled in the third. The system was too good to last. The concession of three years in which the public might freely use an article of comfort was quite enough for official liberality and wisdom. New duties were imposed in 1787; the consumption was again driven back, and by additional duty upon duty, was kept far behind the increase of the population for another thirty years. In 1784, the annual consumption was only 4,948,983 lbs.; in 1787, with a reduced duty,

it was 17,047,054 lbs.; in 1807, when we had almost reached the climax of high duties, it was only 19,239,212 lbs. This state of things, with very slight alteration, continued till the peace. The consumption had been nearly stationary for thirty years, with a duty raised from 12½ per cent. to 96 per cent. Those were the days, which some of us may remember, when we paid 12s. a pound for our green tea, and 8s. for our black; the days when convictions for the sale of spurious tea were of constant occurrence; and yet the days when Cobbett was alarmed lest tea should become a common beverage, and calculated that between eleven and twelve pounds a year were consumed by a cottager's family in tea-drinking. During this fourth epoch of excessive taxation, the habit of tea-drinking had become so rooted in the people, that no efforts of the Government could destroy it. The teas under 2s. 6d. a pound (the Company's warehouse prices without duty), were the teas of the working classes — the teas of the cottage and the kitchen. In 1801, such teas paid only an excise of 15 per cent.; in 1803, they paid 60 per cent.; in 1806, 90 per cent. And yet the washerwoman looked to her afternoon "dish of tea," as something that might make her comfortable after her twelve hours' labour; and balancing her saucer on a tripod of three fingers, breathed a joy beyond utterance as she cooled the draught. The factory work-

man then looked forward to the singing of the kettle, as some compensation for the din of the spindle. Tea had found its way even to the hearth of the agricultural labourer. He "had lost his rye teeth" — to use his own expression for his preference of wheaten bread — and he would have his ounce of tea as well as the best of his neighbours. Sad stuff the chandler's shop furnished him: no commodity brought hundreds of miles from the interior of China, chiefly by human labour; shipped according to the most expensive arrangements; sold under a limited competition at the dearest rate; and taxed as highly as its wholesale cost. The small tea-dealers had their manufactured tea. But they had also their smuggled tea. The pound of tea which sold for eight shillings in England, was selling at Hamburg for fourteenpence. It was hard indeed if the artisan did not occasionally obtain a cup of good tea at a somewhat lower price than the King and John Company had willed. No dealer could send out six pounds of tea without a permit. Excisemen were issuing permits and examining permits all over the kingdom. But six hundred per cent. profit was too much for the weakness of human nature and the power of the exciseman.

From the peace, to the opening of the China tea-trade in 1833, and the repeal of the excise duty in 1834, there was a considerable increase in the consumption of

tea, but not an increase at all comparable to the increase since 1834. We consumed ten million pounds more tea in 1833 than in 1816, a period of sixteen years; we consumed in 1848, a period of fifteen years, seventeen million pounds more than in 1833. In 1848 we retained for home consumption, 48,735,791 pounds. It is this present period of large consumption which forms the fifth epoch.

The present duty on tea is 2s. 2½d. a pound. The experienced housewife knows where to buy excellent tea at 4s. a pound. But there are shops in London where tea may be bought at 3s., and 3s. 4d. a pound. Such low priced teas are used more freely than ever by the hard-working poor. The duty is now unvarying, but enormously high. It is unnecessary to assume that the cheap teas are now adulterated teas. In the London Price Currents of the present May, there are several sorts of tea as low as 8d. per pound, wholesale without duty. The finer teas vary from 1s. to 2s. In 1833, previous to the opening of the China trade, the price of Congou tea in the Company's warehouses ranged from 2s. to 3s. per pound; in 1850 the lowest current price was 9d., the highest 1s. 4d. In 1833, the Company's price of Hyson tea varied from 3s. to 5s. 6d.; in 1850, the lowest current price was 1s. 2d., the highest 3s. 4d.

With the amount of duty on tea twice as high in 1850 as in 1833,

how is it that tea may be universally bought at one half of the price of 1833? How is it that an article which yields five millions of revenue has become so cheap that it is now scarcely a luxury? Before we answer this, let us explain why we say that the duty is twice as high now as in 1833. Before the opening of the China trade tea was taxed under the Excise at an ad-valorem duty of ninety-six per cent on one sort, and one hundred per cent on another, which gave an average of about half-a-crown a pound. Those who resisted the destruction of the Company's monopoly predicted that the supply would fall off under the open trade; that the Chinese would not deal with private merchants; that the market for tea in China was a limited one; that tea would become scarcer and dearer. The Government knew better than this. It repealed the Excise duty with all its cumbrous machinery of permits; and it imposed a Customs' duty *at per pound*, which exists now, as it did in 1836, with the addition of five per cent. Had the duty of 1833 been continued, — the hundred per cent duty — the great bulk of tea, which is sold at an average of a shilling a pound would have been only taxed a shilling a pound; it is now taxed 2s. 2½d. By a side-wind, the Government, with what some persons may call financial foresight, doubled the tax upon the humbler consumers. But it may be fairly questioned whether, if the tax of

1833 had continued, the Government would not have secured as much revenue by the poor doubling their consumption of tea. The demand for no article of general use is so fluctuating as that for tea. In seasons of prosperity, the consumption rises several millions of pounds above the average; in times of depression it falls as much below. Tea is the barometer of the poor man's command of something more than bread. With a tax of 2s. 2½d. a pound, it is clear that if sound commercial principles, improved navigation, wholesale competition, and moderate retail profits, had not found their way into the tea-trade, since the abolition of the monopoly in 1833, the revenue upon tea would have been stationary, instead of having increased a million and a half. All the manifold causes that produce commercial cheapness in general — science, careful employment of capital in profitable exchange, certainty and rapidity of communication, extension of the market — have been especially working to make tea cheap. Tea is more and more becoming a necessary of life to all classes. Tea was denounced first as a poison, and then as an extravagance. Cobbett was furious against it. An Edinburgh Reviewer of 1823, keeps no terms with its use by the poor: "We venture to assert, that when a labourer fancies himself refreshed with a mess of this stuff, sweetened by the coarsest black

sugar, and with azure blue milk, it is only the warmth of the water that soothes him for the moment; unless, perhaps, the sweetness may be palatable also." It is dangerous even for great reviewers to "venture to assert." In a few years after comes Liebig, with his chemical discoveries; and demonstrates that coffee and tea have become necessities of life to whole nations, by the presence of one and the same substance in both vegetables, which has a peculiar effect upon the animal system; that they were both originally met with amongst nations whose diet is chiefly vegetable; and, by contributing to the formation of bile, their peculiar function, have become a substitute for animal food to a large class of the population whose consumption of meat is very limited, and to another large class who are unable to take regular exercise.

Tea and coffee, then, are more especially essential to the poor. They supply a void which the pinched labourer cannot so readily fill up with weak and sour ale; they are substitutes for the country walk to the factory girl, or the seamstress in a garret. They are ministers to temperance; they are home comforts. Mrs. Piozzi making tea for Dr. Johnson till four o'clock in the morning, and listening contentedly to his wondrous talk, is a pleasant anecdote of the first century of tea; the artisan's wife, lingering over the last evening cup, while

her husband reads his newspaper or his book, is something higher, which belongs to our own times.

THE SICKNESS AND HEALTH OF THE PEOPLE OF BLEABURN.

IN THREE PARTS.

CHAPTER VI.

THE new clergyman was, as the landlord had supposed he would be, a very different person from Mr. Finch. If he had not been a fearless man, he would not have come: much less would he have brought his wife, which he did. The first sight of this respectable couple, middle-aged, business like, and somewhat dry in their manner, tended to give sobriety to the tone of mind of the Bleaburn people; a sobriety which was more and more wanted from day to day; while certainly the aspect of Bleaburn was enough to discourage the new residents, let their expectations have been as dismal as they might.

Mr. and Mrs. Kirby arrived when Bleaburn was at its lowest point of depression and woe. The churchyard was now so full that it could not be made to hold more; and ten or eleven corpses were actually lying unburied, infecting half-a-dozen cottages from this cause. There was an actual want of food in the place—so few were able to earn wages. Farmer Neale did all he could to tempt his neighbours to work for him; for no

strangers would come near a place which was regarded as a pest-house; but the strongest arm had lost its strength; and the men, even those who had not had the fever, said they felt as if they could never work again. The women went on, as habitual knitters do, knitting early and late, almost night and day; but there was no sale. Even if their wares were avouched to have been passed through soap and water before they were brought to O—, still no one would run the slightest risk for the sake of hose and comforters; and week after week, word was sent that nothing was sold: and at last, that it would be better not to send any more knitted goods. In the midst of all this distress, there was no one to speak to the people; no one to keep their minds clear and their hearts steady. For many weeks, there had not been a prayer publicly read, nor a psalm sung. Meanwhile, the great comet appeared nightly, week after week. It seemed as if it would never go away; and there was a general persuasion that the comet was sent for a sign to Bleaburn alone, and not at all for the rest of the earth, or of the universe; and that the fever would not be stayed while the sign remained in the sky. It would have been well if this had been the worst. The people, always rude, were now growing desperate; and they found, as desperate people usually do, an object near at hand to vent their fury upon. They said that it was

the doctor's business to make them well: that he had not made them well: that so many had died, that anybody might see how foul means had been used; and that at last some of the doctor's tricks had come out. Two of Dick Taylor's children had been all but choked, by some of the doctor's physic; and they might have died, if the Good Lady had not chanced to have been there at the moment, and known what to do. And the doctor tried to get off with saying that it was a mistake, and that that physic was never made to go down anybody's throat. They said, too, that it was only in this doctor's time that there had been such a fever. There was none such in the late doctor's time; nor now, in other places — at least, not so bad. It was nothing like so bad at O—. The doctor had spoken lightly of the comet: he had made old Nan Dart burn the bedding that her grandmother left her — the same that so many of her family had died on: and, though he gave her new bedding, it could never be the same to her as the old. But there was no use talking. The doctor was there to make them well; and instead of doing that, he made two out of three die, of those that had the fever. Such grumblings broke out into storm; and when Mr. and Mrs. Kirby descended into the hollow which their friends feared would be their tomb, they found the whole remaining population of the place blocking up the street before the

doctor's house, and smashing his phials, and making a pile of his pill-boxes and little drawers, as they were handed out of his surgery window. A woman had brought a candle at the moment to fire the pill-boxes: and she kneeled down to apply the flame. The people had already broken bottles enough to spill a good deal of queer stuff; and some of this stuff was so queer as to blaze up, half as high as the houses, as quick as thought. The flame ran along the ground, and spread like magic. The people fled, supposing this the doings of the comet and the doctor together. Off they went, up and down, and into the houses whose doors were open. But the woman's clothes were on fire. She would have run too; but Mr. Kirby caught her arm, and his firm grasp made her stand, while Mrs. Kirby wrapped her camlet cloak about the part that was on fire. It was so quickly done — in such a moment of time, that the poor creature was not much burned; not at all dangerously; and the new pastor was at once informed of the character of the charge he had undertaken.

That very evening Warrender was sent through the village, as crier, to give a notice, to which every ear was open. Mr. Kirby having had medical assurance that it was injurious to the public health that more funerals should take place in the churchyard, and that the bodies should lie unburied, would next day, bury the dead above the brow, on a part of Furzy

Knoll, selected for the purpose. For anything unusual about this proceeding, Mr. Kirby would be answerable, considering the present state of the village of Bleaburn. A waggon would pass through the village at six o'clock the next morning; and all who had a coffin in their houses were requested to bring it out, for solemn conveyance to the new burial ground: and those who wished to attend the interment must be on the ground at eight o'clock.

All ears were open again the next morning, when the cart made its slow progress down the street; and some went out to see. It was starlight: and from the east came enough of dawn to show how the vehicle looked with the pall thrown over it. Now and then, as it passed a space between the houses, a puff of wind blew aside the edge of the pall, and then the coffins were seen within, ranged one upon another, — quite a load of them. It stopped for a minute at the bottom of the street; and it was a relief to the listeners to hear Warrender tell the driver that there were no more, and that he might proceed up to the brow. After watching the progress of the cart till it could no longer be distinguished from the wall of grey rock along which it was ascending, those who could be spared from tending the sick put on such black as they could muster, to go to the service.

It was, happily, a fine morning; — as fine a November morning as

could be seen. It is not often that weather is of so much consequence as it was to the people of Bleaburn to-day. They could not themselves have told how it was that they came down from the awful service at Furzy Knoll so much more light-hearted than they went up; and when some of them were asked the reason, by those who remained below, they could not explain it, — but, somehow, everything looked brighter. It was, in fact, not merely the calm sunshine on the hills, and the quiet shadows in the hollows; it was not merely the ruddy tinge of the autumn ferns on the slopes, or the lively hop and flit of the wagtail about the spring-heads and the stones in the pool; it was not merely that the fine morning yielded cheering influences like these, but that it enabled many, who would have been kept below by rain, to hear what their new pastor had to say. After going through the burial service very quietly, and waiting with a cheerful countenance while the business of lowering so many coffins by so few hands was effected, he addressed, in a plain and conversational style, those who were present. He told them that he had never before witnessed an interment like this; and he did not at all suppose that either he or they should see such another. Indeed, henceforth any funerals must take place without delay; as they very well might, now that, on this beautiful spot, there was room without limit. He told them

how Farmer Neale had had the space they saw staked out since yesterday, and how it would be fenced in — roughly, perhaps, but securely — before night. He hoped and believed the worst of the sickness was over. The cold weather was coming on; and, perhaps, he said with a smile, it might be a comfort to some of them to know that the comet was going away. He could not say for himself that he should not be sorry when it disappeared; for he thought it a very beautiful sight, and one which reminded every eye that saw it how “the heavens declare the glory of God;” and the wisest men were all agreed that it was a sign, — not of any mischief, but of the beauty of God’s handiwork in the firmament, as the Scriptures call the starry sky. The fact was, it was found that comets come round regularly, like some of the other stars and our own moon; and when a comet had once been seen, people of a future time would know when to look for it again, and would be too wise to be afraid of it. But he had better tell them about such things at another time, when perhaps they would let their children come up to his house, and look through a telescope, — a glass that magnified things so much, that when they saw the stars, they would hardly believe they were the same stars that they saw every clear night. Perhaps they might then think the commonest star as wonderful as any comet. Another reason why they might hope for better health was, that people at a distance now knew more of the distress of Bleaburn than they had done; and he could assure his neighbours, that supplies of nourishing food and wholesome clothing would be lodged with the cordon till the people of the place could once more earn their own living. Another reason why they might hope for better health was, that they were learning by experience what was good for health and what was bad. This was a very serious and important subject, on which he would speak to them again and again, on Sundays and at all times, till he had shown them what he thought about their having, he might almost say, their lives and health in their own hands. He was sure that God had ordered it so; and he expected to be able to prove to them, by and by, that there need be no fever in Bleaburn if they chose to prevent it. And now, about these Sundays and week days. He deeply pitied them that they had been cut off from worship during their time of distress. He thought there might be an end to that now. He would not advise their assembling in the church. There were the same reasons against it that there were two months ago; but there was no place on earth where men might not worship God, if they wished it. If it were now the middle of summer, he should say that the spot they were standing on, — even yet so fresh and so sunny, — was the best they could

have; but soon the winter winds would blow, and the cold rains would come driving over the hills. This would not do: but there was a warm nook in the hollow, — the crag behind the mill, — where there was shelter from the east and north, and the warmest sunshine ever felt in the hollow, — too hot in summer, but very pleasant now. There he proposed to read prayers three times a-week, at an hour which should be arranged according to the convenience of the greatest number; and there he would perform service and preach a sermon on Sundays, when the weather permitted. He should have been inclined to ask Farmer Neale for one of his barns, or to propose to meet even in his kitchen; but he found his neighbours still feared that meeting anywhere but in the open air would spread the fever. He did not himself believe that one person gave the fever to another; but as long as his neighbours thought so, he would not ask them to do what might make them afraid. Then there was a settling what hours should be appointed for worship at the crag; and the mourners came trooping down into the hollow, with brightened eyes, and freshened faces, and altogether much less like mourners than when they went up.

Before night, Mr. Kirby had visited every sick person in the place, in company with the doctor. The poor doctor would hardly have ventured to go his round

without the assistance of some novelty that might divert the attention of the people from his atrocities. Mr. Kirby did not attempt to get rid of the subject. He told the discontented, to their faces, that the doctor knew his business better than they did; and bade them remember that it was not the doctor but themselves that had set fire to spirits of wine, or something of that sort, in the middle of the street, whereby a woman was in imminent danger of being burnt to death; and that their outrage on the good fame and property of a gentleman who had worn himself dead with fatigue and anxiety on their account might yet cost them very dear, if it were not understood that they were so oppressed with sorrow and want that they did not know what they were about. His consultations with the doctor from house to house, and his evident deference to him in regard to matters of health and sickness, wrought a great change in a few hours; and the effect was prodigiously increased when Mrs. Kirby, herself a surgeon's daughter, and no stranger in a surgery, offered her daily assistance in making up the medicines, and administering such as might be misused by those who could not read the labels.

"That is what the Good Lady does, when she can get out at the right time," observed some one; "but now poor Jem is down, and his mother hardly up again yet, it is not every day, as she says, that she can go so far out of call."

"Who is this Good Lady?" inquired Mr. Kirby. "I have been hardly twenty-four hours in this place, and I seem to have heard her name fifty times; and yet nobody seems able to say who she is."

"She almost overpowers their faculties, I believe," replied the doctor; "and, indeed, it is not very easy to look upon her as upon any other young lady. It comes easier to one's tongue to call her an angel than to introduce her as Miss Mary Pickard, from America."

When he had told what he knew of her, the Kirbys said, in the same breath,

"Let us go and see her." And the doctor showed them the way to Widow Johnson's, where poor Jem was languishing, in that state which is so affecting to witness, when he who has no intellect seems to have more power of patience than he who has most. The visitors arrived at a critical moment, however, when poor Jem's distress was very great, and his mother's hardly less. There lay the Good Lady on the ground, doubled up in a strange sort of way; Mrs. Johnson trying to go to her, but unable; and Jem, on his bed in the closet within, crying because something was clearly the matter.

"What's to do now?" exclaimed the doctor.

Mary laughed as she answered, "O nothing, but that I can't get up. I don't know how I fell, and I can't get up. But it is mere fatigue — want of sleep. Do con-

vince Auntie that I have not got the fever."

"Let's see," said the doctor. Then, after a short study of his new patient, he assured Mrs. Johnson that he saw no signs of fever about her niece. She had had enough of nursing for the present, and now she must have rest.

"That is just it," said Mary. "If somebody will put something under me here, and just let me sleep for a few days, I shall do very well."

"Not there, Miss Pickard," said Mrs. Kirby, "you must be brought to our house, where everything will be quiet about you; and then you may sleep on till Christmas, if you will."

Mary felt the kindness; but she evidently preferred remaining where she was; and, with due consideration, she was indulged. She did not wish to be carried through the street, so that the people might see that the Good Lady was down at last; and besides, she felt as if she should die by the way, though really believing she should do very well if only let alone. She was allowed to order things just as she liked. A mattress was put under her, on the floor. Ann Warrender came and undressed her, lifting her limbs as if she was an infant, for she could not move them herself; and daily was she refreshed, as she had taught others to refresh those who cannot move from their beds. Every morning the doctor came, and agreed with her that there

was nothing in the world the matter with her; that she had only to lie still till she felt the wish to get up; and every day came Mrs. Kirby to take a look at her, if her eyes were closed: and if she was able to talk and listen, to tell her how the sick were faring, and what were the prospects of Bleaburn. After these visits, something good was often found near the pillow; some firm jelly, or particularly pure arrow-root, or the like; odd things to be dropped by the fairies; but Mrs. Kirby said the neighbours liked to think that the Good Lady was waited on by the Good People.

Another odd thing was, that for several days Mary could not sleep at all. She would have liked it, and she needed it extremely, and the window curtain was drawn, and everybody was very quiet, and even poor Jem caught the trick of quietness, and lay immoveable for hours, when the door of his closet was open, watching to see her sleep. But she could not. She felt, what was indeed true, that Aunt's large black eyes were for ever fixed upon her; and she could not but be aware that the matter of the very first public concern in Bleaburn was, that she should go to sleep; and this was enough to prevent it. At last, when people were getting frightened, and even the doctor told Mr. Kirby that he should be glad to correct this insomnolence, the news went softly along the street one day, told in whispers even at the further end, that the

Good Lady was asleep. The children were warned that they must keep within doors, or go up to the brow to play; there must be no noise in the hollow. The dogs were not allowed to bark, nor the ducks to quack; and Farmer Neale's carts were, on no account, to go below the Plough and Harrow. The patience of all persons who liked to make a noise was tried and proved, for nobody broke the rule; and when Mary once began sleeping, it seemed as if she would never stop. She could hardly keep awake to eat, or to be washed; and, as for having her hair brushed, that is always drowsy work, and she could never look before her for two minutes together while it was done. She thought it all very ridiculous, and laughed at her own laziness, and then, before the smile was off her lips, she had sunk on her pillow and was asleep again.

PART III.

CHAPTER VII.

It was a regular business now for three or four of the boys of Bleaburn to go up to the brow every morning to bring down the stores from O—, which were daily left there under the care of the watch. Mr. Kirby had great influence already with the boys of Bleaburn. He found plenty for them to do, and, when they were very hungry with running about, he gave them wholesome food to satisfy their healthy appetite. He said, he and Mrs. Kirby and the

doctor worked hard, and they could not let anybody be idle but those who were ill: and, now that the regular work and wages of the place were suspended, he arranged matters after his own sense of the needs of the people. The boys who survived and were in health, formed a sort of regiment under his orders, and they certainly never liked work so well before. Every little fellow felt his own consequence, and was aware of his own responsibility. A certain number, as has been said, went up to the brow to bring down the stores. A certain number were to succeed each other at the doctor's door, from hour to hour, to carry medicines, that the sick might neither be kept waiting, nor be liable to be served with the wrong medicine, from too many sorts being carried in a basket together. Others attended upon Warrender, with pail and brush, and helped him with his lime-washing. At first it was difficult, as has been said, to induce the lads to volunteer for this service, and Mr. Kirby directed much argument and persuasion towards their supposed fear of entering the cottages where people were lying sick. This was not the reason, however, as Warrender explained, with downcast eyes, when Mr. Kirby wondered what ailed the lads, that they ran all sorts of dangers all day long, and shirked this one.

"T is not the danger, I fancy, Sir," said Warrender; "they are not so much afraid of the fever as

of going with me, I'm sorry to say."

"Afraid of you!" said Mr. Kirby, laughing. "What harm could you do them?"

"T is my temper, Sir, I'm afraid."

"What is the matter with your temper? I see nothing amiss with it."

"And I hope you never may, Sir: but I can't answer for myself, though at this moment I know the folly of such passion as these lads have seen in me. Sir, it has been my way to be violent with them; and I don't wonder they slink away from me. But —"

"I am really quite surprised," said Mr. Kirby. "This is all news to me. I should have said you were a remarkably staid, quiet, persevering man; and, I am sure, very kind-hearted."

"You have seen us all at such a time, you know, Sir! It is not only the misfortunes of the time that sober us, but when there is so much to do for one's neighbours, one's mind does not want to be in a passion — so to speak."

"Very true. The best part of us is roused, and puts down the worse. I quite agree with you, Warrender."

The boys were not long in learning that there was nothing now to fear from Warrender. No one was sent staggering from a box on the ear. No hair was ever pulled; nor was any boy ever shaken in his jacket. Instead of doing such things, Warrender made companions of his young assistants,

taught them to do well whatever they put their hands to, and made them willing and happy. While two or three thus waited on him, others carried home the clean linen that his daughter and a neighbour or two were frequently ready to send out: and they daily changed the water in the tubs where the foul linen was deposited. Others, again, swept and washed down the long steep street, making it look almost as clean as if it belonged to a Dutch village. After the autumn pig-killing, there were few or no more pigs. The poor sufferers could not attend to them; could not afford, indeed, to buy them; and had scarcely any food to give them. Though this was a token of poverty, it was hardly to be lamented in itself, under the circumstances; for there is no foulness whatever, no nastiness that is to be found among the abodes of men, so dangerous to health as that of pig-styes. There is mismanagement in this. People take for granted that the pig is a dirty animal, and give him no chance of being clean; whereas, if they would try the experiment of keeping his house swept, and putting his food always in one place, and washing him with soap and water once a week, they would find that he knows how to keep his pavement clean, and that he runs grunting to meet his washing with a satisfaction not to be mistaken. Such was the conclusion of the boys who undertook the purification of the two or three pigs that remained in Bleaburn. As

for the empty styes, they were cleaner than many of the cottages. After a conversation with Mr. Kirby, Farmer Neale bought all the dirt-heaps for manure; and in a few days they were all trundled away in barrows — even to the stable-manure from the Plough and Harrow — and heaped together at the farm, and well shut down with a casing of earth, beat firm with spades. Boys really like such work as this, when they are put upon it in the right way. They were less dirty than they would have been with tumbling about and quarrelling and cuffing in the filthy street; in a finer glow of exercise; with a more wholesome appetite; and far more satisfaction in eating, because they had earned their food. Moreover, they began to feel themselves little friends of the grown people — of Mr. and Mrs. Kirby, and the Doctor, and the Warrenders — instead of a sort of reptiles, or other plague; and Mr. Kirby astonished them so by a bit of amusement now and then, when he had time, that they would have called him a conjuror, if he had not been a clergyman. He made a star — any star they pleased — as large as the comet, just by making them look at it through a tube; and he showed them how he took a drop of foul water from a stinking pool, and put it between glasses in a hole in his window-shutter; and how the drop became like a pond, and was found to be swarming with loathsome live creatures, swimming about, and trying to swallow each

other. After these exhibitions, it is true the comet seemed much less wonderful and terrible than before; but then the drop of water was infinitely more so. The lads studied Mr. Kirby's cistern — so carefully covered, and so regularly cleaned out; and they learned how the water he drank at dinner was filtered; and then they went and scoured out the few water-tubs there were in the village, and consulted their neighbours as to how the public of Bleaburn could be persuaded not to throw filth and refuse into the stream at the upper part, defiling it for those who lived lower down.

One morning at the beginning of December — on such a morning as was now sadly frequent, drizzly, and far too warm for the season — the lads who went up to the brow saw the same sight that had been visible in the same place one evening in the preceding August. There was a chaise, and an anxious post-boy, and a lady talking with one of the cordon. Mr. Kirby had learned what friends Mary Pickard had in England, and which of them lived nearest, and he had taken the liberty of writing to declare the condition of the Good Lady. His letter brought the friend, Mrs. Henderson, who came charged with affectionate messages to Mary from her young daughters, and a fixed determination not to return without the invalid.

"To think," as she said to Mary when she appeared by the side of her mattress, "that you should be

in England, suffering in this way, and we not have any idea what you were going through!"

Mary smiled, and said she had gone through nothing terrible on her own account. She might have been at Mr. Kirby's for three weeks past, but that she really preferred being where she was.

"Do not ask her now, Madam, where she likes to be," said Mr. Kirby, who had been brought down the street by the bustle of a stranger's arrival. "Do not consult her at all, but take her away, and nurse her well."

"Yes," said the doctor; "lay her in a good air, and let her sleep, and feed her well; and she will soon come round. She is better — even here."

"Madam," said Widow Johnson's feeble but steady voice, "be to her what she has been to us; raise her up to what she was when I first heard her step upon those stairs, and we shall say you deserve to be her friend."

"You will go, will not you?" whispered Mrs. Kirby to Mary. "You will let us manage it all for you?"

"Do what you please with me," was the reply. "You know best how to get me well soonest. Only let me tell Auntie that I will come again, as soon as I am able."

"Better not," said the prudent Mrs. Kirby. "There is no saying what may be the condition of this place by the spring. And it might keep Mrs. Johnson in a state of expectation not fit for one so feeble. Better not."

"Very well," said Mary.

Mrs. Kirby thought of something that her husband had said of Mary; that he had never seen any one with such power of will and command so docile. She merely promised her aunt frequent news of her; agreed with those who doubted whether she could bear the jolting of any kind of carriage on the road up to the brow; admitted that, though she could now stand, she could not walk across the room; allowed herself to be carried on her mattress in a carpet, by four men, up to the chaise; and nodded in reply to a remark made by one little girl to another in the street, and which the doctor wished she had not heard, that she looked "rarely bad."

The landlady at O — seemed, by her countenance, to have much the same opinion of Mary's looks, when she herself brought out the glass of wine, for which Mrs. Henderson stopped her chaise at the door of the Cross Keys. The landlady brought it herself, because none of her people would give as much as a glass of cold water, hand to hand with any one who came from Bleaburn. The landlady stood shaking her head, and saying she had done the best she could; she had warned the young lady in time.

"But you were quite out in your warning," said Mary. "You were sure I should have the fever: but I have not."

"You have not!"

"I have had no disease — no

complaint whatever. I am only weak from fatigue."

"It is quite true," said Mrs. Henderson, as the hostess turned to her for confirmation. "Good wine like this, the fresh air of our moors, and the easy sleep that comes to Good Ladies like her, are the only medicines she wants."

The landlady curtsied low — said the payment made should supply a glass of wine to somebody at Bleaburn, and bade the driver proceed. After a mile or two, he turned his head, touched his hat, and directed the ladies' attention to a bottle of wine, with loosened cork, and a cup which the hostess had contrived to smuggle into the pocket of the chaise. She was sure the young lady would want some wine before they stopped.

"How kind every body is!" said Mary, with swimming eyes. Mrs. Henderson cleared her throat, and looked out of the window on her side.

YOUNG RUSSIA.

CERTAIN social theorists have, of late years, proclaimed themselves to the puzzled public under the name and signification of "Young." Young France, Young Germany, and Young England have had their day, and having now grown older, and by consequence wiser, are comparatively mute. In accordance with what seems a natural law, it is only when a fashion is being forgotten

where it originated — in the west — that it reaches Russia, which rigidly keeps a century or so behind the rest of the Continent. It is only recently, therefore, that we hear of "Young Russia."

The main principles of all these national youths are alike. They are pleasingly picturesque — simperingly amiable; with a pretty and piquant dash of paradox. What they propose is not new birth, or dashing out into new systems, and taking advantage of new ideas; but reverting to old systems, and furbishing them up so as to look as good as new. Rejuvenescence is their aim; the middle ages their motto. Young England, to wit, desires to replace things as they were in the days of the pack-horse, the thumb-screw, the monastery, the ducking-stool, the knight errant, trial by battle, and the donjon-keep. To these he wishes to apply all possible modern improvements, to adapt them to present ideas, and to present events. Though he would have no objection to his mailed knight travelling per first-class railway, he would abolish luggage-trains to encourage intestine trade and the breed of that noble animal the pack-horse. He has indeed done something in the monastic line; but his efforts for the dissemination of superstition, and his denunciations of a certain sort of witchcraft, have signally failed. In truth, the task he has set himself — that of re-constructing society anew out of old materials — though highly archæological, his-

torical, and poetic, has the fatal disadvantage of being simply impossible. It is telling the people of the nineteenth century to carry their minds, habits, and sentiments back, so as to become people of the thirteenth century; it is trying to make new muslin out of mummy cloth, or razors out of rusty nails.

"Young Russia" is an equal absurdity, but from a precisely opposite cause; for, indeed, this sort of youth out of age is a series of paradoxes. The Russian of the present day is the Russian of past ages. He exists by rule — the rule of despotism — which is as old as the Medes and Persians; and which forces him into an iron mould that shapes his appearance, his mind, and his actions, to one pattern, from one generation to another. Hence everything that lives and breathes in Russia being antique, there is no appreciable antiquity. The new school, therefore — even if amateur politics were allowable in Russia, which they are not, as a large population of exiles in Siberia can testify — has no materials to work upon. Stagnation is the political law, and Young Russia dies in its babyhood for want of sustenance. What goes by the name of civilisation, is no advance in wealth, morals, or social happiness. It is merely a tinsel coating over the rottenness and rust with which Russian life is "sicklied o'er." It has nothing to do with a single soul below the rank of a noble; and with him it means champagne, bad pictures, Parisian tailors, operas, gaming,

and other expenses and elegancies imported from the West. Hundreds of provincial noblemen are ruined every year in St. Petersburg, in undergoing this process of civilisation. The fortunes thus wasted are enormous; yet there is only one railroad now in operation throughout the whole empire, and that belongs to the Emperor, and leads to one of his palaces a few miles from the Capital. Such is Russian civilisation. What then is Young Russia to do? Ask one of its youngest apostles, Ivan Vasilievitch.

This young gentleman — for an introduction to whom we are indebted to Count Sollogub — was, not long ago, parading the Iverskoy boulevard — one of the thirteen which half encircle Moscow — when he met a neighbour from the province of Kazan. Ivan had lately returned from abroad. He was a perfect specimen of the new school, inside and out. Within, he had imbibed all the ideas of the juvenile or verdant schools of Germany, France, and England. Without, he displayed a London macintosh; his coat and trowsers had been designed and executed by Parisian artists; his hair was cut in the style of the middle ages; and his chin showed the remnants of a Vandyke beard. He also resembled the new school in another respect: he had spent all his money, yet he was separated from home by the distance of a long — a Russian — journey.

To meet with a neighbour — which he did — who travelled in

his own carriage, in which he offered a seat, was the height of good fortune. The more so, as Ivan wished to see as much of Russian life on the road as possible, and to note down his *impressions* in a journal, whose white leaves were as yet unsullied with ink. From the information he intended to collect, he intended to commence helping to reconstruct Russian society after the order of the new Russiaites.

The vehicle in which this great mission was to be performed, was a humble family affair called a *Tarantas*.* After a series of adventures — but which did not furnish Ivan a single *impression* for his note-book — they arrive at Vladimir, the capital of a province or “government.” Here the younger traveller meets with a friend, to whom he confides his intention of visiting all the other Government towns for “Young Russia” purposes. His friend’s reply is dispiriting to the last degree: —

“There is no difference between our government towns. See one, and you ’ll know them all!”

“Is it possible?”

“It is so, I assure you. Every one has a High-street; one principal shop, where the country gentlemen buy silks for their wives, and champagne for themselves; then there are the Courts of Jus-

* For further particulars of this comfortable conveyance, its occupants, and their adventures, we must refer the reader to Count Sollogub’s amusing little book, to which he has given the name of “The Tarantas.”

tice, the assembly-rooms, an apothecary's shop, a river, a square, a bazaar, two or three street-lamps, sentry-boxes for the watchmen, and the governor's house."

"The society, however, in the government towns must be different?"

"On the contrary. The society is still more uniform than the buildings."

"You astonish me: how is that?"

"Listen. There is, of course, in every government town a governor. These do not always resemble each other; but as soon as any one of them appears, police and secretaries immediately become active, merchants and tradesmen bow, and the gentry draw themselves up, with, however, some little awe. Wherever the governor goes, he is sure to find champagne, the wine so much patronised in the province, and everybody drinks a bumper to the health of the "*father of the province*." Governors generally are well-bred, and sometimes very proud. They like to give dinner parties, and benevolently condescend to play a game of whist with rich brandy-contractors and landowners."

"That's a common thing," remarked Ivan Vassilievitch.

"Do not interrupt me. Besides the governor, there is in nearly every government town the governor's lady. She is rather a peculiar personage. Generally brought up in one of the two capitals, and spoiled with the cringing attentions of her company. On

her husband's first entry into office, she is polite and affable; later, she begins to feel weary of the ordinary provincial intrigues and gossips; she gets accustomed to the slavish attentions she receives, and lays claim to them. At this period she surrounds herself with a parasitical suite; she quarrels with the lady of the vice-governor; she brags of St. Petersburg; speaks with disdain of her provincial circle, and finally draws upon herself the utmost universal ill-feeling, which is kept up till the day of her departure, when all goes into oblivion, everything is pardoned, and everybody bids her farewell with tears."

"Two persons do not form the whole society of a town," interrupted again Ivan Vassilievitch.

"Patience, brother, patience! Certainly there are other persons besides the two I have just spoken of: there is the vice-governor and his lady; several presidents, with their respective ladies, and an innumerable crowd of functionaries serving under their leadership. The ladies are ever quarrelling in words, whilst their husbands do the same thing upon foolscap. The presidents, for the most part, are men of advanced age and business-like habits, with great crosses hanging from their necks, and are during the daytime to be seen out of their courts only on holidays. The government attorney is generally a single man, and an enviable match. The superior officer of the *gens-d'armes* is a 'good fellow.' The nobility-

marshal a great sportsman. Besides the government and the local officers, there live in a government town stingy landowners, or those who have squandered away their property; they gamble from evening to morning, nay, from morning to evening too, without getting the least bit tired of their exercise."

"Now, about the mode of living?" asked Ivan Vassilievitch.

"The mode of living is a very dull one. An exchange of ceremonious visits. Intrigues, cards — cards, intrigues. Now and then, perchance, you may meet with a kind, hospitable family, but such a case is very rare; you much oftener find a ludicrous affectation to imitate the manners of an imaginary high life. There are no public amusements in a government town. During winter a series of balls are announced to take place at the Assembly-rooms; however, from an absurd primeness, these balls are little frequented, because no one wants to be the first in the room. The '*bon genre*' remains at home and plays whist. In general, I have remarked, that on arriving in a government town, it seems as if you were too early or too late for some extraordinary event. You are ever welcomed: 'What a pity you were not here yesterday!' or, 'You should stay here till tomorrow.'"

In process of time Ivan Vassilievitch and his good-natured fat companion, Vassily Ivanovitch, reach a borough town, where the

Tarantas breaks down. There is a tavern and here is a description of it.

"The tavern was like any other tavern, — a large wooden hut, with the usual out-buildings. At the entrance stood an empty cart. The staircase was crooked and shaky, and at the top of it, like a moving candelabrum, stood a waiter with a tallow candle in his hand. To the right was the tap-room, painted from time immemorial to imitate a grove. Tumblers, tea-pots, decanters, three silver and a great number of pewter spoons, adorned the shelves of a cupboard; a couple of lads in chintz shirts, with dirty napkins over their shoulders, busied themselves at the bar. Through an open door you saw in the next room a billiard table, and a hen gravely promenading upon it.

"Our travellers were conducted into the principal room of this elegant establishment, where they found, seated round a boiling tea-urn, three merchants, — one grey-haired, one red-haired, and one dark-haired. Each of these was armed with a steaming tumbler; each of them sipped, smacked his lips, stroked his beard and sipped again the fragrant beverage.

"The red-haired man was saying:—

"I made, last summer, a splendid bargain: I had bought from a company of Samara-Tartars, some five hundred bags of prime quality, and had at the same time a

similar quantity, which I purchased from a nobleman who was in want of money, but such dreadful stuff it was, that if it had not been for the very low price, I would never have thought of looking at it. What did I do? I mixed these two cargoes, and sold the whole lot to a brandy-contractor at Ribna, for prime quality."

"It was a clever speculation," remarked the dark-haired.

"A commercial trick!" added the grey-haired.

"Whilst this conversation was proceeding, Vassily Ivanovitsch and Ivan Vassilievitsch had taken seats at a separate little table; they had ordered their tea, and were listening to what the three merchants were saying.

"A poor looking fellow came in and took from his breast-pocket an incredibly dirty sheet of paper, in which were wrapped up bank-notes and some gold, and handed it over to the grey-haired merchant, who, having counted them over, said:

"Five thousand, two hundred and seventeen roubles. Is it right?"

"Quite right, Sir."

"It shall be delivered according to your wish."

"Ivan asked why the sender had not taken a receipt?

"The red and dark-haired merchants burst out laughing; the grey-haired got into a passion.

"A receipt!" he cried out furiously, "a receipt! I would have broken his jaw with his own money had he dared to ask me for a

receipt. I have been a merchant now more than fifty years, and I have never yet been insulted by being asked to give a receipt."

"You see, Sir," said the red-haired merchant, "it is only with noblemen that such things as receipts and bills of exchange exist. We commercial people do not make use of them. Our simple word suffices. We have no time to spare for writing. For instance, Sir: here is Sidor Avdeievitsch, who has millions of roubles in his trade, and his whole writing consists of a few scraps of paper, for memory's sake, Sir."

"I don't understand that," interrupted Ivan Vassilievitsch.

"How could you, Sir? It is mere commercial business, without plan or *façade*. We ourselves learn it from our childhood: first as errand-boys, then as clerks, till we become partners in the business. I confess it is hard work."

Upon this text Ivan preaches a "Young Russia discourse."

"Allow me a few words," he said with fervour. "It appears to me that we have in Russia a great number of persons buying and selling, but yet, I must say, we have no systematic commerce. For commerce, science and learning are indispensable; a conflux of civilised men, clever mathematical calculations — but not, as seems to be the case with you, dependence upon mere chance. You earn millions, because you convert the consumer into a victim, against whom every kind of cheat is pardonable, and then you lay by

farthing by farthing, refusing yourselves not only all the enjoyments of life, but even the most necessary comforts. . . . You brag of your threadbare clothes; but surely this extreme parsimony is a thousand times more blameable than the opposite prodigality of those of your comrades who spend their time amongst gipsies, and their money in feasting. You boast of your ignorance, because you do not know what civilisation is. Civilisation, according to your notions, consists in shorter laps of a coat, foreign furniture, bronzes, and champagne — in a word, in outward trifles and silly customs. Trust me, not such is civilisation. . . . Unite yourselves! Be it your vocation to lay open all the hidden riches of our great country; to diffuse life and vigour into all its veins; to take the whole management of its material interests into your hands. Unite your endeavours in this beautiful deed, and you may be certain of success! Why should Russia be worse than England? Comprehend only your calling; let the beam of civilisation fall upon you, and your love for your fatherland will strengthen such a union; and you will see that not only the whole of Russia, but even the whole world will be in your hands."

"At this eloquent conclusion, the red and the dark-haired merchants opened wide their eyes. They, of course, did not understand a single word of Ivan Vasilievitch's speech."

"Alas, for Young Russia,"

Ivan dolefully remarks in another place; —

"I thought to study life in the provinces: there is no life in the provinces: every one there is said to be of the same cut. Life in the capitals is not a Russian life, but a weak imitation of the petty perfections and gross vices of modern civilisation. Where am I then to find Russia? In the lower classes, perhaps, in the every-day life of the Russian peasant? But have I not been now for five days chiefly amongst this class? I prick up my ears and listen; I open wide my eyes and look, and do what I may, I find not the least trifle worth noting in my '*Impressions*.' The country is dead; there is nothing but land, land, land; so much land, indeed, that my eyes get tired of looking at it; a dreadful road — waggons of goods, swearing carriers, drunken stage-inspectors; beetles creeping on every wall; soups with the smell of tallow-candles! How is it possible for any respectable person to occupy himself with such nasty stuff? And what is yet more provoking, is the doleful uniformity which tires you so much, and affords you no rest whatever. Nothing new, nothing unexpected! To-morrow what has been to-day; to-day what has been yesterday. Here, a post-stage, there again a post-stage, and further the same post-stage again; here, a village-elder asking for drink-money, and again to infinity village-elders all asking for drink-money. What can I write? I begin to agree with

Vassily Ivanovitch; he is right in saying that we do not travel, and that there is no travelling in Russia. We simply are going to Mordassy. Alas! for my '*Impressions*.'

Whoever wants to know more of this amusing Young Russian, must consult "*The Tarantas*." We can assure the reader that the book is fraught with a store of amusement — chiefly descriptions of town and country life in Russia — not often compressed into the modest and inexpensive compass of a thin duodecimo.

OLD LAMPS FOR NEW ONES.

THE Magician in "*Aladdin*" may possibly have neglected the study of men, for the study of alchemical books; but it is certain that in spite of his profession he was no conjuror. He knew nothing of human nature, or the everlasting set of the current of human affairs. If, when he fraudulently sought to obtain possession of the wonderful Lamp, and went up and down, disguised, before the flying-palace, crying New Lamps for Old ones, he had reversed his cry, and made it Old Lamps for New ones, he would have been so far before his time as to have projected himself into the nineteenth century of our Christian Era.

This age is so perverse, and is so very short of faith — in consequence, as some suppose, of there having been a run on that bank for

a few generations — that a parallel and beautiful idea, generally known among the ignorant as the Young England hallucination, unhappily expired before it could run alone, to the great grief of a small but a very select circle of mourners. There is something so fascinating, to a mind capable of any serious reflection, in the notion of ignoring all that has been done for the happiness and elevation of mankind during three or four centuries of slow and dearly-bought amelioration, that we have always thought it would tend soundly to the improvement of the general public, if any tangible symbol, any outward and visible sign, expressive of that admirable conception, could be held up before them. We are happy to have found such a sign at last; and although it would make a very indifferent sign, indeed, in the Licensed Victualling sense of the word, and would probably be rejected with contempt and horror by any Christian publican, it has our warmest philosophical appreciation.

In the fifteenth century, a certain feeble lamp of art arose in the Italian town of Urbino. This poor light, Raphael Sanzio by name, better known to a few miserably mistaken wretches in these later days, as Raphael (another burned at the same time, called Titian), was fed with a preposterous idea of Beauty — with a ridiculous power of etherealising, and exalting to the very Heaven of Heavens, what was most sublime and lovely in the expression of the human

face divine on Earth — with the truly contemptible conceit of finding in poor humanity the fallen likeness of the angels of God, and raising it up again to their pure spiritual condition. This very fantastic whim effected a low revolution in Art, in this wise, that Beauty came to be regarded as one of its indispensable elements. In this very poor delusion, Artists have continued until this present nineteenth century, when it was reserved for some bold aspirants to “put it down.”

The Pre-Raphael Brotherhood, Ladies and Gentlemen, is the dread Tribunal which is to set this matter right. Walk up, walk up; and here, conspicuous on the wall of the Royal Academy of Art in England, in the eighty-second year of their annual exhibition, you shall see what this new Holy Brotherhood, this terrible Police that is to disperse all Post-Raphael offenders, has “been and done!”

You come — in this Royal Academy Exhibition, which is familiar with the works of WILKIE, COLLINS, ETTY, EASTLAKE, MULLER, LESLIE, MACLISE, TURNER, STANFIELD, LANDSEER, ROBERTS, DANBY, CRESWICK, LEE, WEBSTER, HERBERT, DYCE, COPE, and others who would have been renowned as great masters in any age or country — you come, in this place, to the contemplation of a Holy Family. You will have the goodness to discharge from your minds all Post-Raphael ideas, all religious aspirations, all elevating thoughts; all tender, awful,

sorrowful, ennobling, sacred, graceful, or beautiful associations; and to prepare yourselves, as befits such a subject — Pre-Raphaelly considered — for the lowest depths of what is mean, odious, repulsive, and revolting.

You behold the interior of a carpenter's shop. In the foreground of that carpenter's shop is a hideous, wry-necked, blubbering, red-headed boy, in a bed-gown; who appears to have received a poke in the hand, from the stick of another boy with whom he has been playing in an adjacent gutter, and to be holding it up for the contemplation of a kneeling woman, so horrible in her ugliness, that (supposing it were possible for any human creature to exist for a moment with that dislocated throat) she would stand out from the rest of the company as a Monster, in the vilest cabaret in France, or the lowest gin-shop in England. Two almost naked carpenters, master and journeyman, worthy companions of this agreeable female, are working at their trade; a boy, with some small flavor of humanity in him, is entering with a vessel of water; and nobody is paying any attention to a snuffy old woman who seems to have mistaken that shop for the tobaccoist's next door, and to be hopelessly waiting at the counter to be served with half an ounce of her favourite mixture. Wherever it is possible to express ugliness of feature, limb, or attitude, you have it expressed. Such men as the carpenters might be undressed

in any hospital where dirty drunks, in a high state of varicose veins, are received. Their very toes have walked out of Saint Giles's.

This, in the nineteenth century, and in the eighty-second year of the annual exhibition of the National Academy of Art, is the Pre-Raphael representation to us, Ladies and Gentlemen, of the most solemn passage which our minds can ever approach. This, in the nineteenth century, and in the eighty-second year of the annual exhibition of the National Academy of Art, is what Pre-Raphael Art can do to render reverence and homage to the faith in which we live and die! Consider this picture well. Consider the pleasure we should have in a similar Pre-Raphael rendering of a favourite horse, or dog, or cat; and, coming fresh from a pretty considerable turmoil about "desecration" in connexion with the National Post Office, let us extol this great achievement, and commend the National Academy!

In further considering this symbol of the great retrogressive principle, it is particularly gratifying to observe that such objects as the shavings which are strewn on the carpenter's floor are admirably painted; and that the Pre-Raphael Brother is indisputably accomplished in the manipulation of his art. It is gratifying to observe this, because the fact involves no low effort at notoriety; everybody knowing that it is by no means

easier to call attention to a very indifferent pig with five legs, than to a symmetrical pig with four. Also, because it is good to know that the National Academy thoroughly feels and comprehends the high range and exalted purposes of Art; distinctly perceives that Art includes something more than the faithful portraiture of shavings, or the skilful colouring of drapery — imperatively requires, in short, that it shall be informed with mind and sentiment; will on no account reduce it to a narrow question of trade-juggling with a palette, palette-knife, and paint-box. It is likewise pleasing to reflect that the great educational establishment foresees the difficulty into which it would be led, by attaching greater weight to mere handicraft, than to any other consideration—even to considerations of common reverence or decency; which absurd principle, in the event of a skilful painter of the figure becoming a very little more perverted in his taste, than certain skilful painters are just now, might place Her Gracious Majesty in a very painful position, one of these fine Private View Days.

Would it were in our power to congratulate our readers on the hopeful prospects the great retrogressive principle, of which this thoughtful picture is the sign and emblem! Would that we could give our readers encouraging assurance of a healthy demand for Old Lamps in exchange for New ones, and a steady improvement in the Old Lamp Market! The

perversity of mankind is such, and the untoward arrangements of Providence are such, that we cannot lay that flattering unction to their souls. We can only report what Brotherhoods, stimulated by this sign, are forming; and what opportunities will be presented to the people, if the people will but accept them.

In the first place, the Pre-Perspective Brotherhood will be presently incorporated, for the subversion of all known rules and principles of perspective. It is intended to swear every P. P. B. to a solemn renunciation of the art of perspective on a soup-plate of the willow pattern; and we may expect, on the occasion of the eighty-third Annual Exhibition of the Royal Academy of Art in England, to see some pictures by this pious Brotherhood, realising HOGARTH's idea of a man on a mountain several miles off, lighting his pipe at the upper window of a house in the foreground. But we are informed that every brick in the house will be a portrait; that the man's boots will be copied with the utmost fidelity from a pair of Bluchers, sent up out of Northamptonshire for the purpose; and that the texture of his hands (including four chilblains, a whitlow, and ten dirty nails) will be a triumph of the Painter's art.

A Society, to be called the Pre-Newtonian Brotherhood, was lately projected by a young gentleman, under articles to a Civil Engineer, who objected to being

considered bound to conduct himself according to the laws of gravitation. But this young gentleman, being reproached by some aspiring companions with the timidity of his conception, has abrogated that idea in favour of a Pre-Galileo Brotherhood now flourishing, who distinctly refuse to perform any annual revolution round the Sun, and have arranged that the world shall not do so any more. The course to be taken by the Royal Academy of Art in reference to this Brotherhood is not yet decided upon; but it is whispered that some other large Educational Institutions in the neighbourhood of Oxford are nearly ready to pronounce in favour of it.

Several promising Students connected with the Royal College of Surgeons have held a meeting, to protest against the circulation of the blood, and to pledge themselves to treat all the patients they can get, on principles condemnatory of that innovation. A Pre-Harvey-Brotherhood is the result, from which a great deal may be expected — by the undertakers.

In literature, a very spirited effort has been made, which is no less than the formation of a P. G. A. P. C. B., or Pre-Gower and Pre-Chaucer-Brotherhood, for the restoration of the ancient English style of spelling, and the weeding out from all libraries, public and private, of those and all later pretenders, particularly a person of loose character named SHAKE-

SPEARE. It having been suggested, however, that this happy idea could scarcely be considered complete while the art of printing was permitted to remain unmolested, another society, under the name of the Pre-Laurentius Brotherhood, has been established in connexion with it, for the abolition of all but manuscript books. These **MR. PUGIN** has engaged to supply, in characters that nobody on earth shall be able to read. And it is confidently expected by those who have seen the House of Lords, that he will faithfully redeem his pledge.

In Music, a retrogressive step, in which there is much hope, has been taken. The **P. A. B.**, or Pre-Agincourt Brotherhood has arisen, nobly devoted to consign to oblivion Mozart, Beethoven, Handel, and every other such ridiculous reputation, and to fix its Millennium (as its name implies) before the date of the first regular musical composition known to have been achieved in England. As this Institution has not yet commenced active operations, it remains to be seen whether the Royal Academy of Music will be a worthy sister of the Royal Academy of Art, and admit this enterprising body to its orchestra. We have it on the best authority, that its compositions will be quite as rough and discordant as the real old original — that it will be, in a word, exactly suited to the pictorial Art we have endeavoured to describe. We have strong hopes, therefore, that the Royal Academy

of Music, not wanting an example, may not want courage.

The regulation of social matters, as separated from the Fine Arts, has been undertaken by the Pre-Henry-the-Seventh Brotherhood, who date from the same period as the Pre-Raphael Brotherhood. This society, as cancelling all the advances of nearly four hundred years, and reverting to one of the most disagreeable periods of English History, when the Nation was yet very slowly emerging from barbarism, and when gentle female foreigners, come over to be the wives of Scottish Kings, wept bitterly (as well they might) at being left alone among the savage Court, must be regarded with peculiar favour. As the time of ugly religious caricatures (called mysteries), it is thoroughly Pre-Raphael in its spirit; and may be deemed the twin brother to that great society. We should be certain of the Plague among many other advantages, if this Brotherhood were properly encouraged.

All these Brotherhoods, and any other society of the like kind, now in being or yet to be, have at once a guiding star, and a reduction of their great ideas to something palpable and obvious to the senses, in the sign to which we take the liberty of directing their attention. We understand that it is in the contemplation of each Society to become possessed, with all convenient speed, of a collection of such pictures; and that once, every year, to wit upon the first of April, the whole intend

to amalgamate in a high festival, to be called the Convocation of Eternal Boobies.

SAVINGS' BANK DEFALCATIONS.

It is exactly fifty years ago since the clergyman of a little town in Bucks circulated among the poorer part of his parishioners a proposal, which excited the ridicule of many and the apprehension of not a few. "If any inhabitant of Wendover chooses," said he, "to entrust me with any amount of his savings, in sums of not less than twopence at a time, I shall be happy to receive the money, and to repay the sum to him next Christmas, with an addition of one-third upon the amount of his deposit." It was some time before the population of Wendover could be brought to understand the value of the proposal; but it was still longer before its universal application became appreciated. Five years elapsed ere any similar institution rose into existence: then a "Charitable Bank" was opened at Tottenham, by a lady named Priscilla Wakefield, assisted by six gentlemen, who undertook from their private purses to allow five per cent. interest on the deposits. Three years passed, and another society upon the same principle was formed at Bath. After this, the eyes of the public began to be opened; and by 1816, there were established in England seventy different Savings' Banks;

whilst Wales boasted of four, and Ireland of five. At present the number of Savings' Banks in operation in Great Britain, is five hundred and eighty-four. Those doing the largest amount of business are of course in London; and some idea may be formed of the magnitude of their transactions, when it is stated that the St. Martin's Bank, near Trafalgar Square, alone, has on its books at present, forty thousand depositors, whose investments amount to upwards of a million and a quarter sterling. Since this establishment was first commenced in 1816, it has opened one hundred and seventy-three thousand accounts for nearly eight millions of money. The bank which approaches the nearest to the St. Martin's Bank in magnitude, is the Bishopsgate Bank in Moorfields. That bank has three-quarters of a million invested in it. The Bloomsbury Bank has half a million: the Marylebone Bank about 300,000*l*. There are banks as large as the last, at Newcastle, Nottingham, Norwich, Bristol, Hull, Devonport, Leeds, and Birmingham. The Liverpool and Manchester Banks have deposits of half a million each. In Exeter there is a bank with thirty-five thousand depositors, and half a million of money.

This immense amount of business is done at no very great cost. For the five hundred and eighty-four banks, there are altogether only eleven hundred and forty paid officers. The salaries of these officers amount to no more

than seventy-fivethousand pounds a-year; and they manage the business of more than a million of depositors, whose accounts exceed twenty-eight millions sterling—a sum equal to the capital of the Bank of England.

The mere fact of any institution having to deal with so enormous a capital, renders it one of great importance commercially. But when it is remembered that the vast aggregate is made up of small savings; and that additions to, or withdrawals from it, furnish a clue to the fluctuations between the prosperity and depression of the largest, most useful, and least wealthy among us—the thews and sinews of the nation—the administration and management of Savings' Banks cannot be too jealously watched.

Unhappily a painful interest has been lately imparted to the system by the abstraction of large sums by certain local managers; and by the discovery that to make these defalcations good, there exists no government liability. Indeed by law (the act of 1844) even the Trustees are not liable; but honour has always, as we shall see, proved with them stronger than the statute. A clear understanding of the actual connection of the State with Savings' Banks is of vital importance, not only to depositors, but to those who interest themselves in promoting the banking system among the humbler classes; a system, which, it may be safely affirmed, has hitherto proved of the utmost benefit

not only to the worldly prosperity, but to the morals of the working bees of our Great Hive.

Savings' Banks were first established from motives of benevolence. They soon, however, came to involve such great responsibility that the managers were anxious that the State should give them the benefit of its support. The State was nothing loth, for it saw the advantage of having such large amounts of money in possession. Accordingly, in 1817, there was opened at the National Debt Office, a "Fund for the Banks for Savings," and an act was passed compelling the Trustees to pay in their deposits to that Fund, receiving a debenture which bore interest at the rate of 4l. 10s. per cent.

The Government, therefore, is only responsible for the money *after* it is paid to the National Debt Office: it is not accountable for deficiencies arising in the course of Savings' Bank transactions, or from the embezzlement or mismanagement of local officers. Still depositors are seldom defrauded; for when such defaults have happened, the Trustees and Managers of the Bank concerned have stepped in to cover the deficiencies, except in a case which occurred in Wales in 1824, and in other instances subsequently in Ireland. In no one case, on the other hand, has the Government ever rendered assistance to the value of a farthing. Why, will be seen when the dealings between the local authorities of these banks and the National Debt Office are

explained. They are simply as follows: — The accumulated deposits of each Savings' Bank, are paid over to some neighbouring banker, or other person, who acts gratuitously as treasurer. The treasurer pays the money, by check or otherwise, to the National Debt Commissioners, who invest it in Exchequer Bills or Stock. At the end of the year they allow an interest upon the amount deposited. Out of this interest the Savings' Banks Trustees are authorised by law to pay interest to the depositors at the rate of not less than 2*l.* 15*s.*, nor more than 3*l.* 0*s.* 10*d.* per cent. per annum. The Banks vary in the precise rate; the average rate of interest afforded by all the Banks in the United Kingdom is 2*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.* Thus 7*s.* 6*d.* per cent. — which constitutes the difference between 2*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.* and the 3*l.* 5*s.* — forms the fund out of which is defrayed the charges of management.

In the majority of Banks, there is only one paid officer; but of course the number varies according to the amount of business. The St. Martin's Bank is the most complete establishment of the kind, and consists of sixteen persons. Some Banks have only one remunerated official. In every case, the National Debt Commissioners have power to make such regulations, under the Savings' Bank Act, as enforce each paid officer giving heavy security for his honesty.

It is of great consequence that the public should understand that

the defalcations which have of late caused some distrust in the stability of Savings' Banks, have not arisen from any defect of the great principles, but only in the details, and from the abuses of the system. They have happened chiefly in consequence of the culpably loose and irregular conduct of the local managers; but partly from the carelessness or ignorance of depositors. The chief manager of an Institution in default — as in the latest case which has come before the public — has left everything to the actuary or cashier, who did precisely as he pleased, and he is blamable for laxity. On the other hand, most of the monies of which depositors were plundered never passed through a Savings' Bank at all. They were paid to the Officers of the Banks at their own abodes, and these officers never gave any account of them to the Managers. The only way to stop this, is to make it criminal for any officer of a Bank to receive the money of any depositor, at any other time or place than at the Bank during the regular Bank hours. The fact is that there have rarely, if ever, hitherto been any *genuine* frauds upon Savings' Banks. The frauds have taken place upon irregular transactions out of doors. Hence it is that the National Debt Commissioners repudiate all liability to the depositors.

Against, however, the National Debt Office itself there is a very serious charge. As we have stated, it is bound to invest, in the

public securities, the monies paid over to them by the Trustees and Treasurers of Savings' Banks. It appears, from parliamentary returns, that at different periods the Commissioners have accumulated large sums of this money, and dealt with it in different classes of securities; although the necessities of Savings' Banks did not require any such operations. The result has been very unfortunate. The National Debt Commissioners appear, by their accounts, to have less stock by *two millions* of money, than the capital paid to them ought to represent. This glaring fact appears on the face of the public accounts. No explanation has ever been given; no reasons have ever been assigned. The belief is, that the operations by which the Savings' Banks fund so seriously suffered, were necessitated by the financial exigencies of government some years since. They commenced in 1834 and continued down to 1843, when they were discovered and checked by public opinion. As, then, for this amount the Government is responsible, the nation will be, ultimately, obliged to pay it up to the depositors.

But a calm review of these facts — startling as some of them are — should not essentially affect the stability of Savings' Banks, and alarm is comparatively groundless. Firstly, the defalcations of officers are generally made good by their sureties, or by the local trustees; and secondly, the deficiency of two millions is not likely

to be called for so suddenly as to inconvenience the public purse.

It is now necessary to point out how — to glance at the opposite page of the account — the law guards against frauds attempted by the public upon Savings' Banks. The only way in which they could be so abused, would be by attempts, on the part of the comparatively wealthy, to obtain a higher rate of interest, for investments, than they could get elsewhere. But an average interest, 2*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.* per cent. with a maximum of 3*l.* 0*s.* 10*d.*, would seem a sufficient bar to such deposits. But in order to guard against such a possibility, the law has enacted that no one person shall be permitted to deposit more than 30 *l.* in any one year, or more than 150 *l.* in the whole; and if his principal and interest together ever amounts to 200 *l.*, then the payment of all further interest is stopped. These restrictions are effectual in preserving Savings' Banks to the sole object of savings — the savings of the poor.

As regards actual frauds and attempts at fraud by the public, we have been obliged with the experience of the St. Martin's Bank, which very probably speaks for that of all the Savings' Banks in England: — "Since this Bank was instituted, in 1816," says our informant, "there have been only five attempts at fraud, by forgery of depositors' signatures, or otherwise. In two of those five cases the forgery was detected and no loss ensued. In the other three

cases the Bank sustained the loss which amounted in the whole to less than 50*l*. Attempts at personation seldom succeed, — nor are these always fraudulent; absent depositors are often consenting parties, in order to save themselves the trouble of attending personally. Such cases lead to dispute; but two such cases which have occurred here are rather curious. In 1847 a man married a female depositor, and induced her to withdraw the whole of her money (exceeding 100*l*.), of which having possessed himself, he abandoned her. Subsequently he deposited 90*l*., part of this money, in three different Savings' Banks, our own among the number. The wife having stated her case to us, we took advantage of the law which prohibited him from depositing in more than one Bank, and refused to allow him to withdraw. The case was referred; and the barrister appointed by act of Parliament to settle such questions awarded that, under the statute, the deposits were forfeited to the Commissioners of the National Debt. The Lords of the Treasury, upon the wife's memorial, ordered the restitution of the money to her, for her own separate use, free from her husband's control; and this arrangement we had the pleasure of carrying into effect. — The other case was equally singular. In 1848 the Painters' and Glaziers' Friendly Society had an account with us. They sought to eject one of the trustees of their fund from the

benefits of their Society, on the ground that on the '10th of April' he had acted as a Special Constable, contrary to the rule prohibiting him from 'voluntarily entering Her Majesty's service.' The trustee protested to us, and we objected to pay the Society's money without his signature to the order. Thereupon 'the Painters and Glaziers' caused the case to be referred, and the barrister awarded that the funds should not be transferred or withdrawn without the trustee's consent."

From the same quarter we ascertained, in reference to unclaimed money, a remarkable circumstance. The amount of unclaimed deposits in the St. Martin's Place Bank has of late decreased instead of increased. In 1842 the Bank held 10,800*l*., which had been unclaimed for seven years. In 1849, although its business had so amazingly augmented, the amount which had remained unclaimed for seven years was 9898*l*., or nearly 1000*l*. less. This is accounted for by the great pains taken to trace and summon the depositors and their representatives. It certainly is remarkable that out of transactions to the extent of more than eight and a half millions of money, only 9900*l*. should remain unclaimed.

From what we have stated on this subject it will be seen that although Savings' Banks are not on a satisfactory footing as between the Government and depositors, or as between the latter and the local managers; yet, on the whole,

the system is so well contrived, that no good reason has lately been revealed for the public to withdraw their confidence from them. The cure of the more glaring defects is now under the consideration of Government, and this paper will be best concluded by a sketch of the proposed remedy. The bill introduced by the Chancellor of the Exchequer deals with all the defects we have pointed out: perhaps it introduces some new ones, but these it will be purged of probably in Committee. One of the chief evils is that exemption from liability which was extended to trustees in 1844: and it is proposed, for wilful or neglectful losses, to restore this liability. These officers are now unpaid; and it is proposed to pay them, Government being responsible for their acts, and having the privilege of appointing. To prevent fraud, occasioned by the treasurer or actuary receiving monies at his own house, it is intended that the treasurer alone shall receive money, and that he shall attend at certain stated times for that purpose. A local banker is to fill the office, who will not be wholly unremunerated. For any other person than the treasurer to receive money as a savings' bank deposit, will be a misdemeanour. Daily accounts are to be rendered to the Commissioners of the National Debt; and those Commissioners will appoint auditors, who shall exercise a constant revision of the accounts, subject to supervision by special inspectors despatched

at discretion. These arrangements will necessarily entail greater expense, and to meet it, the rate of interest allowed to depositors, is to be reduced to 2l. 15s., and deposits limited to 100l. Above that amount, Government will either hold the money without interest, or, at the depositor's option, invest it in the funds free of charge.

THE SUMMER SABBATH.

THE woods my Church, to-day — my
 preacher boughs,
 Whispering high homilies through leafy
 tips;
 And worshippers, in every bee that sips
 Sweet cordial from the tiniest flower, that
 grows
 'Mid the young grass, and, in each bird,
 that dips
 Light pinions in the sunshine as it throws
 Gold showers upon green trees. All
 things around
 Are full of Prayer! The very blush which
 tips
 Yon snowy cloud, is bright with adora-
 tion!
 The grass breathes incense forth, and all
 the ground
 Is a wide altar; while the stillest sound
 Is vibrating with praise. No profanation
 Reaches the thoughts, while thus to ears
 and eyes
 Nature her music and her prayers supplies!

NEWSPAPER ANTECE- DENTS.

THOSE in whom the appetite for news on which we have already commented is very strong, must wonder how our forefathers existed without newspapers; for so it happened that the lieges of these

realms did get on very well without them up to the days of the first of the Stuarts. But although they had no printed newspapers, they could not and did not do without news; conveyed orally in the form of gossip, or by means of manuscript intelligencers. Friendly communications containing the gossip of the town for the enlightenment of cousins in the country are as old as pen and ink, and much older than paper; for many, still extant in the British Museum, were written on vellum. By-and-bye, the writing of such letters became a profession, and every country family of pretension could boast of "our own correspondent." These writers were generally disbanded military officers, younger sons very much "about town," and, not unfrequently, clergymen. Shirley in his "Love Tricks" draws the portrait of one of these antecedents of the present race of Editors.

"*Easparo*. I tell you, Sir, I have known a gentleman that has spent the best part of a thousand pounds while he was prentice to the trade in Holland, and out of three sheets of paper, which was his whole stock, (the pen and ink-horn he borrowed,) he set up shop, and spent a hundred pounds a-year. It has been a great profession. Marry, most commonly they are soldiers; a peace concluded is a great plague upon them, and if the wars hold we shall have store of them. Oh, they are men worthy of commendation. They speak in print.

"*Antonio*. Are they soldiers?

"*Eas*. Faith so they would be thought, though indeed they are but mongrels, not worthy of that noble attribute. They are indeed bastards, not sons of war and true soldiers, whose divine souls I honour, yet they may be called great spirits too,

for their valour is invisible; these, I say, will write you a battle in any part of Europe at an hour's warning, and yet never set foot out of a tavern; describe you towns, fortifications, leaders, the strength of the enemy, what confederates, every day's march. Not a soldier shall lose a hair, or have a bullet fly between his arms, but he shall have a page to wait on him in quarto. Nothing destroys them but want of a good memory, for if they escape contradiction they may be chronicled."

By the time James the First began to reign, this employment had so completely moulded itself into a regular craft, that news-writers set up offices and kept "emis-saries," or reporters, to bring them accounts of what was going on in various parts of the metropolis. These reports were sifted, collected, and arranged by the master of the office, or "Register," who acted as Editor. To Nathaniel Butter, a news-writer of that period, was the British public indebted for the first printed newspaper Ben Jonson in his "Staple of News" gives a vivid picture of Mr. Butter's office before he took to printing.

Enter Register and Nathaniel.

Reg. What, are those desks fit now?
Set forth the table,

The carpet and the chair; where are the
News

That were examined last? Have you filled
them up?

Nath. Not yet, I had no time.

Reg. Are those News registered
That emissary Buz sent in last night,
Of Spinola and his eggs?

Nath. Yes, Sir, and filed.

Reg. What are you now upon?

Nath. That our new emissary
Westminster gave us, of the golden heir.

Reg. Dispatch; that's news indeed
and of importance. —

Enter a Country-woman.

What would you have, good woman?

Woman. I would have, Sir,
A groat's-worth of any News, I care not
what,

To carry down this Saturday to our vicar.

Reg. O! you are a butter-woman; ask
Nathaniel,

The clerk there.

Nath. Sir, I tell her she must stay
Till emissary Exchange, or Paul's send in,
And then I'll fit her.

Reg. Do, good woman, have patience;
It is not now, as when the Captain lived;
You'll blast the reputation of the office,
Now in the bud, if you dispatch these
groats

So soon: let them attend in name of
policy.

To have served his gaping customers too quickly, would have seemed as though the News was made instead of being collected; so thought the Register.

Respecting the first English printed newspaper, the public have lain under a mistake for nearly a century. Some ten years ago, however, Mr. Thomas Watts of the British Museum exploded the long prevalent fallacy that the "*English Mercurie*," dated in 1588, was originally the progenitor of modern journals. A copy of such a paper exists in the Birch Collection; but it is a manifest forgery, the concoction of which was traced to the second Lord Hardwicke. It pretends to give news from the expedition against the Spanish Armada; but, besides a host of blunders in dates, it is printed on paper made posterior to the date it bears. The truth is that no periodically printed newspaper appeared till thirty years after.

When the reign of James the First was drawing to a close; when Ben Jonson was poet laureate, and the personal friends of Shakspeare were lamenting his then recent death; when Cromwell was trading as a brewer at Huntingdon; when Milton was a youth of sixteen, just trying his pen at Latin verse, and Hampden a quiet country gentleman in Buckinghamshire; London was solicited to patronise its first Newspaper. There is now no reason to doubt that the puny ancestor of the myriads of broad sheets of our time was published in the metropolis in 1622, and that the most prominent of the ingenious speculators who offered the novelty to the world was Nathaniel Butter. His companions in the work appear to have been Nicholas Bourne, Thomas Archer, Nathaniel Newberry, William Sheffard, Bartholomew Downes, and Edward Alldé. All these different names appear in the imprints of the early numbers of the first Newspaper — THE WEEKLY NEWES.* This prime, original progenitor of the acres of news which are now rolled out from the press failed, after many lapses and struggles, chiefly occasioned by the Star Chamber. Its end was untimely. The last number appeared on the 9th of January, 1640. Could it have survived a little longer it might have run a long career, for the incubus which smothered it was itself stifled — the Star Chamber was abolished in 1641.

* The Fourth Estate, by F. K. Hunt.

Butter's print was succeeded by a host of "Mercuries," but none of them were long-lived. They were started for particular objects, to advocate certain views, and sometimes to circulate the likeliest lies that could be invented to serve the cause espoused. Each of these was laid down when its mission was accomplished. During the civil war, nearly thirty thousand journals, pamphlets, and papers were issued in this manner. In the heat of hostilities, each army carried its printing-press as part of its munitions of war. Lead types were employed with as much rancour and zeal as leaden bullets. These were often headed as News, such as "Newes out of Worcestershire," "Newes of a bloody battle," fought at such a place, &c. In 1662 a regular periodical, called the "Kingdom's Intelligencer," was started, and in the following year the "Intelligencer, published for the satisfaction and information of the people," was set up by Sir Roger L'Estrange.

All these were superseded by a journal, which has stood its ground so well that the last number came out only yesterday. This was the "Oxford Gazette," set up in that city in 1665, and now known as the "London Gazette." For many years after the Restoration this was the only newspaper; for the law restricted any man from publishing political news without the consent of the Crown. Charles and James the Second withheld that consent whenever it suited

them, and put those who took "French leave" into the pillory.

As a specimen of a newspaper, when these restrictions were abated, after the flight of James the Second, we may instance the "Universal Intelligencer." It was small in size, and meagre in contents. It appeared only twice-a-week, and consisted of two pages; that is to say, one leaf of paper a little larger than the page on which the reader's eye now rests, and with hardly so much matter. The number for December 11, 1688, boasts two advertisements. A small paragraph amongst its News describes the seizing of Judge Jefferies, in his attempt to escape from the anger of his enemies. Besides this interesting morsel of intelligence, the paper has sixteen lines of News from Ireland, and eight lines from Scotland; whilst under its News of England, we have not very much more. One of the items tells us, that "on the 7th inst. the Prince of Orange supt at the Bear Inn, Hungerford." There are other headings, such as "Forrain News" and "Domestick News." Each item of intelligence is a mere skeleton — more in the nature of memoranda, or notifications of events, than accounts of them. "Further particulars" had not been invented then.

By Anne's time, journalism had improved, and — when the victories of Marlborough and Rooke, the political contests of Godolphin and Bolingbroke, and the writings of Addison, Pope, Prior, Con-

greve, Steele, and Swift, created a mental activity in the nation which could not wait from week to week for its News — the first daily paper was started. This was the *Daily Courant*, which came out in 1709. Other such journals followed; but three years afterwards, they received a severe check by the imposition of the Stamp Duty. "All Grub Street," wrote Swift to Stella, "is ruined by the Stamp Act." On the 7th of August, 1712, he writes: —

"Do you know that Grub Street is dead and gone last week? No more ghosts or murders now for love or money. I plied it pretty close the last fortnight, and published at least seven penny papers of my own, besides some of other people's, but now every single half-sheet pays a halfpenny to the Queen. The '*Observer*' is fallen; the '*Medleys*' are jumbled together with the '*Flying Post*'; the '*Examiner*' is deadly sick; the '*Spectator*' keeps up, and doubles its price; I know not how long it will hold. Have you seen the red stamp the papers are marked with? Methinks it is worth a halfpenny the stamping."

Grub Street was not, however, so easily put down; and from that time to the days of Dr. Johnson, newspapers had considerably increased in number and influence. In the *Idler* the Doctor says: — "No species of literary men has lately been so much multiplied as the writers of News. Not many years ago, the nation was content with one *Gazette*, but now we have not only in the metropolis Papers for every morning and every evening, but almost every large town has its weekly historian, who regularly circulates his perio-

dical intelligence, and fills the villagers of his district with conjectures on the events of war, and with debates on the true interests of Europe."

In Dr. Johnson's day, the newspaper press was fairly set upon its legs, and it has gone on with some few vicissitudes to its present condition. As illustrations of the antecedents of the modern newspaper, we now purpose giving, at random, a few curious extracts from the earliest of them.

The *Daily Courant*, dated March 1, 1711, contains the following announcement of a publication which is still read with delight, and which was destined to play an important part in the reform of the coarse social manners of the time. It runs thus: —

"This day is Published,

"A paper entitled THE SPECTATOR, which will be continued every day. Printed for James Buckley, at the Dolphin in Little Britain, and sold by A. Baldwin, in Warwick Lane."

In the first number thus announced, which was written by Addison, the *Spectator* says: — "As my friends have engaged me to stand in the front, those who have a mind to correspond with me may direct their letters to Mr. Buckley's, in Little Britain."

Hogarth never painted a more graphic picture of a horseman of the last century than that drawn in the *Postman* of Saturday, August 10, 1710. It is presented in the form of a hue and cry after a stolen horse.

"A Full Face, Round shoulder Middle sized Man, with a light Bob Goat's Hair Wig, a snuff-coloured Secretary Drugget coat, the trimming the same colour, 2 waistcoats, one of Black cloath, the other blue, trimmed with silver lace, Black cloath breeches, a Morning Hatband, wears a cane with a silver Head, made to screw at the top, a sea-faring man, stammering in his speech, his name William Tunbridge but goes by the name of William Richardson, rode away from 7 Oaks in Kent the 20th of July last, with a Sorrel Horse full 14 hands high, a star in his forehead, white feet behind, high mettled, loth to have his hind feet taken up, Bob Tail, a black saddle stitched with silver, Tan Leather stirrup. Leathers with a slit crupper buckled on the saddle with 2 buckles. Whoever gives notice of man or horse to Mr. Adams, Postmaster of Seven Oaks, shall have a guinea reward and reasonable charges."

The Daily Courant of Thursday, March 15, 1711, puts forth the announcement of a performance at the Haymarket Theatre, "on the 1st of April," to which the Bottle Conjuror's promised feat must sink into a mere common occurrence. A gentleman was to sup off several children "to the music of kettle-drums." The same advertisement appeared in the Spectator on the day after, namely, Friday, March 16: —

"On the first of April will be performed at the play house in the Hay Market an Opera called the Cruelty of Atræus. N.B. The scene wherein Thyestes eats his own children is to be performed by the famous Mr. Psalmanazaar, lately arrived from Formosa, the whole supper being set to kettle drums."

Scattered through the journals of 1712 are advertisements of a patent medicine, which has not wholly ceased to be imbibed by the ailing of 1850. The Spectator of April 18th has it thus: —

"Daffy's famous Elixir Salutis prepared by Catherine Daffy, the finest now exposed for sale, prepared from the best drugs and the original receipt which my Father Mr. Thomas Daffy having experienced the virtues of it imparted it to Mr. Anthony Daffy who published the same to his own great advantage. This very original receipt is now in my possession, left me by my father under his own bond. My brother Mr. Daniel Daffy, late apothecary in Nottingham, made this Elixir from the same receipt and sold it there during his life. Those who know me will believe me, and those who do not know me may be convinced I am no counterfeit by the colour, taste, smell and just operation of my Elixir. Sold at the Hand and Pen, Maiden-lane, Covent Garden, London, and in many other places in Town and Country."

Mist's weekly journal of Saturday, March 6th, 1725, contains an artful paragraph most likely emanating from a despairing author whose play had not succeeded: —

"Mrs. Graspall, who has been our customer two years, desires us to inform the masters of Drury Lane playhouse, that if they please to play the comedy, called *A Wife to be Let*, within ten days, they will oblige her and a great many of the quality to whom she has communicated her design."

We find by subsequent numbers that Mrs. Graspall's request was not complied with.

There is an anecdote of historical interest in the St. James's Evening Post of Sept. 17th, 1734. It relates to the Chevalier St. George, afterwards the rash but chivalric "Pretender" to the British throne. It appears that when the Spaniards made the Conquest of Italy, and were sailing for Sicily, the Chevalier was on board one of their ships with the young

King of Naples, the latter, doubtless, a prisoner; —

"When the fleet set sail," says the 'special correspondent,' "a blast of wind blew the young Chevalier St. George's hat off his head into the sea. Immediately there were several officious enough to endeavour to take it up; but the young Chevalier called out, *Let it alone, let it alone; I will go and get another in England.* Whereupon the young King of Naples threw his hat into the sea, and said, *and I will go along with you.* But they may happen to go bare-headed a long time; if they get no hats till they come amongst you: for we are well assured that they will find none in England that will fit their heads."

The designs of young Charles Edward must have been deeply rooted to have been entertained so early — for he was then only fourteen years old — and so long before they were fulfilled. At the end of his '45 adventures, he did indeed go bare-headed for months without a hat or a roof to cover him.

The Daily Post of Thursday, August 17th, 1738, must be a priceless treasure in the eye of the collector for two remarkable paragraphs with which it is enriched. On one of them was founded the most pathetic and popular of Scott's novels — *The Heart of Mid-Lothian*. The story of the girl "of a fine soul," even as told by the paragraphist is touching. The communication is dated "Edinburgh, August 20th, 1738."

"Isabel Walker, under sentence of death at Dumfries for child-murder, has actually got a remission. This unhappy creature was destitute of friends, and had none to apply for her but an only sister, a girl of a fine soul, that overlooked the

improbability of success, helpless and alone went to London to address the Great, and solicit so well (sic) that she got for her, first, a reprieve, and now a remission. Such another instance of onerous friendship can scarce be shown; it well deserved the attention of the greatest who could not but admire the virtue, and on that account engage in her cause."

The other paragraph records the death of Joe Miller, posthumous sponsor of the most profitable jest book ever published. He was as innocent of it as of any one of the jokes; the collection — having been benevolently made by his friend Jack Mottley for the benefit of Miller's widow — eventually proved to be the best benefit ever known in the theatrical world. The obituary is brief but complimentary: —

"Yesterday morning died Jo: Miller, Comedian, of merry memory. Very few of his profession have gained more applause on the stage, and few have acted off it with so much approbation from their neighbours."

The London Daily Post (there were three "Posts" in those days) of the same date gives more information on the mournful subject. It says: —

"Yesterday morning died of Pleurisy, Mr. Joseph Miller, a celebrated Comedian belonging to the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane; much admired for his performances in general, but particularly in the character of Teague, in *The Committee*, or *the Faithful Irishman*."

The papers from which this *mélange* of extracts has been culled are pigmies beside the present race of Giants. There is about as

much matter in a single modern London morning newspaper as was contained in a year's contents of the *Postman*, before it had two leaves. To present the contrast between to-day's monsters of the press and their antecedents the more forcibly, we shall conclude with an extract from a paper recently read by Mr. E. Cowper at the Institution of Civil Engineers, relative to the *Times*:—

"On the 7th of May, 1850, the *Times* and *Supplement* contained 72 columns, or 17,500 lines, made up of upwards of a million pieces of type, of which matter about two-fifths were written, composed, and corrected after seven o'clock in the evening. The *Supplement* was sent to press at 7 50 P. M., the first form of the paper at 4 15 A. M., and the second form at 4 45 A. M.; on this occasion, 7000 papers were published before 6 15 A. M., 21,000 papers before 7 30 A. M., and 34,000 before 8 45 A. M., or in about four hours. The greatest number of copies ever printed in one day was 54,000, and the greatest quantity of printing in one day's publication was on the 1st of March, 1848, when the paper used weighed 7 tons, the weight usually required being 4½ tons; the surface to be printed every night, including the *Supplement*, was 30 acres; the weight of the fount of type in constant use was 7 tons; and 110 compositors and 25 pressmen were constantly employed."

At the beginning of the reign of Queen Anne, we question whether so many operatives as are now required, with the help of its extraordinary machinery, to produce the "*Times*," found employment on the whole then existing newspaper press.

THE ROYAL ROTTEN ROW COMMISSION.

THE Commission appointed to enquire into and report upon the state of Rotten Row, was entirely unpaid. The right honourable gentleman on whom the appointment of the Commissioners devolved, took great credit to himself that the members of a Commission whose report was likely to prove of such infinite value to society, and especially to metropolitan equestrians, had undertaken all the laborious duties appertaining to their office without expressing the slightest desire for remuneration or reward. "He believed," he said, "that all the charges connected with the performance of this great public duty would begin and terminate with the mere cost of the indispensable official staff, and he undertook to pledge his word that the expenses connected with that department should all be settled at the lowest practicable scale."

In accordance with this declaration, the Honourable Augustus Aigulet, first cousin of the right hon. gentleman aforesaid, was shortly after appointed Secretary to this indispensable Commission, at a salary of 1400 *l.* per annum, and Mr. Slaney, of Somerset House, under a Special Minute of my Lords Commissioners of the Treasury, was promoted to perform the active duties of clerk to the Commission, at an increased salary of 60 *l.* a year, "in accordance with the scale of savings

recently effected in the public service."

These economic views were further carried out by the saving of rent. The Rotten Row Commission was to be accommodated in certain new buildings, recently erected at a small charge of 300,000 *l.* The apartments consisted of an office, a Secretary's apartment, and a Board-room. Mr. Slaney took possession of his desk in the office, having instructions to prepare the large room for the meeting of a Board, which instructions he duly performed by arranging the inkstands in the centre of a table, and by spreading sundry sheets of blotting-paper, with a due proportion of foolscap and official pens, at equal distances on either side. The Board was to meet at two o'clock. At half-past one the Honourable Augustus Aigulet opened the door of the office, and proceeded to instal himself as Secretary. By the time he had taken possession of the key of a great despatch box, on which was emblazoned, in gilt letters, the words

ROTTEN ROW COMMISSION.

the Chairman and three of the Commissioners arrived. Her Majesty's Commissioners for enquiring into the state and condition of Rotten Row, Hyde Park, did not commence business immediately; but began an ardent gossip about things in general. The noble President was in the midst of a discussion with his colleagues respecting the exact circumference of Car-

lotta Grisi's ankle, when there came from the chimney an enormous volume of smoke. With prompt alacrity, Mr. Aigulet rose from behind the despatch box, rang the bell, summoned the clerk to his presence, and desired him to poke the fire. This was done; but the result was overwhelming. The smoke was so dense, that the noble chairman could scarcely find his way to the chair; but having succeeded, and a board having been formed, he addressed the secretary.

"These rooms," he said, "are excessively ill-ventilated; the air is positively pestilential; we must at once draw up a minute to the Treasury for alteration."

"A minute, my Lord?"

"Yes, Sir; a minute."

Mr. Aigulet took a sheet of paper, folded it lengthways, to make a margin; and proceeded to write as his superior instructed him.

ROTTEN ROW COMMISSION.

[Such a date.]

Minute No. 1. Her Majesty's Commissioners 1, 6, 4—represent to my Lords, that with a view to a complete and satisfactory discharge of the important duties devolved upon them opportunity is necessary for calm consideration of the varied subjects into which it is committed to them to inquire:—That such opportunity is totally denied them in the apartments assigned by my Lords, in which no suitable provision exists for ventilation, and in which the Smoke appears to come down the Chimney, instead of ascending in conformity with custom. In

order to the due performance of their duties to the public Her Majesty's Commissioners, therefore, request that my Lords will make an order for the attendance and inspection of the Ventilator-General, with instructions to consider and report upon a plan for improving the ingress of air, and egress of smoke, to and from the said apartments of Her Majesty's Commissioners.

By order of the Board.

(Signed)

AUGUSTUS AIGULET.

The document was then handed to Mr. Slaney, who made a fine copy thereof, on an extremely large and thick sheet of cream-coloured foolscap, enclosed it in a ditto envelope, sealed it with an enormous official signet, rang the bell for the messenger, and dispatched the document to the Assistant Secretary of the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury.

In two hours a reply was returned. This sufficiently demonstrates the extraordinary despatch which all matters of this sort receive at the hands of "my Lords," and at once exhibits the fallacy and absurdity of the constant and therefore unreasonable complaints, which are made by poor widows, orphans, and other troublesome and disagreeable complainants concerning the delays which they suppose that they encounter in getting even the most reasonable claims attended to.

ROTTEN ROW COMMISSION.

No. A. X. L. My Lords having taken into
C. E. T. Consideration the minute of
24783261107. Her Majesty's Commissioners

1, 6, 4.

1.

1, 6, 4—

Minute.

A. C. C. S.

2460077221.

appointed specially to enquire into the state and condition of the district known as Rotten Row, in which statement is made of the important duties devolving on them, of the necessity for calm opportunity to consider the subjects committed to their inquiry; and of the imperfect provision for ventilation, &c., in those apartments placed at their disposal are pleased to order that the Ventilator-General be instructed to inspect and report upon the condition of the said ventilation, and to propose a plan to be approved by Her Majesty's Commissioners, and by them submitted to my Lords for improving the ingress and egress of air to and from the said apartments.

"Communicate this minute to the Ventilator-General, and direct him to prepare estimate.

"Inform Her Majesty's Commissioners hereof."

The Treasury minute was acted on, and this was the first day's work of the Rotten Row Commission.

The Ventilator-General, who was thus instructed to attend to the wishes and directions of her Majesty's Commission, applied the next day and Mr. Aigulet formed "a Board" for his reception. He took a survey of the office, and declared that all the architectural arrangements were so utterly erroneous in principle, as to place it beyond all possible skill to render the ventilation perfect. He demonstrated most completely that for the purposes of ventilation the door ought to have been precisely where the chimney was, and that

the chimney should have stood exactly where the window was. The window itself he proposed to abrogate altogether, supplying its place either by oil burners, or by a fan-light opening into a dark passage, neither of which arrangements would interfere with the process of ventilation. He suggested, in addition, "a breathing floor," which he thought it would be easy to obtain even in the present ill-constructed edifice; and to obviate the smoke, he proposed to place a hot air apparatus under Mr. Slaney's desk, whereby, he said, the necessity of a chimney would be dispensed with altogether. A new shaft, communicating with an apparatus in the ceiling would, he said, carry off all the foul gases generated in the room; and if the height of the shaft outside was such as to injure the general effect of the building, why, the fault would not be his so much as that of the architect who had not adapted the edifice so as to anticipate this necessary erection. Upon the whole, his opinion was that the Rotten Row Commissioners would do well to postpone their sittings until early in the ensuing year, in order to enable him, during the interval, to carry out his designs for reconstructing the building with a view to its efficient ventilation.

Had this recommendation been made at the close of a Session, and the commencement of the grouse shooting, it is difficult to say whether the great and important business of the Rotten Row Com-

mission might not have stood adjourned for six months, as the Ventilator-General suggested. But as the Opera season was still at its height, and as Mr. Augustus Aigulet had before his eyes the fear of an awkward question from some of those busybodies who occasionally interfere about other people's business in the House of Commons, the secretary thought it desirable to recommend the Board to resolve at present only to adjourn to that day week. Adjourned accordingly.

This was the Board's second day's work.

On the day of re-assembling, the Hon. Mr. Augustus Aigulet found the following official communication from the chief of the ventilating department.

VENTILATOR-GENERAL'S OFFICE.

[Such a Date.]

The Ventilator-General presents his compliments to the Hon. Augustus Aigulet, and begs to inform him of a serious abuse of Mr. Aigulet's authority, discovered in the office of the Rotten Row department, this morning.

It is reported to the Ventilator-General that in the absence of Mr. Aigulet, the clerk of the department, Mr. Slaney caused the chimney to be swept, and the window to be thrown open. The Ventilator-General submits that this is an interference with his peculiar duty which the Secretary to the Rotten Row Commission will not sanction.

It is also reported to the Ventilator-General that the clerk has had the consummate assurance to object to the proposed formation of an apparatus for heating air immediately under his own desk: an obstruction to the Ventilator-General's proceedings which calls for marked reprobation.

The Ventilator-General repeats the occurrences to Mr. Aigulet, in order that the fact may be duly laid before my lords.

The Commissioners having assembled, their secretary read the letter, and the Chairman ordered in the Clerk. Mr. Slaney appeared, trembled a little, and thought he had done something dreadful. The following dialogue ensued:—

Chairman. Did you open the window, Mr. Slaney?

Clerk. Yes, my lord.

Chairman. Did you order the chimney to be swept?

Clerk. Yes, my lord.

Chairman. Be pleased to state, briefly, your reasons for these proceedings.

Clerk. The chimney was very foul, and the rooms not having been recently used, the window had apparently not been opened for some time. The sash line was broken, and there is a little difficulty about opening it.

Chairman. You may withdraw.

Blushing to the very forehead, and feeling as if his ears were setting his hair on fire, Mr. Slaney retired.

After some discussion at the Board, the following minute to the Lords of the Treasury, was dictated to the Secretary.

ROTTEN ROW COMMISSION.

Minute No. 2.—Her Majesty's Commissioners
7, 8, 4—having had from the Ventilator-General his report upon the state of ventilation in the apartments allotted to them in the Treasury Chambers, are of opinion that the adoption of his plans would involve very considerable expense, and would cause a delay seriously prejudicial to the business of the Commission. Her Majesty's Commis-

sioners, therefore, request that my lords will be pleased to dispense with the services of the Ventilator-General in this case, as granted under their lordships' minute, referred to in the margin, and, instead thereof, that they will pass a minute authorising the attendance of the Treasury carpenter to repair a line in a window, which does not at present open with all the facility desirable.

By Order of the Board.

(Signed)

AUGUSTUS AIGULET.

These labours concluded the third day's proceedings.

The fourth day was occupied in receiving counter instructions from the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury in accordance with the Rotten Row Board's minute, No. 2—and in communicating with the official carpenter. The result was, that this humble individual superseded in half an hour the threatened six months' labour of the Ventilator-General.

At its fifth meeting, the Royal Commission drew up a list of witnesses to be examined. The sixth day was wholly occupied in granting the summonses, and as the Board has not yet finished examining its first witness, the report will not, it is expected, be ready for the Exhibition of the Works of Industry of All Nations in May, 1851.

A VILLAGE TALE.

THE rooks are cawing in the elms,
As on the very day —
That sunny morning, mother dear,
When Lucy went away;

And April's pleasant gleams have come,
And April's gentle rain —
Fresh leaves are on the vine — but when
Will Lucy come again?

The spring is as it used to be,
And all must be the same;
And yet, I miss the feeling now,
That always with it came;
It seems as if to me she made
The sweetness of the year —
As if I could be glad no more,
Now Lucy is not here.

A year — it seems but yesterday,
When in this very door
You stood; and she came running back,
To say good bye once more;
I hear you sob — your parting kiss —
The last fond words you said —
Ah! little did we think — one year,
And Lucy would be dead!

How all comes back — the happy times,
Before our father died;
When, blessed with him, we knew no want,
Scarce knew a wish denied —
His loss, and all our struggles on,
And that worst dread, to know,
From home, too poor to shelter all,
That one at last must go.

How often do I blame myself,
How often do I think,
How wrong I was to shrink from that
From which she did not shrink;
And when I wish that I had gone,
And know the wish is vain;
And say, she might have lived, I think, —
How can I smile again.

I dread to be alone, for then,
Before my swimming eyes,
Her parting face, her waving hand,
Distinct before me rise;
Slow rolls the waggon down the road —
I watch it disappear —
Her last "dear sister," fond "good-bye,"
Still lingering in my ear.

Oh, mother, had but father lived
It would not have been thus;
Or, if God still had taken her,
She would have died with us;
She would have had kind looks, fond words,
Around her dying bed —
Our hands to press her dying hands,
To raise her dying head.

I'm always thinking, mother, now,
Of what she must have thought;
Poor girl! as day on day went by,
And neither of us brought; —
Of how she must have yearned, one face,
That was not strange, to see —
Have longed one moment to have set
One look on you and me.

Sometimes I dream a happy dream —
I think that she is laid
Beside our own old village church,
Where we so often played;
And I can sit upon her grave,
And with her we shall lie,
Afar from where the city's noise,
And thronging feet go by.

Nay, mother — mother — weep not so,
God judges for the best,
And from a world of pain and woe,
He took her to his rest;
Why should we wish her back again?
Oh, freed from sin and care,
Let us the rather pray God's love,
Ere long to join her there.

THE FIRE ANNIHILATOR.

"WATER, and nothing but water!" exclaimed Mr. John Diggs, the great sugar-baker (everybody knows old John Diggs), "Water, I say, is the natural enemy of fire; and any man who dares to say otherwise is no better than a fool or a charlatan. I should like to knock such a fellow down. I know more about fire than all the learned talking chaps in England, and it's of no use to tell me when a house is in a blaze, that any thing but water can put it out. Not a bit of it. Don't attempt to say so; I won't hear it!"

Mr. Diggs gave vent to his feelings in the above oracular form at his Club, on Thursday evening last, on which occasion he happened to be the Chairman. It was

in consequence of one of the junior members reading a passage from a scientific Journal, to the effect that water was almost as much a friend to fire, as an enemy — and that, at any rate, they were near of kin — quoting Mr. Phillips, the Inventor of the Fire Annihilator, as a practical authority on the subject. This was what had so enraged Mr. Diggs, sugar-baker, and chairman of the Albert Rock and Toffee Club.

Mr. John Diggs is a man who always carries his will before him, like a crown on a cushion, while his reason follows like a page, holding up the skirts of his great coat. Honest-hearted, and not without generosity, he is much esteemed in spite of his many perversities. He possesses a shrewd observation, and a good understanding, when once you can get at it; but his energies and animal spirits commonly carry him out of all bounds, so that to bring him back to rational judgment is a work of no small difficulty. He is *open* to conviction, as he always says, but he is a tip-top specimen of the class who commonly use that expression; his open door is guarded by all the bludgeons of obstinacy, behind which sits a pig-headed will, with its eyes half shut.

This is the man, and in the condition of mind which may be conjectured from his speech in the chair, just quoted, who drove up in his gig last Friday, as the clock struck four, to the gates of the London Gas Works, Vauxhall, in order to hear, with his own ears,

Mr. Phillips dare to say he could extinguish the most violent flames without the use of water; and to see, with his own eyes, the total failure of the attempt, and the exposure of the humbug.

To make sure of entire sympathy in all his perversities, Mr. Diggs had brought his wife with him; and to insure a ready assistance in the detection of any tricks, his foreman, Mr. White, had been sent on by the steamer. A real reason lay at the bottom of all this; for the work-place and warehouse of Mr. Diggs were worth 60,000*l.*; part of which sum, no insurance could cover; and his stock in trade as well as his works, he but too well knew, were of a most combustible nature. No laughing matter — therefore not a thing to be trifled with.

Mr. Diggs met his foreman in the yard, waiting for his arrival; and the party having displayed their tickets, were ushered across and around, till they came to a large brick building, with a long row of arched window-holes along the top, apparently for the ready escape of volumes of smoke. The window-holes all looked very black about the edges. So did the door-posts. The walls were very dingy and besmudged. Mrs. Diggs had put on her best spring bonnet with orange ribbons, and her pink and fawn-coloured silk shawl. She had a sudden misgiving, but it couldn't be helped now.

They were ushered through a large, smutty door, into a brick building, paved with bricks, and

having arched recesses, here and there, at the lower part. Commodious retreats, in case the flames put forth their tongues beyond their usual range, and advanced towards the centre of the building,—as Mr. Diggs devoutly hoped they might. At one end, the wooden frame-work of a house, with ground-floor, and first and second floor, presented its front. It was black and charred from recent fire, with sundry repairs of new planks, which “brought out” the black of the rest, both without and within, to the greatest advantage. Level with the lowest window was a sort of lecturer’s stage of rough planks, at the back of which lay the model of a ship’s hull, some six or seven feet in length; and to the right of this, the model of a house, with lower and upper floor, of about two feet and a half in height.

Fronting this stage, model ship, model house, and actual house, was a semicircle of chairs and benches — not too near — with ample room left at the sides for the sudden flight of visitors who had seated themselves in an incredulous and unimaginative state of mind, nearer than subsequent events seemed to warrant. Then, there were the arched recesses; then, a low stage with seats; then, a broad flight of wooden stairs at the opposite end, by which visitors could ascend to a high platform, leading also to side galleries, on the same level. The whole place was most eloquent to the olfactory nerves of coal-tar, pitch, resin,

turpentine, &c. A light sprinkling of sawdust completed the furnishing of this hall, in which one of the most extraordinary of all our modern discoveries (provided it prove thoroughly efficient) was about to be subjected to trial.

Mr. Diggs having planted his foreman at one horn of the crescent of chairs, and dragging his wife (whose thoughts of her handsome bonnet and shawl were written in shady lines all over her face) to a dirty-seated bench, on the other, he darted straight across to the scene of action, and without a moment’s hesitation or ceremony, ascended the lecturer’s stage, and diving with nose and hands into the model of the ship’s hull, began to explore its contents.

The hold, and, indeed, all the interior of the hull, he found to be full of patent firewood, for the rapid kindling of fire, each separate piece being sufficient to light an ordinary fire; but here, there was nothing else. He passed on to the model-house; opened the door, and looked in. Here, also, he found a quantity of patent fire-wood, lying on both floors. A trap door was left open in the roof to allow of the escape of the smoke. Mr. Diggs now descended from the little stage, and advanced to the door of the house which was to be set on fire. He entered the doorway, and immediately found himself in a dark chamber filled with charred planks, pitched planks, cross-pieces of new wood, blackened beams, and a variety of hangings and festoons made of

shavings saturated with coal-tar, resin, and turpentine. A staircase, or, rather, a broad charred ladder, led up to the first floor. Mr. Diggs forthwith ascended, and stepped upon a flooring perfectly black; in fact, the whole room seemed made of charcoal, with here and there a new plank laid across, or slanting upwards, smeared with coal-tar, and adorned like the ground-floor, with shavings steeped in resin, pitch, turpentine, and other combustible matter. "Well," thought Mr. Diggs, "at all events, there 'll be flames enough." A second charred ladder formed a staircase leading to the top floor; but this was so dilapidated and rotten from recent burning, that our sceptical sugar-baker could venture to do no more than clamber up, and rest his chin on the blackened boards of the floor above, in which position he clung by the smutty tips of his fingers, and stared around, above him, and on all sides. He then slowly descended, and as he made his way out of the front door, he hugged himself with the firm belief that if the house were fairly set on fire (as he determined it *should* be), and the flames were allowed to get into full play, nothing could stop them till they had burned the house to the ground, and communicated with the brick building — when the regular fire-engines, with their torrents of water, would, of course, be sent for, with all imaginable speed.

Meantime, a considerable number of people of all ranks had

assembled, many of them of the aristocratic class, to judge by the row of liveries, coachmen, and footmen, who lined one of the side galleries. Mrs. Diggs comforted herself with the sight of many elegantly-dressed ladies, who seated themselves on the chairs and benches in front of the little stage, or platform. Perhaps the smoke and smuts might not be so very bad, after all, or might be driven back by the wind. Of this it was rational to entertain some hopes, as the whole building was in a thorough draught, evinced by many a sneeze and cough, — a condition some of the visitors thought very unnecessary to be endured before the conflagration commenced.

Mr. Phillips now ascended the platform, and commenced his brief lecture. He said he had no sort of intention to undervalue the real service of water in cases of fire, but only to show that water was by no means the most efficient agent. The more active part of fire was flame; all fire commenced with flame, and upon this, when at a great height, water in any portable quantities, was comparatively powerless. Moreover, there were many materials, forming the staple commodity of various trades, which, being ignited, not only defied the power of water, but their state of combustion was actually increased by the application of water. This was the case with oil or turpentine, when on fire, with tar, gas, ardent spirits, &c. Every distiller must know this

— and so must every sugar-baker.

Mr. Diggs suddenly shifted his *pose* from the right to the left leg; but said nothing. This was not the point at issue.

In illustration of his last remark, Mr. Phillips called upon his audience to imagine the hull of the model ship to be a ship at sea with a large crew, many passengers, and a valuable cargo on board, — part of the cargo consisting of highly combustible materials. The ship takes fire! The alarm is given, all hands called on deck, the fire-engine got out, the pumps set to work! But before this has been done, it happens that a cask of spirits or turpentine has taken fire! (So saying, Mr. Phillips sets light to a quantity of spirits of turpentine in an iron vessel in the ship.) The flames rise rapidly! — terrifically — they ascend the fore-rigging, which, being all tarred, is quickly in a blaze! Now all is dismay and confusion, more especially among the passengers. Some of these, however, retain sufficient presence of mind to be able to assist the sailors in pumping. They drench the ship with water, — they pour a continual stream from the engine upon the flames of the turpentine! (At these words Mr. Phillips dips a jug in a bucket of water, and pours it upon the flames.) But it only increases them — (it does so) — more water is dashed upon the flames by the men (Mr. Phillips suits the action to the word) and by the boldest of the passengers, but with no better

result. Now, the fire communicates with a second barrel of spirits of turpentine; the flames rise on all sides, and ascend with a continuous roar to the rigging of the mainmast, which is rapidly in a blaze. (The model ship is literally all in a blaze.) In despair and madness, buckets of water are flung at random — nobody knows what he is doing; all rush wildly about, preparing to leap overboard at the very moment they scream loudest for the boats! — the boats! — when an individual suddenly recollects, as by a flash of thought, that there is a machine on board called a Fire-Annihilator. (Here Mr. Phillips seizes upon a small brass machine, out of which he causes a white vapour to issue.) In a second or two the flames are half extinguished; — he carries the machine to the other flaming mast, and to the casks in the forehold, — the flames are gone!

And so they are! Of the volume of flames in the model ship, which by this time had risen to the height of eight or nine feet, not a flash remains, — they were annihilated in four or five seconds. The machine which wrought this wonder was like a brass shaving-pot, or bachelor's coffee-pot, and certainly not larger.

But how was Mr. Diggs affected by this? Did the worthy sugar-baker look peculiarly wise, or did he stand rather aghast at his own wisdom? Neither the one, nor the other. Had Mr. Phillips been a fine actor, the foregoing scene, with its fiery illustration, and the

frantic yet fruitless use of water, would have had a tremendous effect; but his manner was not sufficiently excited, and, worse than this, he very much damaged the effect, and the conviction it would have carried with it, by turning his back towards the audience when he poured the water upon the flames, so that "standing in his own light," it was impossible for many people to see whether the water was really poured into the model ship, or over the other side, unless they could have seen through his body. This was not lost upon John Diggs, who loudly murmured his dissatisfaction, accordingly, in opposition to the general applause of those who *did* see, which followed the rapid extinction of the flames. How *this* was accomplished Mr. Diggs did not know; he simply considered that water had not had fair play. He suspected some trick.

"The existence of water," pursued Mr. Phillips, "is continuous, flowing, not quickly to be destroyed; the life of fire is momentary. (He explodes a large lucifer-match.) Now you see it at its height! (He dashes it into water). Now it is nothing! Its life is from instant to instant. Why has it become nothing? Because water is its natural antagonist? No — but because fire cannot exist without a certain quantity of *air*; and when it is entirely immersed in water, this requisite quantity of air is suddenly withdrawn, and the fire as instantly dies. The very

same result would follow if I were to dash a lighted match into oil."

"Let us see!" exclaimed Mr. Diggs; but he was called to order by a number of voices.

Mr. Phillips had been led many years ago, as he now informed us, to consider the nature of fire and water. It so chanced that he had witnessed most of the great conflagrations which have happened in London during the last twenty or thirty years. The destruction to the Royal Exchange, the Houses of Parliament — the fire at the Tower, theatres, great warehouses — he was present at them all; and he could not but observe amidst the prodigious efforts made to save them, that water was comparatively powerless upon violent flames; and therefore inadequate to the task it was called upon to perform. He was also witness of a series of terrible volcanic eruptions. He was in a seventy-four gun-ship in the Mediterranean at the time. For thirty or forty days there was an eruption, and sometimes two or three, almost daily. The most terrific of these — and by which they were nearly lost, having been driven towards it, and only saved by a sudden change of wind — was of such force, that the shock was felt throughout the south of Europe, — from the Rock of Gibraltar, to Stromboli. A volcanic island was thrown up in the middle of the sea, from a depth of four or five hundred feet. This island was of molten lava, and rose in the form of a crescent with an open crater,

into which the sea continually rushed like a cataract. But the fire within was not extinguished. At each successive eruption, the water was ejected with a force that sent it up two miles, and sometimes three miles high — again to descend in thousands of tons upon the crater, but without extinguishing the fire. The sea was boiling for a quarter of a mile on one side of the island: the fire was completely beyond its power. Instead of extinguishing fire, the water was made to boil. But he observed this further phenomenon. A dense cloud of vapour was sometimes generated; and whenever the wind bore this vapour into the flames, they were immediately extinguished.

A consideration of these phenomena led Mr. Phillips to the following conclusions. Fire and water are not natural enemies, but very near relations. They are each composed of the same elements; and in the same proportions; the component parts of water can be turned into fire; and when fire ceases to be fire, it becomes water. (This latter proposition caused Mr. Diggs to prick up his ears, but he said nothing.) The two elements had by no means the direct and immediate power over each other that was generally supposed. Water was a compact body, and acting in this body, it could not act simultaneously on the particles of gases which produce flame; but a gaseous vapour being of an equally subtle nature with the gases it has to attack, can in-

stantly intermix with them. Find, therefore, a gaseous vapour, which shall intercept the contact of the gases of flame, and thus prevent their chemical union, their inflammatory forces are thereby destroyed, and the flame is at once extinguished.

The means of immediately generating this gaseous vapour had, after numerous experiments during many years, been discovered by Mr. Phillips. With this composition, his machine, called the Fire Annihilator, was charged.

He pointed to the small model house. It was made of iron, and filled with combustible materials. He had had the honour of exhibiting it before many crowned heads.

"Like the Wizard of the North!" muttered Mr. Diggs, looking contemptuously at the model.

The fuel within it, is now ignited. The flames rapidly spread, and ascend to the upper floor. A thick smoke issues from the trap-door on the roof.

"Here," said Mr. Phillips, "is a house on fire! Some of the inmates are trying to escape by the trap-door on the roof. They make their way out. The fire-escapes of the Royal Society are in attendance with their usual promptitude; their courageous men are ascending the ladders to assist the inmates in their descent. But where are the inmates? Two of them have fallen down somewhere, another has actually got back into the attic. The reason is, that life cannot exist in that smoke which the fire generates."

A lighted match being held in it, instantly went out. This was repeated quickly, once or twice. It always went out. The interior of the house was full of flames. One of the little Fire Annihilators was now applied to the door of the model. The flames sunk to nothing almost immediately. A thick vapour was left in their place. But in this vapour life *can* exist. Mr. Phillips again lights a match, and applies it to the vapour issuing through the drap-door. The match continues to burn. Mr. Phillips then thrusts his arm through the door, and holds the match in the interior of the house, where it still continues to burn amidst the vapour. In this vapour human life can equally exist.

"Don't believe it!" muttered Mr. Diggs, amidst the otherwise unanimous applause, in which was lost his additional request, — "Set fire to the real house, and have done with it!"

Mr. Phillips here described his machine. Its various complications had been reduced to a simple form and action. As he has printed this for general circulation, it will be sufficient to state that the ordinary size is less than that of a small upright iron coal-skuttle, and its weight not greater than can be easily carried by man or woman to any part of the house. It is charged with a compound of charcoal, nitre, and gypsum, moulded into the form of a large brick. The igniter is a glass tube inserted in the top of the brick, inclosing two phials — one filled with a mixture

of chlorate of potassa and sugar, the other containing a few drops of sulphuric acid. A slight blow upon a knob drives down a pin, which breaks the phials, and the different mixtures coming in contact, ignite the whole; and the gas of this, acting upon a water chamber contained in the machine, produces a steam, and the whole escapes forcibly in a dense and expanding cloud.

Preparations were now made for setting fire to the three-roomed house. A "sensation" passed over the room, and several ladies began to rise from their chairs, and retire from the semicircle in front of the lecture-stage. Mr. Phillips assured them there was no danger, as he had a perfect command over the flames; at the same time, he requested the company to observe that he had purposely arranged that every disadvantage should be against him. The house was full of combustible materials — the whole building was in a thorough draught (it was indeed) and they would observe that the commencement of the full force of the fire would be almost immediate, and without any of the gradual advances which were usual in almost all conflagrations. Lastly, he called upon them to take note that the fury of the flames would be such that no life could exist near them for a single instant.

Without further words a lighted match is applied to one of the tarred and turpentine shavings that hang in the ground-floor of the house.

It sparkles — blazes — and in one moment the lower room is full of flames! In the next, they have risen to the floor above — they crackle, roar, and beat about, springing up to the roof, and darting out tongues and forks to the right and left of the building, while a dense hot cloud of smoke, full of red fragments of shavings and other embers comes floating and dancing over the heads of the assembled company. Everybody has arisen from his seat, — ladies — gentlemen, — and now all the visitors, are crowding towards the other end of the building! The whole place is filled with the roar of flames, the noise of voices, hurrying feet, and rustling garments — and clouds of hot smoke!

But suddenly a man enters the building from a side-door, bearing a portable Fire Annihilator of the size we have mentioned; he is followed by a second. The machines are vomiting forth a dense white vapour. They enter just within the door-way of the blazing house. A change instantly takes place in the colour and action of the flames, as though they grew pale in presence of their master. They sink. There is nothing but darkness — and the dense white vapour coiling about in triumph.

"Life can now exist!" cries Mr. Phillips, rushing into the house, and ascending the blackened stairs. Mr. Diggs (hoping he might be suffocated) instantly follows. He gains the top of the ladder, and plants one foot on the floor. He cannot see for the thick

vapour. The hand of Mr. Phillips assists him, and they both go to the window and look out upon the company. Mr. Diggs coughs a little, but, to his disappointment, is not suffocated. In another second or two, he can take his breath freely. Very odd.

Mr. Diggs is more than staggered by such a proof. He begins to suspect there may be something in it. As Mr. Phillips assists the worthy sugar-baker over a piece of very burnt and precarious-looking flooring, out at a side hole in the house, as the stairs are no longer safe, Mr. Diggs thanks him very civilly for his attention, and — he almost adds — for the satisfactory result of this last experiment; but he checked himself. Time would show.

Meanwhile, all was pleasant confusion, and applause, and wonder, and satisfaction, and congratulation, and the re-arrangement of habiliments, and the polishing of smutty faces, and laughing and good humour among the company. With some difficulty, Mr. Diggs discovered his wife, and with almost equal difficulty recognised her after he had found her. She had been honoured more than almost any one else, with the falling embers and black smut of the conflagration. Her pink and fawn-coloured silk shawl was spotted all over, and looked like a leopard-skin; the orange ribbons on her bonnet were speckled, and otherwise toadied, while her face, after a diligent use of her handkerchief (having no glass, or friend to ask),

had a complete shady tint all over it, giving her the appearance of one of those complexions of lead colour, presented by unfortunate invalids who have had occasion to undergo a course of nitrate of silver. Many other persons were in a spotty and smutted predicament, but none so bad as poor Mrs. Diggs, except, indeed her husband; but he was insensible to such matters.

Issuing forth into the spacious yard of the gas works, a final demonstration was about to be given to the visitors on their way out. A circular pool, of eighteen feet in circumference, was filled with tar and naphtha. This thick liquid mixture was ignited, and in a few seconds the whole surface sent up a prodigious blaze of great brilliancy. A boy of about eleven years of age (apparently a stranger to the machine, to judge from his awkwardness) was desired to strike down the knob which put the portable Fire Annihilator in action. He did so; and immediately the thick white vapour began to gush forth. The boy carried the machine, with very little effort, to within four or five feet of the flames. Instantly the flames changed colour, as though with a sort of ghastly purple horror of their destroyer — and, in a few seconds, down they sank, and became nothing. There lay the black mixture, looking as if it had never been disturbed. But the machine, meantime, went on vomiting forth its vapour, with surplus power, like the escape-pipe

of a steam-engine, and the boy being in a state of confusion, was bringing the machine back among the company assembled round, who all begun to retreat, when somebody connected with the Works told him to let it off against the dead wall. While this was taking place, the same individual remarked aloud, that the vapour could not only be breathed after it had ascended and extinguished a fire, but would not burn even as it gushed forth fresh and furious from the machine. As he said this, he passed his hand through it once or twice. Mr. Diggs suddenly thought he had a last chance, — and, rushing forward, passed his hand (hoping he might be dreadfully scorched) through the fierce vapour as it rushed out. Actually, he was not at all scorched. It was only rather hot. He passed his hand backwards and forwards twice more — a sort of greasy and rather dirty warm moisture covered his hand — this was all. John Diggs was fairly conquered — admitted it to himself — and, seeking out Mr. Phillips, went honestly up to him, and shook him heartily by the hand — saying, with a laugh, that if all was fairly done, and no necromancy, he had witnessed a great fact, and he congratulated him.

Still — in a friendly way — he could not help asking Mr. Phillips for a word of explanation as to his assertion that fire and water were of the same family — in fact, convertible, each into the other. Mr. Phillips accordingly favoured Mr.

Diggs with the following remarks: — "Fire," said he, "is mainly composed of eight parts of oxygen, and one part of hydrogen; thus making a whole of nine parts. When fire ceases to be fire, it becomes water, retaining the same elements and proportions, viz., eight of oxygen and one of hydrogen, and will weigh (if the measure has been in pounds) nine pounds or parts. If you decompose these nine pounds of water by voltaic battery, the gases generated will render eight pounds of oxygen and one of hydrogen. Moreover, this law of nature cannot be deranged or disturbed by human agency. If, to make fire, you take eight parts of oxygen, and *two* of hydrogen, the false proportion will not prevent the product of fire; for the principle of fire, as if by instinct, will elect its own proper proportions, become fire, and throw over the excess, whether the error be an excess of oxygen or hydrogen."

"Thank you, Sir—thank you!" said Mr. John Diggs; — but he determined to take a glass of punch with a friend of his, an experimental chemist, that same evening.

Now, taking it for granted that there is no necromancy in all this, it may be asked, how will the discovery affect, not only the Fire-Brigade of London, but the use of fire-engines (with hose and water) all over the country, and the civilised world. Will they not be superseded? We answer without hesitation, we think they will by no means be superseded. One

great value of this magnificent discovery of Mr. Phillips, consists in its immediate command over the active part of fire, viz., flame: whereby a fire in a large building full of combustible materials, a private dwelling, a theatre, or a ship at sea, may be extinguished before it has time to make any very destructive advances. But in all cases where a fire has gained any ascendancy, and extended over a considerable space, the use of water *after* the flames have been extinguished, continues as important as ever. The *red heat* which remains on the smouldering and heated materials, may re-ignite; and it is to prevent this, that water is still an imperative requisition. Moreover, water is necessary to drench adjoining chambers, party-walls, or adjoining houses and premises, to prevent their liability to taking fire from the conflagration that has already commenced. We earnestly trust, therefore, that the greatest unanimity will exist in all branches of this great Fire and Water Question, and that they will cordially receive the new Vapour into amicable partnership and co-operation. Fully recognising the immense importance to the community at large, of a body of brave, well-trained, and skilful men, like those of the Fire Brigade, and those who compose the staff of the Fire Escapes of the Royal Society (and two more efficient and admirable staffs do not exist in this country, or any other country); we think, after Mr. Phillips's in-

vention has passed through every test that can reasonably be required, that all Fire-engines, and every Fire-escape, would do well to have one or more of these Fire Annihilators with them as a regular part of their apparatus.

Of the Fire-escapes of the Royal Society, the promptitude of their action (they are almost always first at a fire), and the many lives saved by them every year — nay, sometimes, in the course of a week — we had contemplated a substantive account, but have been withheld by the impossibility of doing justice to the various patents without accurate drawings and diagrams. However, as these are already before the public, we may content ourselves by saying, that, whether the Royal Society make use of the Fire-escape invented by Winter and Sons, by Wivell, or by Davies, the humane exertions of the Society have attained a success which commands the admiration, and ensures the gratitude, of society at large.

Respecting the annihilating properties of water, much may be said, and will be said; but all in vain, until the water companies are brought to their senses, and the utter abolition of domestic cisterns and water-butts is effected. Without the continuous supply system — till all the water-pipes in all the houses and all the streets are kept always fully charged at high pressure, conflagrations never will, and never can, be promptly put out by the agency of what the penny-a-liners have

lately taken to call the “antagonistic element.” Fire engines, if not wholly laid aside, must be only kept for exceptional cases, and the Fire Brigade — well conducted, efficient, courageous as it is — may, some of these days, be turned into a corps of reserve. With the mains ever charged, with water at high service, no engines will be required. At the first alarm of fire, the policeman pulls up the fire-plug — which should be opposite every sixth or eighth house — fixes the hose, and out spouts a cataract in two minutes. Assistance arrives; trails of hoses are made to lead from the rows of plugs on either side, or in other streets, and in five minutes a deluge — and no more fire.

For the extinguishing of fire, *time* is a most important consideration. A few gallons of water would be effective if used at once, where thousands of gallons would effect little after ten or fifteen minutes had elapsed. The average time the Brigade engines take in arriving at a fire after the first alarm is ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, rapid as are their movements. The Parish engines are far more numerous, but always last — and seldom of any use when they *do* come. Conceive a parish beadle at a fire!

In some towns in the north — among others Preston, Oldham, Ashton, Bolton, Bury, and Manchester — the continuous water supply system has been in use for some time with manifest benefit to the inhabitants. The fireplug and

jet, without engines, have, in these places, already done great execution. Under recent improvements, also, the same plans have been adopted in Hamburgh; Philadelphia and other American towns have, in their wisdom, "done likewise." On one occasion, at Liverpool, a fire was extinguished by a hose which was promptly applied; a fire-engine arrived presently after, when the engine-man, finding the fire had been extinguished, knocked the hoseman down, as an impertinent fellow.

In factories, and other large buildings, if an arrangement of the above kind were adopted, on the first alarm of fire a man would only have to unwind a hose, and turn a cock. This, with one of the Fire Annihilators at hand, would probably render the building quite secure.

These improvements and precautions carry with them a variety of interesting consequences, — such as the check to incendiarism, the effect on insurances, the benefit to health by the plug and hose being used daily in washing the streets, and thus destroying foul exhalations after a storm, &c.

While bringing this paper to a conclusion, we learn that Mr. John Diggs has determined to have a *self-acting* Fire Annihilator fixed in a central position of his warehouse; so that if a fire should burst out in the night, the flames would melt one or other of a series of leaden wires, any one of which being thus divided, would liberate

a heavy weight, which would instantly run down an iron wire leading to the knob and pin of his special Annihilator — ignite the contents of the machine, and destroy the flames in his sugar-bakery, while he slept soundly in his bed.

THE SICKNESS AND HEALTH OF THE PEOPLE OF BLEABURN.

IN THREE PARTS.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE spectacle of carrying the Good Lady up to the brow was more terrifying to the people of Bleaburn than any of the funerals they had seen creeping along by the same path, — more even than the passage of the laden cart, with the pall over it, on the morning of the opening of the new burying-grounds. The people of Bleaburn, extremely ignorant, were naturally extremely superstitious. It was not only the very ignorant who were superstitious. The fever itself was never supposed to be more catching than a mood of superstition; and so it now appeared in Bleaburn. For many weeks past the Good Lady had been regarded as a sort of talisman in the people's possession. She breathed out such cheerfulness wherever she turned her face, that it seemed as if the place could not go quite to destruction while she was in it. Some who would not have admitted to them-

selves that they held such an impression were yet infected with the common dismay, as well as with the sorrow of parting with her. If Mary had had the least idea of the probable effect of her departure, she would have been less admired by the Kirbys for her docility,—for she would certainly have insisted on staying where she was.

"I declare I don't know what to do," the doctor confessed in confidence to the clergyman. "Every patient I have is drooping, and the people in the street look like creatures under doom. The comet was bad enough; and, before we have well done with it, here is a panic which is ten times worse."

"I tried to lend a hand to help you against the comet," replied Mr. Kirby. "I think I may be of some use again now. Shall I tell them it is a clear case of idolatry?"

"Why, it is in fact so, Mr. Kirby; but yet, I shrink from appearing to cast the slightest disrespect on her."

"Of course; of course. The thing I want to show them is what she would think,—how shocked she would be if she knew the state of mind she left behind."

"Ah! if you can do that!"

"I will see about it. Now tell me how we are going on."

The doctor replied by a look, which made Mr. Kirby shake his head. Neither of them liked to say in words how awful was the state of things.

"It is such weather you see,"

said the doctor. "Damp and disagreeable as it is, this December is as warm as September."

"Five-and-twenty sorts of flowers out in my garden," observed Mr. Kirby. "I set the boys to count them yesterday. We shall have as many as that on Christmas-day. A thing unheard of!"

"There will be no Christmas kept this year, surely," said the doctor.

"I don't know that. My wife and I were talking it over yesterday. We think * * Well, my boy," to a little fellow who stood pulling his forelock, "what have you to say to me? I am wanted at home, am I? Is Mrs. Kirby there?"

The doctor heard him say to himself, "Thank God!" when they saw the lady coming out of a cottage near. The doctor had long suspected that the clergyman and his wife were as sensible of one another's danger as the most timid person in Bleaburn was of his own; and now he was sure of it. Henceforth, he understood that they were never easy out of one another's sight; and that when the clergyman was sent for from the houses he was passing, his first idea always was that his wife was taken ill. It was so. They were not people of sentiment. They had settled their case with readiness and decision, when it first presented itself to them; and they never looked back. But it did not follow that they did not feel. They agreed, with the

smallest possible delay, that they ought to succeed to the charge of Bleaburn on Mr. Finch's death; that they ought to place their boys at school, and their two girls with their aunt till Bleaburn should be healthy again; and that they must stand or fall by the duty they had undertaken. As for separating, that was an idea mentioned only to be dismissed. They now nodded across the little street, as Mrs. Kirby proceeded on her round of visits, and her husband went home, to see who wanted him there.

In the corner of the little porch was a man sitting, crouching and cowering as if in bodily pain. Mr. Kirby went up to him, stooped down to see his face (but it was covered with his hands), and at last ventured to remove his hat. Then the man looked up. It was a square, hard face, which from its make would have seemed immovable; but it was anything but that now. It is a strange sight, the working of emotion in a countenance usually as hard as marble!

"Neale!" exclaimed Mr. Kirby. "Somebody ill at the farm, I am afraid."

"Not yet, Sir; not yet, Mr. Kirby. But Lord save us! we know nothing of how soon it may be so."

"Exactly so: that has been the case of every man, woman, and child, hour by hour since Adam fell."

"Yes, Sir; but the present time is something different from that. I came, Sir, to say * * I came,

Mr. Kirby, because I can get no peace or rest, day or night; for thoughts, Sir; for thoughts."

Mr. Kirby glanced round him. "Come in," said he, "Come into my study."

Neale followed him in; but instead of sitting down, he walked straight to the window, and seemed to be looking into the garden. Mr. Kirby, who had been on foot all the morning, sat down and waited, shaving away at a pen meanwhile.

"On Sunday, Sir," said Neale at last, in a whispering kind of voice, "you read that I have kept back the hire of the labourers that reaped down my fields, and that their cry has entered into the ears of the Lord."

"That you kept back the hire of the labourer?" exclaimed Mr. Kirby, quickly turning in his seat, so as to face his visitor. He laid his hand on the pocket-bible on the table, opened at the Epistle of James, and, with his finger on the line, walked to the window with it.

"Yes, Sir, that is it," said Neale. "I would return the hire I kept back, — (I can't exactly say by fraud, for it was from hardness) — I would pay it all willingly now; but the men are dead. The fever has left but a few of them."

"I see," said Mr. Kirby. "I see how it is. You think the fever is dogging your heels, because the cries of your labourers have entered into the ears of the Lord. You want to buy off the complaints of the dead, and the anger of God, by spending now on the living,

You are afraid of dying; and you would rather part with your money, dearly as you love it, than die; and so you are planning to bribe God to let you live."

"Is not that rather hard, Sir?"

"Hard? — Is it true? that is the question."

When they came to look closely into the matter, it was clear enough. Neale, driven from his accustomed methods and employments, and from his profits, and all his outward reliances, was adrift and panic-stricken. When the Good Lady was carried out of the hollow, the last security seemed gone, and the place appeared to be delivered over to God's wrath; his share of which, his conscience showed him to be pointed out in the words of scripture which had so impressed his mind, and which were ringing in his ears, as he said, day and night.

"As for the Good Lady," said Mr. Kirby, "I am sure I hope she will never hear how some of the people here regard her, after all she has done for them. If anything could bow her spirit, it would be that." Seeing Neale stare in surprise, he went on. "One would think she was a kind of witch or sorceress; that there was some sort of magic about her; instead of her being a sensible, kind-hearted, fearless woman, who knows how to nurse, and is not afraid to do it when it is most wanted."

"Don't you think then, Sir, that God sent her to us?"

"Certainly; as he sent the doc-

tor, and my wife and me: as he sends people to each other whenever they meet. I am sure you never heard the Good Lady say that she was specially sent."

"She is so humble, — so natural, Sir, — she was not likely to say such a thing."

"Very true: and she is too wise to think it. No — there is nothing to be frightened about in her going away. She could have done no good here, while unable to walk or sit up; and she will recover better where she is gone. If she recovers, as I expect she will, she will come and see us; and I shall think that as good luck as you can do; not because she carries luck about with her, but because there is nothing we so much want as her example of courage, and sense and cheerfulness."

"To be sure," said Neale, in a meditative way, "she could not keep the people from dying."

"No indeed," observed Mr. Kirby; "you and some others took care that she should not."

In reply to the man's stare of amazement, Mr. Kirby asked: —

"Are not you the proprietor of several of the cottages in Bleaburn?"

"Yes; I have seven altogether."

"I know them well, — too well. Neale, your conscience accuses you about the hire of your labourers: but you have done worse things than oppress them about wages. Part of the mischief you may be unaware of; but I know you are not of all. I know that Widow Slaney speaks to you, year

by year, about repairing that wretched place she lives in. Have you done it yet? Not you! I need not have asked; and yet you screw that poor woman for her rent till she cannot sleep at night for thinking of it. You know in your heart that what she says is true,—that if her son was alive,—(and it was partly your hardness that sent him to the wars, and to his terrible fate)—”

“Stop, Sir! I cannot bear it!” exclaimed Neale. “Sir, you should not bear so hard on me. I have a son that met another bad fate at the wars: and you know it, Mr. Kirby.”

“To be sure I do. And how do you treat him? You drove him away by harshness; and now you say he shall not come back, because you cannot be troubled with a cripple at home.”

“Not now, Sir. I say no such thing now. When I said that, I was in a bad mood. I mean to be kind to him now: and I have told him so:—that is, I have said so to the girl he is attached to.”

“You have? You have really seen her, and shown respect to the young people?”

“I have, Sir.”

“Well: that is so far good. That is some foundation laid for a better future.”

“I should be thankful, Sir, to make up for the past.”

“Ah!” said Mr. Kirby, shaking his head; “that is what can never be done. The people, as you say, are dead: the misery is suffered: the mischief is done, and cannot

be undone. It is a lie, and a very fatal one, to say that past sins may be atoned for.”

“O, Mr. Kirby! — don’t say that!”

“I must say it, because it is true. You said yourself that you cannot make it up to those you have injured, because the men are dead. What is that you are saying? that you wish the fever had taken you; and you could go now and shoot yourself? Before you dare to say such things, you should look at the other half of the case. Is not the future greater than the past, because we have power over it? And is there not a good textsomewhere about forgetting the things that are behind, and pressing forwards to those that are before?”

“O, Sir! if I could forget the past!”

“Well: you see you have scripture warrant for trying. But then the pressing forwards to better things must go with it. If you forget the past, and go on the same as ever, you might as well be in hell at once. Then, I don’t know that your shooting yourself would do much harm to anybody.”

“But, Sir, I am willing to do all I can. I am willing to spend all I have. I am, indeed.”

“Well, spend away, — money, time, thought, kindness, — till you can fairly say that you have done by everybody as you would be done by! It will be time enough then to think what next. And, first, about these cottages of yours. If no more people are to die in them, murdered by filth and damp,

you have no time to lose. You must not sit here, talking remorse, and planning fine deeds, but you must set the work going this very day. Come! let us go and see."

Farmer Neale walked rather feebly through the hall: so Mr. Kirby called him into the parlour, and gave him a glass of wine. Still, as they went down the street, one man observed to another, that Neale looked ten years older in a day. He looked round him, however, with some signs of returning spirits, when he saw the boys at their street-cleaning, and observed, that hereabouts things looked wholesome enough.

"Mere outside scouring," said Mr. Kirby. "Better than dirt, as far as it goes; unless, indeed, it makes us satisfied to have whited sepulchres for dwellings. Come and see the uncleanness within."

Mr. Kirby did not spare him. He took him through all the seven cottages, for which he had extorted extravagant rents, without fulfilling any conditions on his own part. He showed him every bit of broken roof, of damp wall, of soaked floor. He showed him every heap of filth, every puddle of nastiness caused by there being no drains, or other means of removal of refuse. He advised him to make a note of every repair needed; and, when he saw that Neale's hand shook so that he could not write, took the pencil from his hand, and did it himself. Two of the seven cottages he condemned utterly: and Neale eager-

ly agreed to pull them down, and rebuild them with every improvement requisite to health. To the others he would supply what was wanting, and especially drainage. They stood in such a cluster that it was practicable to drain them all into a gully of the rock which, by being covered over, by a little building up at one end, and a little blasting at one side, might be made into a considerable tank, which was to be closed by a tight-fitting, and very heavy slab at top. Mr. Kirby conceded so much to the worldly spirit of the man he had to deal with, as to point out that the manure thus saved would so fertilise his fields as soon to repay the cost of this batch of drainage. Neale did not care for this at the moment. He was too sore at heart at the spectacle of these cottages and their inmates, — too much shaken by remorse and fear, — for any idea of profit and loss: but Mr. Kirby thought it as well to point out the fact, as it might help to animate the hard man to proceed in a good work, when his present melting mood should be passing away.

"Well: I think this is all we can do to-day," said Mr. Kirby, as they issued from the seventh cottage. "The worst of it is, the workmen from O— will not come, — I am afraid no builder will come, even to make an estimate — till we are declared free of fever. But there is a good deal that your own people can do."

"They can knock on a few slates before dark, Sir; and those win-

dows can be mended to-day. I trust, Mr. Kirby, you will give me encouragement; and not be harder than you can help."

"Why, Neale; the thing is this. You do not hold your doom from my hand; and you ought not to hang upon my words. You come to me to tell me what you feel, and to ask what I think. All I can do is to be honest with you, and (as indeed I am) sorry for you. Time must do the rest. If you are now acting well from fear of the fever only, time will show you how worthless is the effort; for you will break off as soon as the fright has passed away. If you really mean to do justly and love mercy, through good and bad fortune, time will prove you there, too: and then you will see whether I am hard, or whether we are to be friends. This is my view of the matter."

Neale touched his hat, and was slowly going away, when Mr. Kirby followed him, to say one thing more.

"It may throw light to yourself, on your own state of mind, to tell you that it is quite a usual one among people who have deeply sinned, when any thing happens to terrify them. Histories of earthquakes and plagues tell of people thinking and feeling as you do to-day. I dare say you think nobody ever felt the same before; but you are not the only one in Bleaburn."

"Indeed, Sir!" exclaimed Neale, exceedingly struck.

"Far from it. A person who has often robbed your poultry-

yard, and taken your duck eggs, thought that I was preaching at him, last Sunday; though I knew nothing about it. He wished to make reparation; and he asked me if I thought you would forgive him. Do you really wish to know my answer? I told him I thought you would not: but that he must confess and make reparation, nevertheless."

"You thought I should not forgive him?"

"I did: and I think so now, thus far. You would say and believe that you forgave him: but, at odd times, for years to come, you would show him that you had not forgotten it, and remind him that you had a hold over him. If not, — if I do you injustice in this, I should —"

"You do not, Sir. I am afraid what you say is very true."

"Well, just think it over, before he comes to you. This is the only confession made to me which it concerns you to hear: but I assure you, I believe there is not an evil doer in Bleaburn that is not sick at heart as you are; and for the same reason. We all have our pains and troubles; and yours may turn out a great blessing to you, — or a curse, according as you persevere or give way."

Neale said to himself as he went home, that Mr. Kirby had surely been very hard. If a man hanged for murder was filled with hope and triumph, and certainty of glory, there must be some more speedy comfort for him than the pastor had held out. Yet, in his

inmost heart, he felt that Mr. Kirby was right; and he could not for the life of him, keep away from him. He managed to meet him every day. He could seldom get a word said about the state of his mind; for Mr. Kirby did not approve of people's talking of their feelings, — and especially of those connected with conscience: but in the deeds which issued from conscientious feelings, he found cordial assistance given. And Farmer Neale sometimes fancied that he could see the time, — far as it was ahead — when Mr. Kirby and he might be, as the pastor had himself said, — friends.

The amount of confession and remorse opened out to the pastor was indeed striking, and more affecting to him than he chose to show to anybody but his wife; and not even to her did he tell many of the facts. The mushroom resolutions spawned in the heat of panic were offensive and discouraging to him: but there were better cases than these. A man who had taken into wrath with a neighbour about a gate, and had kept so for years, and refused to go to church lest he should meet him there, now discovered that life is too short for strife, and too precarious to be wasted in painful quarrels. A little girl whispered to Mr. Kirby that she had taken a turnip in his field without leave, and got permission to weed the great flower-bed without pay, to make up for it. Simpson and Sally asked him

to marry them; and for poor Sally's sake, he was right glad to do it. They were straightforward enough in their declaration of their reasons. Simpson thought nobody's life was worth a half-penny now, and he did not wish to be taken in his sins: while Sally said it would be worse still if the innocent baby was taken for its parents' sin. They had to hear the publication of banns, at a time when other people were thinking of anything but marriage; and, when the now disused church was unlocked to admit them to the altar, — just themselves and the clerk, — it was very dreary; but they immediately after felt the safer and better for it. Sally thought the Good Lady would have gone to church with her, if she had been here; and she wished she could let her know that Simpson had fulfilled his promise at last. Other people besides Sally wished they could let the Good Lady know how they were going on; — how frost came at last, in January, and stopped the fever; — how families who had lived crowded together now spread themselves into the empty houses; and how there was so much room that the worst cottages were left uninhabited, or were already in course of demolition, to make airy spaces, or afford sites for better dwellings; and how it was now certain that above two-thirds of the people of Bleaburn had perished in the fever, or by decline, after it. But they did not think of getting anybody who

could write to tell all this to the Good Lady: nor did it occur to them that she might possibly know it all. The men and boys collected pretty spars for her; and the women and girls knitted gloves and comforters, and made pin-cushions for her, in the faith that they should some day see her again. Meanwhile, they talked of her every day.

CHAPTER IX, AND LAST.

It was a fine spring day when the Good Lady re-appeared at Bleaburn. There she was, perfectly well, and glad to see health on so many of the faces about her. Some were absent whom she had left walking about in the strength of their prime; but others whom she had last seen lying helpless, like living skeletons, were now on their feet, with a light in their eyes, and some little tinge of colour in their cheeks. There were sad spectacles to be seen of premature decrepitude, of dreadful sores, of deafness, of lameness, left by the fever. There were enough of these to have saddened the heart of any stranger entering Bleaburn for the first time, but to Mary, the impression was that of a place risen from the dead. There was much grass in the church-yard, and none in the streets: the windows of the cottages were standing wide, letting it been seen that the rooms were white-washed within. There was an indescribable air of freshness and brightness about the whole place, which made her feel and

say that she hardly thought the fever could harbour there again. As she turned into the lane leading to her aunt's, the sound of the hammer, and the chipping of stone were heard; and some workmen whom she did not know, turned from their work of planing boards, to see why a crowd could be coming round the corner. These were workmen from O—, building Neale's new cottages, in capital style. And, for a moment two young ladies entering from the other end, were equally perplexed as to what the extraordinary bustle could mean. Their mother, however, understood it at a glance, and hastened forward to greet the Good Lady, sending a boy to fetch Mr. Kirby immediately. Mrs. Kirby's dryness of manner broke down altogether when she introduced her daughters to Mary. "Let them say they have shaken hands with you," said she, as she herself kissed the hand she held.

It was not easy for Mary to spare a hand, so laden was she with pin-cushions and knitted wares; but the Kirbys took them from her, and followed in her train, till the Widow Johnson appeared on her threshold, pale as marble, and grave as a monument, but well and able to hold out her arms to Mary. Poor Jem's excitement seemed to show that he was aware that some great event was happening. His habits were the same as before his illness, and he had no peace till he had shut the door when Mary entered. Everybody

then went away for the time; plenty of eyes, however, being on the watch for the moment when the Good Lady should be visible again.

In a few minutes, the movements of Jem's head showed his mother that, as she said, something was coming. Jem's hearing was uncommonly acute: and what he now heard, and what other people heard directly after, was a drum and fife. Neighbour after neighbour came to tell the Johnsons what their ears had told them already,—that there was a recruiting party in Bleaburn again; and Jem went out, attracted by the music.

"It is like the candle to the moth to him," said his mother. "I must go and see that nobody makes sport of him, or gives him drink."

"Sit still, Aunt; I will go. And there is Warrender, I see, and Ann. We will take care of Jem."

And so they did. Ann looked so meaningly at Mary, meantime, as to make Mary look inquiringly at Ann.

"Only, Ma'am," said Ann, "that Sally Simpson is standing yonder. She does not like to come forward, but I know she would be pleased."

"Her name is Simpson? How glad I am he has married her!" whispered Mary, as she glanced at the ring which Sally was rather striving to show. "I hope you are happy at last, Sally."

"Oh, Ma'am, it is such a weight gone! And I do try to make him happy at home, that he may never repent."

Mary thought the doubt should be all the other way—whether the wife might not be the most likely to repent having bound herself to a man who could act towards her as Simpson had done. Widow Slaney was not to be seen. The fife and drum had sent her to the loft. She came down to see Mary; but her agitation was so great that it would have been cruelty to stay. They heard her draw the bolt as they turned from the door.

"She does not like seeing Jack Neale any more than hearing the drum," observed the host of the Plough and Harrow, who had come forth to invite the Good Lady in, "to take a glass of something." "That is Jack Neale, Ma'am; that wooden-legged young man. He is married, though, for all his being so crippled. The young woman loved him before; and she loves him all the more now; and they married last week, and live at his father's. It must be a sad sight to his father; but he says no word about it. Better not; for Britons must be loyal."

"And why not?" said the doctor, who had hastened in from the brow, on seeing that something unusual was going forward below, and had ventured to offer the Good Lady his arms, as he thought an old comrade in the conflict with sickness and death might do.

"Why not?" said the doctor. "We make grievous complaints of the fatality of war; and it is sad to see the maiming and hear of the slaughter. But we had better

spend our lamentations on a fatality that we can manage. It would take many a battle of Albuera to mow us down, and hurt us in sense and limb, as the fever has done."

"Why, that is true!" cried some, as if struck by a new conviction.

"True, yes," continued the doctor. "I don't like the sight of a recruiting party, or the sound of the drum much better than the poor woman in yonder house, who will die of heart-break after all — of horror and pining for her son. But there is something that I like still less; the first giddiness and trembling of the strong man, the sinking feebleness of the young mother, the dimming of the infant's eyes; and the creeping fog along the river-bank, the stench in the hot weather, and the damp in the cold, that tell us that fever has lodged among us. I know then that we shall have, many times over, the slaughter of war, without any comfort from thoughts of glory to ourselves or duty to our country. There is neither glory nor duty in dying like vermin in a ditch."

"I don't see," said Warrender, "that the sergeant will carry off any of our youngsters now. If he had come with his drum three months since, some might have gone with him to get away from the fever, as a more terrible thing than war; but at present I think he will find that death has left us no young men to spare."

And so it proved. The ser-

geant and his party soon marched up to the brow, and disappeared, delivering the prophecy that Bleaburn would now lose its reputation for eagerness to support king and country. And in truth, Bleaburn was little heard of from that time till the peace.

Mary could not stay now. She had been detained very long from home — in America — and somebody was waiting very impatiently there to give her a new and happy home. This is said as if we were speaking of a real person — and so we are. There was such a Mary Pickard; and what she did for a Yorkshire village in a season of fever is TRUE.

THE REVENGE OF ÆSOP.

IMITATED FROM PHÆDRUS.

A BLOCKHEAD once a stone at Æsop threw:

"A better marksman, friend, I never knew."

Exclaimed the wit, and gaily rubbed his leg;

"A hand so dexterous ne'er will come to beg.

"Excuse these pence; how poor I am, you know!

"If I give these, what would the rich bestow?

"Look, look! that well-drest gentleman you see;

"Quick, prove on him the skill misspent on me!

"Here, take the stone. Be cool — a steadfast eye —

"And make your fortune with one lucky shy."

The blockhead took the counsel of the wit;

He poised the pebble, and his mark he hit.

"Arrest the traitor! He has struck the king!"

And Æsop, smiling, saw the ruffian swing.

THE GOLDEN FAGOTS.

A CHILD'S TALE.

AN old woman went into a wood to gather fagots. As she was breaking, with much difficulty, one very long, tough branch across her knee, a splinter went into her hand. It made a wound from which the blood flowed, but she bound her hand up with a ragged handkerchief, and went home to her hut.

Now this old woman was very cross, because she had hurt herself; and therefore when she arrived home and saw her little granddaughter, Ellie, singing and spinning, she was very glad that there was somebody to punish. So she told little Ellie that she was a minx, and beat her with a fagot. But the old woman had for a long time depended for support upon her granddaughter, and the daily bread had never yet been wanting from her table.

Then this old woman told little Ellie that she was to untie handkerchief and dress the wound upon her hand.

"The cloth feels very stiff," said the old woman.

And that was a thing not to be wondered at, for when the bandage was unrolled, one half of it was found to be made of a thick golden tissue. And there was a lump of gold in the old woman's hand, where otherwise a blood clot might have been.

At all this Ellie was not much surprised, because she knew little of gold, and as her grandmother

was very yellow outside, it appeared to her not unlikely that she was yellow the whole way through.

But the sun now shone into the little room, and Ellie started with delight: "Look at the beautiful bright beetles there among the fagots!" She had often watched the golden beetles, scampering to and fro, near a hot stone upon the rock. "Ah, this is very odd!" said little Ellie, seeing that the bright specks did not move. "These poor insects must be all asleep!"

But the old woman, who had fallen down upon her knees before the wood, bade Ellie go into the town and sell the caps that she had finished; not forgetting to bring home another load of flax.

Grannie, when left to herself, made a great many curious grimaces. Then she scratched another wound into her hand, and caused the blood to drop among the fagots. Then she hobbled and screamed, endeavouring, no doubt, all the while to dance and sing. It was quite certain that her blood had the power of converting into gold whatever lifeless thing it dropped upon.

For many months after this time little Ellie continued to support her grandmother by daily toil. The old woman left off fires, although it was cold winter weather, and the snow lay thick upon the cottage roof. Ellie must jump to warm herself, and her grandmother dragged all the fagots into her own bedroom. Ellie was forbidden

ever again to make Grannie's bed, or to go into the old woman's room on any account whatever. Grannie's head was always in a bandage; and it never required dressing. Grannie could not hurt Ellie so much now when she used the stick, her strength was considerably lessened.

One day, this old woman did not come out to breakfast; and she made no answer when she was called to dinner; and Ellie, when she listened through a crevice, could not hear her snore. She always snored when she was asleep, so Ellie made no doubt she must be obstinate.

When the night came, Ellie was frightened, and dared not sleep until she had peeped in.

There was a stack of golden fagots; and her grandmother was on the floor quite white and dead.

When she alarmed her neighbours they all came together, and held up their hands and said, "What a clever miser this old woman must have been!" But when they looked at little Ellie, as she sat weeping on the pile of gold, they all quarrelled among each other over the question, Who should be her friend?

A good spirit came in the night, and that was Ellie's friend; for in the morning all her fagots were of wood again.

Nobody then quarrelled for her love; but she found love, and was happy; because nobody thought it worth while to deceive her.

THE SUNDAY SCREW.

THIS little instrument, remarkable for its curious twist, has been at work again. A small portion of the collective wisdom of the nation has affirmed the principle that there must be no collection or delivery of posted letters on a Sunday. The principle was discussed by something less than a fourth of the House of Commons, and affirmed by something less than a seventh.

Having no doubt whatever, that this brilliant victory is, in effect, the affirmation of the principle that there ought to be No Anything but churches and chapels on a Sunday; or, that it is the beginning of a Sabbatarian Crusade, outrageous to the spirit of Christianity, irreconcilable with the health, the rational enjoyments, and the true religious feeling, of the community; and certain to result, if successful, in a violent reaction, threatening contempt and hatred of that seventh day which it is a great religious and social object to maintain in the popular affection; it would ill become us to be deterred from speaking out upon the subject, by any fear of being misunderstood, or by any certainty of being misrepresented.

Confident in the sense of the country, and not unacquainted with the habits and exigencies of the people, we approach the Sunday question, quite undiscomposed by the late storm of mad misstatement and all uncharitable-

ness, which cleared the way for Lord Ashley's motion. The preparation may be likened to that which is usually described in the case of the Egyptian Sorcerer and the boy who has some dark liquid poured into the palm of his hand, which is presently to become a magic mirror. "Look for Lord Ashley. What do you see?" "Oh, here's some one with a broom!" "Well! what is he doing?" "Oh, he's sweeping away Mr. Rowland Hill! Now, there is a great crowd of people all sweeping Mr. Rowland Hill away; and now, there is a red flag with Intolerance on it; and now, they are pitching a great many Tents called Meetings. Now, the tents are all upset, and Mr. Rowland Hill has swept everybody else away. And oh! now, here's Lord Ashley, with a Resolution in his hand!"

One Christian sentence is all-sufficient with us, on the theological part of this subject. "The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath." No amount of signatures to petitions can ever sign away the meaning of those words; no end of volumes of Hansard's Parliamentary Debates can ever affect them in the least. Move and carry resolutions, bring in bills, have committees, upstairs, downstairs, and in my lady's chamber; read a first time, read a second time, read a third time, read thirty thousand times; the declared authority of the Cristian dispensation over the letter of the Jewish Law, particularly in this especial instance, can-

not be petitioned, resolved, read, or committee'd away.

It is important in such a case as this affirmation of a principle, to know what amount of practical sense and logic entered into its assertion. We will inquire.

Lord Ashley (who has done much good, and whom we mention with every sentiment of sincere respect, though we believe him to be most mischievously deluded on this question,) speaks of the people employed in the Country Post-Offices on Sunday, as though they were continually at work, all the livelong day. He asks whether they are to be "a Pariah race, excluded from the enjoyments of the rest of the community?" He presents to our mind's eye, rows of Post-Office clerks, sitting, with dishevelled hair and dirty linen, behind small shutters, all Sunday long, keeping time with their sighs to the ringing of the church bells, and watering bushels of letters, incessantly passing through their hands, with their tears. Is this exactly the reality? The Upas tree is a figure of speech almost as ancient as our lachrymose friend the Pariah, in whom most of us recognise a respectable old acquaintance. Supposing we were to take it into our heads to declare in these Household Words, that every Post-Office clerk employed on Sunday in the country, is compelled to sit under his own particular sprig of Upas, planted in a flower-pot beside him for the express purpose of blighting him

with its baneful shade, should we be much more beyond the mark than Lord Ashley himself? Did any of our readers ever happen to post letters in the Country on a Sunday? Did they ever see a notice outside a provincial Post-Office, to the effect that the presiding Pariah would be in attendance at such an hour on Sunday, and not before? Did they ever wait for the Pariah, at some inconvenience, until the hour arrived, and observe him come to the office in an extremely spruce condition as to his shirt collar, and do a little sprinkling of business in a very easy offhand manner? We have such recollections ourselves. We have posted and received letters in most parts of this kingdom on a Sunday, and we never yet observed the Pariah to be quite crushed. On the contrary, we have seen him at church, apparently in the best health and spirits (notwithstanding an hour or so of sorting, earlier in the morning), and we have met him out a-walking with the young lady to whom he is engaged, and we have known him meet her again with her cousin, after the dispatch of the Mails, and really conduct himself as if he were not particularly exhausted or afflicted. Indeed, how *could* he be so, on Lord Ashley's own showing? There is a Saturday before the Sunday. We are a people indisposed, he says, to business on a Sunday. More than a million of people are known, from their petitions, to be too scrupulous to hear of such a

thing. Few counting-houses or offices are ever opened on a Sunday. The Merchants and Bankers write by Saturday night's post. The Sunday night's post may be presumed to be chiefly limited to letters of necessity and emergency. Lord Ashley's whole case would break down, if it were probable that the Post-Office Pariah had half as much confinement on Sunday, as the He-Pariah who opens my Lord's street-door when any body knocks, or the She-Pariah who nurses my Lady's baby.

If the London Post-Office be not opened on a Sunday, says Lord Ashley, why should the Post-Offices of provincial towns be opened on a Sunday? Precisely because the provincial towns are NOT London, we apprehend. Because London is the great capital, mart, and business-centre of the world; because in London there are hundreds of thousands of people, young and old, away from their families and friends; because the stoppage of the Monday's Post Delivery in London would stop, for many precious hours, the natural flow of the blood from every vein and artery in the world to the heart of the world, and its return from the heart through all those tributary channels. Because the broad difference between London and every other place in England, necessitated this distinction, and has perpetuated it.

But, to say nothing of petitioners elsewhere, it seems that two hundred merchants and bank-

ers in Liverpool "formed themselves into a committee, to forward the object of this motion." In the name of all the Pharisees of Jerusalem, could not the two hundred merchants and bankers form themselves into a committee to write or read no business-letters themselves on a Sunday — and let the Post-Office alone? The Government establishes a monopoly in the Post-Office, and makes it not only difficult and expensive for me to send a letter by any other means, but illegal. What right has any merchant or banker to stop the course of any letter that I may have sore necessity to post, or may choose to post? If any one of the two hundred merchants and bankers lay at the point of death, on Sunday, would he desire his absent child to be written to — the Sunday Post being yet in existence? And how do they take upon themselves to tell us that the Sunday Post is not a "necessity," when they know, every man of them, every Sunday morning, that before the clock strikes next, they and theirs may be visited by any one of incalculable millions of accidents, to make it a dire need? Not a necessity? Is it possible that these merchants and bankers suppose there is any Sunday Post, from any large town, which is not a very agony of necessity to some one? I might as well say, in my pride of strength, that a knowledge of bone-setting in surgeons is not a necessity, because I have not broken my leg.

Household Words. II.

There is a Sage of this sort in the House of Commons. He is of opinion that the Sunday Police is a necessity, but the Sunday Post is not. That is to say, in a certain house in London or Westminster, there are certain silver spoons, engraved with the family crest — a Bigot rampant — which would be pretty sure to disappear, on an early Sunday, if there were no Policemen on duty; whereas the Sage sees no present probability of his requiring to write a letter into the country on a Saturday night — and, if it should arise, he can use the Electric Telegraph. Such is the sordid balance some professing Heathens hold of their own pounds against other men's pennies, and their own selfish wants against those of the community at large! Even the Member for Birmingham, of all the towns in England, is afflicted by this selfish blindness, and, because he is "tired of reading and answering letters on a Sunday," cannot conceive the possibility of there being other people not so situated, to whom the Sunday Post may, under many circumstances, be an unspeakable blessing.

The inconsequential nature of Lord Ashley's positions, cannot be better shown, than by one brief passage from his speech. "When he said the transmission of the Mail, he meant the Mail-bags; he did not propose to interfere with the passengers." No? Think again, Lord Ashley.

When the Honourable Member

for Whitened Sepulchres moves his resolution for the stoppage of Mail Trains — in a word, of all Railway travelling — on Sunday; and when that Honourable Gentleman talks about the Pariah clerks who take the money and give the tickets, the Pariah engine-drivers, the Pariah stokers, the Pariah porters, the Pariah police along the line, and the Pariah flys waiting at the Pariah stations to take the Pariah passengers, to be attended by Pariah servants at the Pariah Arms and other Pariah Hotels; what will Lord Ashley do then? Envy insinuated Tom Thumb made his giants first, and then killed them, but you cannot do the like by your Pariahs. You cannot get an exclusive patent for the manufacture and destruction of Pariah dolls. Other Honourable Gentlemen are certain to engage in the trade; and when the Honourable Member for Whitened Sepulchres makes his Pariahs of all these people, you cannot refuse to recognise them as being of the genuine sort, Lord Ashley. Railway and all other Sunday Travelling, suppressed, by the Honourable Member for Whitened Sepulchres, the same honourable gentleman, who will not have been particularly complimented in the course of that achievement by the Times Newspaper, will discover that a good deal is done towards the Times of Monday, on a Sunday night, and will Pariah the whole of that immense establishment. For, this is the great inconvenience of Pa-

riah-making, that when you begin, they spring up like mushrooms: insomuch, that it is very doubtful whether we shall have a house in all this land, from the Queen's Palace downward, which will not be found, on inspection, to be swarming with Pariahs. Not touch the Mails, and yet abolish the Mail-bags? Stop all those silent messengers of affection and anxiety, yet let the talking traveller, who is the cause of infinitely more employment, go? Why, this were to suppose all men Fools, and the Honourable Member for Whitened Sepulchres even a greater Noodle than he is!

Lord Ashley supports his motion by reading some perilous bombast, said to be written by a working man — of whom the intelligent body of working men have no great reason, to our thinking, to be proud — in which there is much about not being robbed of the boon of the day of rest; but, with all Lord Ashley's indisputably humane and benevolent impulses, we grieve to say we know no robber whom the working man, really desirous to preserve his Sunday, has so much to dread, as Lord Ashley himself. He is weakly lending the influence of his good intentions to a movement which would make that day no day of rest — rest to those who are overwrought, includes recreation, fresh air, change — but a day of mortification and gloom. And this not to one class only, be it understood. This is not a class question. If there be no gentleman of spirit in

the House of Commons to remind Lord Ashley that the high-flown nonsense he quoted, concerning labour, is but another form of the stupidest socialist dogma, which seeks to represent that there is only one class of labourers on earth, it is well that the truth should be stated somewhere. And it is, indisputably, that three-fourths of us are labourers who work hard for our living; and that the condition of what we call the working-man, has its parallel, at a remove of certain degrees, in almost all professions and pursuits. Running through the middle classes, is a broad deep vein of constant, compulsory, indispensable work. There are innumerable gentlemen, and sons and daughters of gentlemen, constantly at work, who have no more hope of making fortunes in their vocation, than the working-man has in his. There are innumerable families in which the day of rest, is the only day out of the seven, where innocent domestic recreations and enjoyments are very feasible. In our mean gentility, which is the cause of so much social mischief, we may try to separate ourselves, as to this question, from the working-man; and may very complacently resolve that there is no occasion for his excursion-trains and tea-gardens, because we don't use them; but we had better not deceive ourselves. It is impossible that we can cramp his means of needful recreation and refreshment, without cramping our own, or basely cheating him. We can-

not leave him to the Christian patronage of the Honourable Member for Whiteden Sepulchres, and take ourselves off. We cannot restrain him and leave ourselves free. Our Sunday wants are pretty much the same as his, though his are far more easily satisfied; our inclinations and our feelings are pretty much the same; and it will be no less wise than honest in us, the middle classes, not to be Janus-faced about the matter.

What is it that the Honourable Member for Whiteden Sepulchres, for whom Lord Ashley clears the way, wants to do? He sees on a Sunday morning, in the large towns of England, when the bells are ringing for church and chapel, certain unwashed, dim-eyed, dissipated loungers, hanging about the doors of public-houses, and loitering at the street corners, to whom the day of rest appeals in much the same degree as a sunny summer-day does to so many pigs. Does he believe that any weight of handcuffs on the Post-Office, or any amount of restriction imposed on decent people, will bring Sunday home to these? Let him go, any Sunday morning, from the new Town of Edinburgh where the sound of a piano would be profanation, to the old Town, and see what Sunday is in the Canon-gate. Or let him get up some statistics of the drunken people in Glasgow, while the churches are full—and work out the amount of Sabbath observance which is carried downward, by rigid shows and sad-coloured forms.

But, there is another class of people, those who take little jaunts, and mingle in social little assemblages, on a Sunday, concerning whom the whole constituency of Whitened Sepulchres, with their Honourable Member in the chair, find their lank hair standing on end with horror, and pointing, as if they were all electrified; straight up to the skylights of Exeter Hall. In reference to this class, we would whisper in the ears of the disturbed assemblage, three short words, "Let well alone!"

The English people have long been remarkable for their domestic habits, and their household virtues and affections. They are, now, beginning to be universally respected by intelligent foreigners who visit this country, for their unobtrusive politeness, their good-humour, and their cheerful recognition of all restraints that really originate in consideration for the general good. They deserve this testimony (which we have often heard, of late, with pride) most honourably. Long maligned and mistrusted, they proved their case from the very first moment of having it in their power to do so; and have never, on any single occasion within our knowledge, abused any public confidence that has been reposed in them. It is an extraordinary thing to know of a people, systematically excluded from galleries and museums for years, that their respect for such places, and for themselves as visitors to them, dates, without any

period of transition, from the very day when their doors were freely opened. The national vices are surprisingly few. The people in general are not gluttons, nor drunkards, nor gamblers, nor addicted to cruel sports, nor to the pushing of any amusement to furious and wild extremes. They are moderate, and easily pleased, and very sensible to all affectionate influences. Any knot of holiday-makers, without a large proportion of women and children among them, would be a perfect phenomenon. Let us go into any place of Sunday enjoyment where any fair representation of the people resort, and we shall find them decent, orderly, quiet, sociable among their families and neighbours. There is a general feeling of respect for religion, and for religious observances. The churches and chapels are well filled. Very few people who keep servants or apprentices, leave out of consideration their opportunities of attending church or chapel; the general demeanour within those edifices, is particularly grave and decorous; and the general recreations without, are of a harmless and simple kind. Lord Brougham never did Henry Brougham more justice, than in declaring to the House of Lords, after the success of this motion in the House of Commons, that there is no country where the Sabbath is, on the whole, better observed than in England. Let the constituency of Whitened Sepulchres ponder, in a Christian spirit, on these things; take care

of their own consciences; leave their Honourable Member to take care of his; and let well alone.

For, it is in nations as in families. Too tight a hand in these respects, is certain to engender a disposition to break loose, and to run riot. If the private experience of any reader, pausing on this sentence, cannot furnish many unhappy illustrations of its truth, it is a very fortunate experience indeed. Our most notable public example of it, in England, is just two hundred years old.

Lord Ashley had better merge his Pariahs into the body politic; and the Honourable Member for Whited Sepulchres had better accustom his jaundiced eyes to the Sunday sight of dwellers in towns, roaming in green fields, and gazing upon country prospects. If he will look a little beyond them, and lift up the eyes of his mind, perhaps he may observe a mild, majestic figure in the distance, going through a field of corn, attended by some common men who pluck the grain as they pass along, and whom their Divine Master teaches that he is the Lord, even of the Sabbath-Day.

THE YOUNG ADVOCATE.

ANTOINE DE CHAULIEU was the son of a poor gentleman of Normandy, with a long genealogy, a short rent-roll, and a large family. Jacques Rollet was the son of a brewer, who did not know who his grandfather was; but he had a

long purse and only two children. As these youths flourished in the early days of liberty, equality, and fraternity, and were near neighbours, they naturally hated each other. Their enmity commenced at school, where the delicate and refined De Chaulieu being the only gentilhomme amongst the scholars, was the favourite of the master (who was a bit of an aristocrat in his heart) although he was about the worst dressed boy in the establishment, and never had a sou to spend; whilst Jacques Rollet, sturdy and rough, with smart clothes and plenty of money, got flogged six days in the week, ostensibly for being stupid and not learning his lessons — which, indeed, he did not — but, in reality, for constantly quarrelling with and insulting De Chaulieu, who had not strength to cope with him. When they left the academy, the feud continued in all its vigour, and was fostered by a thousand little circumstances arising out of the state of the times, till a separation ensued in consequence of an aunt of Antoine de Chaulieu's undertaking the expense of sending him to Paris to study the law, and of maintaining him there during the necessary period.

With the progress of events came some degree of reaction in favour of birth and nobility, and then Antoine, who had passed for the bar, began to hold up his head and endeavoured to push his fortunes; but fate seemed against him. He felt certain that if he possessed any gift in the world it

was that of eloquence, but he could get no cause to plead; and his aunt dying inopportunely, first his resources failed, and then his health. He had no sooner returned to his home, than, to complicate his difficulties completely, he fell in love with Mademoiselle Natalie de Bellefonds, who had just returned from Paris, where she had been completing her education. To expatiate on the perfections of Mademoiselle Natalie, would be a waste of ink and paper; it is sufficient to say that she really was a very charming girl, with a fortune which, though not large, would have been a most desirable acquisition to De Chaulieu, who had nothing. Neither was the fair Natalie indisposed to listen to his addresses; but her father could not be expected to countenance the suit of a gentleman, however well-born, who had not a ten-sous piece in the world, and whose prospects were a blank.

Whilst the ambitious and love-sick young barrister was thus pining in unwelcome obscurity, his old acquaintance, Jacques Rollet, had been acquiring an undesirable notoriety. There was nothing really bad in Jacques' disposition, but having been bred up a democrat, with a hatred of the nobility, he could not easily accommodate his rough humour to treat them with civility when it was no longer safe to insult them. The liberties he allowed himself whenever circumstances brought him into contact with the higher classes of society, had led him into many

scrapes, out of which his father's money had one way or another released him; but that source of safety had now failed. Old Rollet having been too busy with the affairs of the nation to attend to his business, had died insolvent, leaving his son with nothing but his own wits to help him out of future difficulties, and it was not long before their exercise was called for. Claudine Rollet, his sister, who was a very pretty girl, had attracted the attention of Mademoiselle de Bellefonds' brother, Alphonso; and as he paid her more attention than from such a quarter was agreeable to Jacques, the young men had had more than one quarrel on the subject, on which occasions they had each, characteristically, given vent to their enmity, the one in contemptuous monosyllables, and the other in a volley of insulting words. But Claudine had another lover more nearly of her own condition of life; this was Claperon, the deputy governor of the Rouen jail, with whom she had made acquaintance during one or two compulsory visits paid by her brother to that functionary; but Claudine, who was a bit of a coquette, though she did not altogether reject his suit, gave him little encouragement, so that betwixt hopes, and fears, and doubts, and jealousies, poor Claperon led a very uneasy kind of life.

Affairs had been for some time in this position, when, one fine morning, Alphonse de Bellefonds was not to be found in his cham-

ber when his servant went to call him; neither had his bed been slept in. He had been observed to go out rather late on the preceding evening, but whether or not he had returned, nobody could tell. He had not appeared at supper, but that was too ordinary an event to awaken suspicion; and little alarm was excited till several hours had elapsed, when inquiries were instituted and a search commenced, which terminated in the discovery of his body, a good deal mangled, lying at the bottom of a pond which had belonged to the old brewery. Before any investigations had been made, every person had jumped to the conclusion that the young man had been murdered, and that Jacques Rollet was the assassin. There was a strong presumption in favour of that opinion, which further perquisitions tended to confirm. Only the day before, Jacques had been heard to threaten Mons. de Bellefonds with speedy vengeance. On the fatal evening, Alphonse and Claudine had been seen together in the neighbourhood of the now dismantled brewery; and as Jacques, betwixt poverty and democracy, was in bad odour with the prudent and respectable part of society, it was not easy for him to bring witnesses to character, or prove an unexceptionable alibi. As for the Bellefonds and De Chaulieus, and the aristocracy in general, they entertained no doubt of his guilt; and finally, the magistrates coming to the same opinion. Jacques Rollet was committed for

trial, and as a testimony of good will, Antoine de Chaulieu was selected by the injured family to conduct the prosecution.

Here, at last, was the opportunity he had sighed for! So interesting a case, too, furnishing such ample occasion for passion, pathos, indignation! And how eminently fortunate that the speech which he set himself with ardour to prepare, would be delivered in the presence of the father and brother of his mistress, and perhaps of the lady herself! The evidence against Jacques, it is true, was altogether presumptive; there was no proof whatever that he had committed the crime; and for his own part he stoutly denied it. But Antoine de Chaulieu entertained no doubt of his guilt, and his speech was certainly well calculated to carry that conviction into the bosom of others. It was of the highest importance to his own reputation that he should procure a verdict, and he confidently assured the afflicted and enraged family of the victim that their vengeance should be satisfied. Under these circumstances could anything be more unwelcome than a piece of intelligence that was privately conveyed to him late on the evening before the trial was to come on, which tended strongly to exculpate the prisoner, without indicating any other person as the criminal. Here was an opportunity lost. The first step of the ladder on which he was to rise to fame, fortune, and a wife, was slipping from under his feet!

Of course, so interesting a trial was anticipated with great eagerness by the public, and the court was crowded with all the beauty and fashion of Rouen. Though Jacques Rollet persisted in asserting his innocence, founding his defence chiefly on circumstances which were strongly corroborated by the information that had reached De Chau lieu the preceding evening, — he was convicted.

In spite of the very strong doubts he privately entertained respecting the justice of the verdict, even De Chau lieu himself, in the first flush of success, amidst a crowd of congratulating friends, and the approving smiles of his mistress, felt gratified and happy; his speech had, for the time being, not only convinced others, but himself; warmed with his own eloquence, he believed what he said. But when the glow was over, and he found himself alone, he did not feel so comfortable. A latent doubt of Rollet's guilt now burnt strongly in his mind, and he felt that the blood of the innocent would be on his head. It is true there was yet time to save the life of the prisoner, but to admit Jacques innocent, was to take the glory out of his own speech, and turn the sting of his argument against himself. Besides, if he produced the witness who had secretly given him the information, he should be self-condemned, for he could not conceal that he had been aware of the circumstance before the trial.

Matters having gone so far,

therefore, it was necessary that Jacques Rollet should die; so the affair took its course; and early one morning the guillotine was erected in the court yard of the jail, three criminals ascended the scaffold, and three heads fell into the basket, which were presently afterwards, with the trunks that had been attached to them, buried in a corner of the cemetery.

Antoine de Chau lieu was now fairly started in his career, and his success was as rapid as the first step towards it had been tardy. He took a pretty apartment in the Hôtel Marbœuf. Rue Grange-Batelière, and in a short time was looked upon as one of the most rising young advocates in Paris. His success in one line brought him success in another; he was soon a favourite in society, and an object of interest to speculating mothers; but his affections still adhered to his old love Natalie de Bellefonds, whose family now gave their assent to the match — at least, prospectively — a circumstance which furnished such an additional incentive to his exertions, that in about two years from the date of his first brilliant speech, he was in a sufficiently flourishing condition to offer the young lady a suitable home. In anticipation of the happy event, he engaged and furnished a suite of apartments in the Rue du Helder; and as it was necessary that the bride should come to Paris to provide her trousseau, it was agreed that the wedding should take place there, instead of at Bellefonds, as

had been first projected; an arrangement the more desirable, that a press of business rendered Mons. de Chau lieu's absence from Paris inconvenient.

Brides and bridegrooms in France, except of the very high classes, are not much in the habit of making those honeymoon excursions so universal in this country. A day spent in visiting Versailles, or St. Cloud, or even the public places of the city, is generally all that precedes the settling down into the habits of daily life. In the present instance St. Denis was selected, from the circumstance of Natalie's having a younger sister at school there; and also because she had a particular desire to see the Abbey.

The wedding was to take place on a Thursday; and on the Wednesday evening, having spent some hours most agreeably with Natalie, Antoine de Chau lieu returned to spend his last night in his bachelor apartments. His wardrobe and other small possessions, had already been packed up and sent to his future home; and there was nothing left in his room now, but his new wedding suit, which he inspected with considerable satisfaction before he undressed and lay down to sleep. Sleep, however, was somewhat slow to visit him; and the clock had struck *one*, before he closed his eyes. When he opened them again, it was broad daylight; and his first thought was, had he overslept himself? He sat up in bed to look at the clock which was exactly opposite,

and as he did so, in the large mirror over the fireplace, he perceived a figure standing behind him. As the dilated eyes met his own, he saw it was the face of Jacques Rollet. Overcome with horror he sunk back on his pillow, and it was some minutes before he ventured to look again in that direction; when he did so, the figure had disappeared.

The sudden revulsion of feeling such a vision was calculated to occasion in a man elate with joy, may be conceived! For some time after the death of his former foe, he had been visited by not unfrequent twinges of conscience; but of late, borne along by success, and the hurry of Parisian life, these unpleasant remembrancers had grown rarer, till at length they had faded away altogether. Nothing had been further from his thoughts than Jacques Rollet, when he closed his eyes on the preceding night, nor when he opened them to that sun which was to shine on what he expected to be the happiest day of his life! Where were the high-strung nerves now! The elastic frame! The bounding heart!

Heavily and slowly he arose from his bed, for it was time to do so; and with a trembling hand and quivering knees, he went through the processes of the toilet, gashing his cheek with the razor, and spilling the water over his well polished boots. When he was dressed, scarcely venturing to cast a glance in the mirror as he passed it, he quitted the room and descended

the stairs, taking the key of the door with him for the purpose of leaving it with the porter; the man, however, being absent, he laid it on the table in his lodge, and with a relaxed and languid step proceeded on his way to the church, where presently arrived the fair Natalie and her friends. How difficult it was now to look happy, with that pallid face and extinguished eye!

"How pale you are! Has anything happened? You are surely ill?" were the exclamations that met him on sides. He tried to carry it off as well as he could, but felt that the movements he would have wished to appear alert were only convulsive; and that the smiles with which he attempted to relax his features, were but distorted grimaces. However, the church was not the place for further inquiries; and whilst Natalie gently pressed his hand in token of sympathy, they advanced to the altar, and the ceremony was performed; after which they stepped into the carriages waiting at the door, and drove to the apartments of Madame de Bellefonds, where an elegant *déjeuner* was prepared.

"What ails you, my dear husband?" enquired Natalie, as soon as they were alone.

"Nothing, love," he replied; "nothing, I assure you, but a restless night and a little overwork, in order that I might have to-day free to enjoy my happiness!"

"Are you quite sure? Is there nothing else?"

"Nothing, indeed; and pray don't take notice of it, it only makes me worse!"

Natalie was not deceived, but she saw that what he said was true; notice made him worse; so she contented herself with observing him quietly, and saying nothing; but, as he *felt* she was observing him, she might almost better have spoken; words are often less embarrassing things than too curious eyes.

When they reached Madame de Bellefonds' he had the same sort of questioning and scrutiny to undergo, till he grew quite impatient under it, and betrayed a degree of temper altogether unusual with him. Then everybody looked astonished; some whispered their remarks, and others expressed them by their wondering eyes, till his brow knit, and his pallid cheeks became flushed with anger. Neither could he divert attention by eating; his parched mouth would not allow him to swallow anything but liquids, of which, however, he indulged in copious libations; and it was an exceeding relief to him when the carriage, which was to convey them to St. Denis, being announced, furnished an excuse for hastily leaving the table. Looking at his watch, he declared it was late; and Natalie, who saw how eager he was to be gone, threw her shawl over her shoulders, and bidding her friends *good morning*, they hurried away.

It was a fine sunny day in June; and as they drove along the crowd-

ed boulevards, and through the Porte St. Denis, the young bride and bridegroom, to avoid each other's eyes, affected to be gazing out of the windows; but when they reached that part of the road where there was nothing but trees on each side, they felt it necessary to draw in their heads, and make an attempt at conversation. De Chaulieu put his arm round his wife's waist, and tried to rouse himself from his depression; but it had by this time so reacted upon her, that she could not respond to his efforts, and thus the conversation languished, till both felt glad when they reached their destination, which would, at all events, furnish them something to talk about.

Having quitted the carriage, and ordered a dinner at the Hôtel de l'Abbaye, the young couple proceeded to visit Mademoiselle Hortense de Bellefonds, who was overjoyed to see her sister and new brother-in-law, and doubly so when she found that they had obtained permission to take her out to spend the afternoon with them. As there is little to be seen at St. Denis but the Abbey, on quitting that part of it devoted to education, they proceeded to visit the church, with its various objects of interest; and as De Chaulieu's thoughts were now forced into another direction, his cheerfulness began insensibly to return. Natalie looked so beautiful, too, and the affection betwixt the two young sisters was so pleasant to behold! And they spent a couple of hours wandering

about with Hortense, who was almost as well informed as the Suisse, till the brazen doors were open which admitted them to the Royal vault. Satisfied, at length, with what they had seen, they began to think of returning to the inn, the more especially as De Chaulieu, who had not eaten a morsel of food since the previous evening, owned to being hungry; so they directed their steps to the door, lingering here and there as they went, to inspect a monument or a painting, when, happening to turn his head aside to see if his wife, who had stooped to take a last look at the tomb of King Dagobert, was following, he beheld with horror the face of Jacques Rollet appearing from behind a column! At the same instant, his wife joined him, and took his arm, inquiring if he was not very much delighted with what he had seen. He attempted to say yes, but the word would not be forced out; and staggering out of the door, he alleged that a sudden faintness had overcome him.

They conducted him to the Hôtel, but Natalie now became seriously alarmed; and well she might. His complexion looked ghastly, his limbs shook, and his features bore an expression of indescribable horror and anguish. What could be the meaning of so extraordinary a change in the gay, witty, prosperous De Chaulieu, who, till that morning, seemed not to have a care in the world? For, plead illness as he might, she felt certain, from the expression of his

features, that his sufferings were not of the body but of the mind; and, unable to imagine any reason for such extraordinary manifestations, of which she had never before seen a symptom, but a sudden aversion to herself, and regret for the step he had taken, her pride took the alarm, and, concealing the distress she really felt, she began to assume a haughty and reserved manner towards him, which he naturally interpreted into an evidence of anger and contempt. The dinner was placed upon the table, but De Chaulieu's appetite of which he had lately boasted, was quite gone, nor was his wife better able to eat. The young sister alone did justice to the repast; but although the bridegroom could not eat, he could swallow champagne in such copious draughts, that ere long the terror and remorse that the apparition of Jacques Rollet had awakened in his breast were drowned in intoxication. Amazed and indignant, poor Natalie sat silently observing this elect of her heart, till overcome with disappointment and grief, she quitted the room with her sister, and retired to another apartment, where she gave free vent to her feelings in tears.

After passing a couple of hours in confidences and lamentations, they recollected that the hours of liberty granted, as an especial favour, to Mademoiselle Hortense, had expired: but ashamed to exhibit her husband in his present condition to the eyes of strangers,

Natalie prepared to re-conduct her to the *Maison Royale* herself. Looking into the dining-room as they passed, they saw De Chaulieu lying on a sofa fast asleep, in which state he continued when his wife returned. At length, however, the driver of their carriage begged to know if Monsieur and Madame were ready to return to Paris, and it became necessary to arouse him. The transitory effects of the champagne had now subsided; but when De Chaulieu recollected what had happened, nothing could exceed his shame and mortification. So engrossing indeed were these sensations that they quite overpowered his previous ones, and, in his present vexation, he, for the moment, forgot his fears. He knelt at his wife's feet, begged her pardon a thousand times, swore that he adored her, and declared that the illness and the effect of the wine had been purely the consequences of fasting and overwork. It was not the easiest thing in the world to re-assure a woman whose pride, affection, and taste, had been so severely wounded; but Natalie tried to believe, or to appear to do so, and a sort of reconciliation ensued, not quite sincere on the part of the wife, and very humbling on the part of the husband. Under these circumstances it was impossible that he should recover his spirits or facility of manner; his gaiety was forced, his tenderness constrained; his heart was heavy within him; and ever and anon the source whence all this disappointment and woe

had sprung would recur to his perplexed and tortured mind.

Thus mutually pained and distrustful, they returned to Paris, which they reached about nine o'clock. In spite of her depression, Natalie, who had not seen her new apartments, felt some curiosity about them, whilst De Chaulieu anticipated a triumph in exhibiting the elegant home he had prepared for her. With some alacrity, therefore, they stepped out of the carriage, the gates of the Hôtel were thrown open, the *concierge* rang the bell which announced to the servants that their master and mistress had arrived, and whilst these domestics appeared above, holding lights over the balusters, Natalie, followed by her husband, ascended the stairs. But when they reached the landing-place of the first flight, they saw the figure of a man standing in a corner as if to make way for them; the flash from above fell upon his face, and again Antoine de Chaulieu recognised the features of Jacques Rollet!

From the circumstance of his wife's preceding him, the figure was not observed by De Chaulieu till he was lifting his foot to place it on the top stair: the sudden shock caused him to miss the step, and, without uttering a sound, he fell back, and never stopped till he reached the stones at the bottom. The screams of Natalie brought the *concierge* from below and the maids from above, and an attempt was made to raise the unfortunate man from

the ground; but with cries of anguish he besought them to desist.

"Let me," he said, "die here! What a fearful vengeance is thine! Oh, Natalie, Natalie!" he exclaimed to his wife, who was kneeling beside him, "to win fame, and fortune, and yourself, I committed a dreadful crime! With lying words I argued away the life of a fellow-creature, whom, whilst I uttered them, I half believed to be innocent; and now, when I have attained all I desired, and reached the summit of my hopes, the Almighty has sent him back upon the earth to blast me with the sight. Three times this day — three times this day! Again! again!" — and as he spoke, his wild and dilated eyes fixed themselves on one of the individuals that surrounded him.

"He is delirious," said they.

"No," said the stranger! "What he says is true enough, — at least in part;" and bending over the expiring man, he added, "May Heaven forgive you, Antoine de Chaulieu! I was not executed; one who well knew my innocence saved my life. I may name him, for he is beyond the reach of the law now, — it was Claperon, the jailer, who loved Claudine, and had himself killed Alphonse de Bellefonds from jealousy. An unfortunate wretch had been several years in the jail for a murder committed during the phrenzy of a fit of insanity. Long confinement had reduced him to idiocy. To save my life Claperon

substituted the senseless being for me, on the scaffold, and he was executed in my stead. He has quitted the country, and I have been a vagabond on the face of the earth ever since that time. At length I obtained, through the assistance of my sister, the situation of concierge in the Hôtel Marbœuf, in the Rue Grange-Batelière. I entered on my new place yesterday evening, and was desired to awaken the gentleman on the third floor at seven o'clock. When I entered the room to do so, you were asleep, but before I had time to speak you awoke, and I recognised your features in the glass. Knowing that I could not vindicate my innocence if you chose to seize me, I fled, and seeing an omnibus starting for St. Denis, I got on it with a vague idea of getting on to Calais, and crossing the Channel to England. But having only a franc or two in my pocket, or indeed in the world, I did not know how to procure the means of going forward; and whilst I was lounging about the place, forming first one plan and then another, I saw you in the church, and concluding you were in pursuit of me, I thought the best way of eluding your vigilance was to make my way back to Paris as fast as I could; so I set off instantly, and walked all the way; but having no money to pay my night's lodging, I came here to borrow a couple of livres of my sister Claudine, who lives in the fifth story."

"Thank Heaven!" exclaimed

the dying man; "that sin is off my soul! Natalie, dear wife, farewell! Forgive! forgive all!"

These were the last words he uttered; the priest, who had been summoned in haste, held up the cross before his failing sight; a few strong convulsions shook the poor bruised and mangled frame; and then all was still.

And thus ended the Young Advocate's Wedding Day.

EARTH'S HARVESTS.

"Peace hath her victories, no less renowned than War." —

MILTON'S Sonnet to Cromwell.

Two hundred years ago,* the moon
Shone on a battle plain;
Cold through that glowing night of June
Lay steeds and riders slain;
And daisies, bending 'neath strange dew,
Wept in the silver light;
The very turf a regal hue
Assumed that fatal night.

Time past — but long, to tell the tale
Some battle-axe or shield,
Or cloven skull, or shattered mail,
Were found upon the field;
The grass grew thickest on the spot
Where high were heaped the dead,
And well it marked, had men forgot,
Where the great charge was made.

To-day — the sun looks laughing down
Upon the harvest plain,
The little gleaners, rosy-brown,
The merry reaper's train;
The rich sheaves heaped together stand,
And resting in their shade,
A mother, working close at hand,
Her sleeping babe hath laid.

A battle-field it was, and is,
For serried spears are there,
And against mighty foes upreared —
Gaunt hunger, pale despair.
We 'll thank God for the hearts of old,
Their strife our freedom sealed;
We 'll praise Him for the sheaves of gold
Now on the battle-field.

* Naseby, June 14, 1646.

"THE DEVIL'S ACRE."

THERE are multitudes who believe that Westminster is a city of palaces, of magnificent squares, and regal terraces; that it is the chosen seat of opulence, grandeur and refinement; and that filth, squalor, and misery are the denizens of other and less favoured sections of the metropolis. The error is not in associating with Westminster much of the grandeur and splendour of the capital, but in entirely dissociating it in idea from the darker phases of metropolitan life. As the brightest lights cast the deepest shadows, so are the splendours and luxuries of the Westend found in juxtaposition with the most deplorable manifestations of human wretchedness and depravity. There is no part of the metropolis which presents a more chequered aspect, both physical and moral, than Westminster. The most lordly streets are frequently but a mask for the squalid districts which lie behind them, whilst spots consecrated to the most hallowed of purposes are begirt by scenes of indescribable infamy and pollution; the blackest tide of moral turpitude that flows in the capital rolls its filthy wavelets up to the very walls of Westminster Abbey; and the law-makers for one-seventh of the human race sit, night after night, in deliberation, in the immediate vicinity of the most notorious haunt of law-breakers in the empire.

There is no district in London more filthy and disgusting, more steeped in villany and guilt, than that on which every morning's sun casts the sombre shadows of the Abbey, mingled, as they soon will be, with those of the gorgeous towers of the new "Palace at Westminster."

The "Devil's Acre," as it is familiarly known in the neighbourhood, is the square block comprised between Dean, Peter, and Tothill Streets, and Strutton Ground. It is permeated by Orchard Street, St. Anne's Street, Old and New Pye Streets, Pear Street, Perkins' Rents, and Duck Lane. From some of these, narrow covered passage-ways lead into small quadrangular courts, containing but a few crazy, tumble-down-looking houses, and inhabited by characters of the most equivocal description. The district, which is small in area, is one of the most populous in London, almost every house being crowded with numerous families, and multitudes of lodgers. There are other parts of the town as filthy, dingy, and forbidding in appearance as this, but these are generally the haunts more of poverty than crime. But there are none in which guilt of all kinds and degrees converges in such volume as on this, the moral plague-spot not only of the metropolis, but also of the kingdom. And yet from almost every point of it you can observe the towers of the Abbey peering down upon you, as if they were curious to observe that

to which they seem to be indifferent.

Such is the spot which true Christian benevolence has, for some time, marked as a chosen field for its most unostentatious operations. It was first taken possession of, with a view to its improvement, by the London City Mission, a body represented in the district by a single missionary, who has now been for about twelve years labouring — and not without success — in the arduous work of its purification; and who, by his energy, tact, and perseverance, has acquired such an influence over its turbulent and lawless population, as makes him a safer escort to the stranger desirous of visiting it, than a whole posse of police. By the aid of several opulent philanthropists whom he has interested in his labours, he has reared up within the district two schools, which are numerous attended by the squalid children of the neighbourhood — each school having an Industrial Department connected with it. An exclusively Industrial School for boys of more advanced age has also been established, which has recently been attached to the Ragged School Union. In addition to these, another institution has been called into existence, to which and to whose objects the reader's attention will be drawn in what follows.

The Pye Street Schools being designed only for children — many of whom, on admission, manifest an almost incredible pre-

cocity in crime — those of a more advanced age seeking instruction and reformation were not eligible to admission. In an applicant of this class, a lad about sixteen, the master of one of the schools took a deep interest from the earnestness with which he sought for an opportunity of retrieving himself. He was invited to attend the school, that he might receive instruction. He was grateful for the offer, but expressed a doubt of its being sufficient to rescue him from his criminal and degraded course of life.

"It will be of little use to me," said he, "to attend school in the daytime, if I have to take to the streets again at night, and live, as I am now living, by thieving."

The master saw the difficulty, and determined on trying the experiment of taking him entirely off the streets. He accordingly paid for a lodging for him, and secured him bread to eat. For four months the lad lived contentedly and happily on "bread and dripping," during which time he proved his aptitude for instruction by learning to read, to write tolerably well, and to master all the more useful rules in arithmetic. He was shortly afterwards sent to Australia, through the kindness of some individuals who furnished the means. He is now doing well in the new field thus opportunely opened up to him, and the experiment of which he was the subject laid the germ of the Institution in question.

In St. Anne Street, one of the

worst and filthiest purlieus of the district, stands a house somewhat larger and cleaner than the miserable, rickety, and greasy-looking tenements around it. Over the door are painted, in large legible characters, the following words: "The Ragged Dormitory and Colonial Training School of Industry." On one of the shutters it is indicated, in similar characters, that the house is a refuge for "Youths who wish to Reform." None are admitted under sixteen, as those under that age can get admission to one or other of the schools. Those eligible are such vagrants and thieves as are between sixteen and twenty-two, and desire to abandon their present mode of life, and lead honest and industrious courses for the future.

It is obvious that such an institution, if not carefully watched, would be liable to being greatly abused. The pinching wants of the moment would drive many into it, whose sole object was to meet there, instead of to subject themselves to the reformatory discipline of the establishment. Many would press into it whose love of idleness had hitherto been their greatest vice. As it is, this latter class is deterred, to a great extent, from applying, by the Institution confining its operations to the thief and the vagrant. Each applicant, by applying for admission, confesses himself to belong to one or other of these classes, or to both. If he is found to be a subject coming within the scope

of the establishment, he is at once admitted, and subjected to its discipline. The natural inference would be, that the avowed object of it would turn applicants from its doors. But this is far from being the case; upwards of two hundred having applied during the past year, the second of its existence.

To distinguish those who are sincere in their application from those who merely wish to make a convenience, for the time being, of the establishment, each applicant, on admission, is subjected to a rigid test. In the attic story of the building is a small room, the walls and ceiling of which are painted with yellow ochre. Last year, for it is only recently that the house has been applied to its present purpose, this room was occupied by a numerous and squalid family, some of whose members were the first victims of cholera, in Westminster. The massive chimney-stack projects far into the room, and in the deep recesses between it and the low walls on either side are two beds formed of straw, with a coarse counterpane for a covering. Beyond this there is not a vestige of furniture in the apartment. This is the Probation-room, the ordeal of which every applicant must pass ere he is fully received into the Institution. But he must pass a whole fortnight, generally alone, his fare being bread and water. His allowance of bread is a pound a-day, which he may dispose of as he pleases, either at a meal or at

several. He does not pass the entire day in solitude, for during class-hours he is taken down to the school-room, where he is taught with the rest. But, with that exception, he is not allowed to mingle with the rest of the inmates, being separated from them for the remainder of the day, and left to his own reflections in his lonely cell.

A man, compulsorily subjected to solitude and short commons, may make up his mind to it, and resign himself to his fate. But no one will voluntarily subject himself to such a test who is not tired of a dishonest life, and anxious to reform. In nearly nine cases out of ten it unmasks the impostor. Many shrink at once from the ordeal, and retire. Others undergo it for a day or two, and then leave; for, as there was no compulsion on them to enter, they are at all times at liberty to depart. Some stay for a week, and then withdraw, whilst instances have been known of their giving up after then or twelve days' endurance. The few that remain are readily accepted as objects worthy the best efforts of the establishment.

The applicants, particularly the vagrants, are generally in the worst possible condition, as regards clothing. In many cases they are half-naked, like the wretched objects who make themselves up for charity in the streets. Their probation over, they are clad in comparatively decent attire, consisting chiefly of cast-off clothing, furnished by the contributors to the

institution. They are then released from their solitary dormitory, and admitted to all the privileges of the house.

The tried and accepted inmates of the Institution have, for the two past years, averaged about thirty each year. They get up at an early hour, their first business being to clean out the establishment from top to bottom. They afterwards assemble at breakfast, which consists of cocoa and bread, of which they make a hearty meal. The business of instruction then commences, there being two school-rooms on the first floor, into one of which the more advanced pupils are put by themselves, the other being reserved for those that are more backward and for the new comers. It is into this latter room that the probationers are admitted during school-hours. During school-hours they are instructed in the fundamental doctrines of religion, and in the elements of education, including geography—particularly the geography of the colonies. The master exercises a general control over the whole establishment. The upper class is taught by a young man, who was himself one of the earliest inmates of the Institution, and who is now being trained for becoming a regular teacher. The other class is usually presided over by a monitor, also an inmate—but one who is in advance of his fellows. Most of those now in the house are able to read, and many to read well. Such as have been thieves are generally

able to read when they enter, having been taught to do so in the prisons; those who cannot read being generally vagrants, or such as have been thieves without having been apprehended and convicted. They present a curious spectacle in their class-rooms. Their ages vary from twenty-one to sixteen, there being two in at present under sixteen, but they were admitted under special circumstances. With the exception of the probationers, they are all dressed comfortably, but in different styles, according to the character and fashion of the clothing at the command of the establishment. Some wear the surtout, others the dress-coat; some the short jacket, and others again the paletot. They are all provided with shoes and stockings, each being obliged to keep his own shoes scrupulously clean. Indeed, they are under very wholesome regulations as to their ablutions, and the general cleanliness of their persons. As they stand ranged in their classes, the diversity of countenances which they exhibit is as striking as are the contrasts presented by their raiment. In some faces you can still trace the brutal expression which they wore on entering. In others, the low cunning, begotten by their mode of life, was more or less distinguishable. You could readily point to those who had been longest in the establishment, from the humanising influences which their treatment had had upon their looks and expressions. The faces of most of

them were lit up with new-born intelligence, whilst it was painful to witness the vacant and stolid looks of two of them, who had but recently passed the ordeal of the dormitory. Generally speaking, they are found to be quick and apt scholars, their mode of life having tended, in most instances, to quicken their perceptions.

Between the morning and afternoon classes they dine, — their dinner comprising animal food three times a-week, being chiefly confined on other days to bread and dripping. They sup at an early hour in the evening, when cocoa and bread form again the staple of their meal. After supper, they spend an hour or two in the training-school, which is a large room adjoining the probationers' dormitory, where they are initiated into the mysteries of the tailors' and shoemakers' arts, under the superintendence of qualified teachers. They afterwards retire to rest, sleeping on beds laid out upon the floor, each bed containing one. When the house is full, the two class-rooms are converted at night into sleeping apartments. They are also compelled to attend some place of worship on the Sunday, and, in case of sickness, have the advantage of a medical attendant. During a part of the day they are allowed to walk out, in different gangs, — each gang under the care of one of their number. In their walks they are restricted as to time, and are required to avoid, as much as possible, the low neigh-

bourhoods of the town. Should any of them desire to learn the business of a carpenter, they have the means of doing so; and two are now engaged in acquiring a practical knowledge of this useful trade.

Such is the curriculum which they undergo after being fully admitted into the house. They are so instructed as to wean them as much as possible from their former habits, to inspire them with the desire of living honest lives, and to fit them for becoming useful members of society, in the different offices for which they are destined. They must be six months at least in the house before they are deemed ready to emigrate. Some are kept longer. They are all eager to go, — being, without exception, sickened at the thought of recurring to their previous habits of life. From twenty to thirty have already been sent abroad. The committee who superintend the establishment are anxious to keep forty on the average in the house throughout the year, in addition to sending twenty each year abroad. This, however, will require a larger fund than they have at present at their disposal.

Such is the Institution which, for two years past, has been silently and unostentatiously working its own quota of good in this little-known and pestilential region. It is designed for the reclamation of a class on which society turns its back. Its doors are open alike to the convicted and the unconvicted

offender. Five-sixths of its present inmates have been the denizens of many jails — and some of them have only emerged from the neighbouring Penitentiary. It is not easy to calculate the amount of mature crime which, in the course of a few years, it will avert from society, by its timely rescue of the precocious delinquent. It is thus an institution which may appeal to the selfishness, as well as to the benevolence, of the community for aid: though not very generally known, it is visited by many influential parties; and some of the greatest ornaments of Queen Victoria's Court have not shrunk from crossing its threshold and contributing to its support.

Curious indeed would be the biographies which such an institution could furnish. The following, extracted from the Master's Record, will serve as a specimen. The name is, for obvious reasons, suppressed.

"John —, 16 years of age. Admitted June 3rd, 1848. Had slept for four months previously under the dry arches in West-street. Had made his livelihood for nearly five years by picking pockets. Was twice in jail — the last time in Tothill-Fields Prison. The largest sum he ever stole at a time, was a sovereign and a half. Could read when admitted. Learnt to write and cipher. Remained for eight months in the house. Behaved well. Emigrated to Australia. Doing well."

It is encouraging to know that the most favourable accounts have

been received both of and from those who have been sent out as emigrants, not only from this, but also from the Pear-street School. It is now some time since a lad, who, although only fourteen, was taken into the latter, was sent to Australia. He had been badly brought up; his mother, during his boyhood, having frequently sent him out, either to beg or to steal. About a year after her son's departure, she called, in a state of deep distress, upon the missionary of the district, and informed him that her scanty furniture was about to be seized for rent, asking him at the same time for advice. He told her that he had none to give her but to go and pay the rent, at the same time handing her a sovereign. She received it hesitatingly, doubting, for a moment, the evidence of her senses. She went and paid the rent, which was eighteen shillings, and afterwards returned with the change, which she tendered to the missionary with her heartfelt thanks. He told her to keep the balance, as the sovereign was her own — informing her, at the same time, that it had been sent her by her son, and had that very morning so opportunely come to hand, together with a letter, which he afterwards read to her. The poor woman for a moment or two looked stupified and incredulous, after which she sank upon a chair, and wept long and bitterly. The contrast between her son's behaviour and her own conduct towards him, filled her with shame and remorse. She is now preparing to follow him to Australia.

Another case was that of a young man, over twenty years of age, who had likewise been admitted, under special circumstances, to the same Institution. He had been abandoned by his parents in his early youth, and had taken to the streets to avert the miseries of destitution. He soon became expert in the art of picking pockets, on one occasion depriving a person in Cornhill of no less than a hundred and fifty pounds in Bank notes. With this, the largest booty he had ever made, he repaired to a house in the neighbourhood, where stolen property was received. Into the room into which he was shown, a gloved hand was projected, through an aperture in the wall, from an adjoining room, into which he placed the notes. The hand was then withdrawn, and immediately afterwards projected again with twenty sovereigns, which was the amount he received for the notes. He immediately repaired to Westminster, and invested ten pounds of this sum in counterfeit money, at a house not a stone's throw from the Institution.

For the ten pounds he received, in bad money, what represented fifty. With this he sallied forth into the country with the design of passing it off — a process known amongst the craft as "shuffle-pitching." The first place he went to was Northampton, and the means he generally adopted for passing off the base coin was

this: — Having first buried in the neighbourhood of the town all the good and bad money in his possession, with the exception of a sovereign of each, so that, if detected in passing a bad one, no more bad money would be found upon his person; he would enter a retail shop, say a draper's, at a late hour of the evening, and say that his master had sent him for some article of small value, such as a handkerchief. On its being shown him, he would demand the price of it, and make up his mind to take it; whereupon he would lay down a good sovereign, which the shopkeeper would take up, but, as he was about to give him change, a doubt would suddenly arise in his mind as to whether his master would give the price asked for the article. He would then demand the sovereign back, with a view to going and consulting his master, promising, at the same time, to be back again in a few minutes. Back again he would come, and say that his master was willing to give the price, or that he wished the article at a lower figure. He took care, however, that a bargain was concluded between him and the shopkeeper; whereupon he would again lay down the sovereign, which, however, on this occasion, was the bad and not the good one. The unsuspecting shopkeeper would give him the change, and he would leave with the property and the good money. Such is the process of "shuffle-pitching." In the majority of instances he succeeded, but was sometimes detected. In this way he took the circuit twice of Great Britain and Ireland; stealing as he went along, and passing off the bad money, which he received, for good. There are few jails in the United Kingdom of which he has not been a denizen. His two circuits took him nine years to perform, his progress being frequently arrested by the interposition of justice. It was at the end of his second journey that he applied for admission to the Pear Street School. He had been too often in jail not to be able to read; but he could neither write nor cipher when he was taken in. He soon learnt, however, to do both; and, after about seven months' probation, emigrated to America from his own choice. The missionary of the district accompanied him on board as he was about to sail. The poor lad wept like a child when he took leave of his benefactor, assuring him that he never knew the comforts of a home until he entered the Pear Street School. Several letters have been received from him since his landing, and he is now busily employed, and—doing well!

Instances of this kind might be multiplied, if necessary, of what is thus being done daily and unostentatiously for the reclamation of the penitent offender, not only after conviction, but also before he undergoes the terrible ordeal of correction and a jail.

"PRESS ON."

A RIVULET'S SONG.

"JUST under an island, 'midst rushes
and moss,
I was born of a rock-spring, and dew;
I was shaded by trees, whose branches
and leaves
Ne'er suffered the sun to gaze through.

"I wandered around the steep brow of a
hill,
Where the daisies and violets fair
Were shaking the mist from their waken-
ing eyes,
And pouring their breath on the air.

"Then I crept gently on, and I moistened
the feet
Of a shrub which enfolded a nest —
The bird in return sang his merriest song,
And showed me his feathery crest.

"How joyous I felt in the bright after-
noon,
When the sun, riding off in the west,
Came out in red gold from behind the
green trees
And burnished my tremulous breast!

"My memory now can return to the time
When the breeze murmured low plain-
tive tones,
While I wasted the day in dancing away,
Or playing with pebbles and stones.

"It points to the hour when the rain
pattered down,
Oft resting awhile in the trees;
Then quickly descending it ruffled my
calm,
And whispered to me of the seas!

"T was then the first wish found a home
in my breast
To increase as time hurries along;
'T was then I first learned to hush softly
the words
Which I now love so proudly —
'Press on!'

"I'll make wider my bed, as onward I
tread,
A deep mighty river I'll be —
'Press on' all the day will I sing on my
way,
Till I enter the far-spreading sea."

It ceased. A youth lingered beside it,
green edge

Till the stars in its face brightly shone;
He hoped the sweet strain would re-echo
again —

But he just heard a murmur, —
"Press on!"

ADDRESS FROM AN UNDERTAKER TO THE TRADE.

(STRICTLY PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.)

I ADDRESS you, gentlemen, as
an humble individual who is much
concerned about the body. This
little joke is purely a professional
one. It must go no further. I
am afraid the public thinks un-
charitably of undertakers, and
would consider it a proof that Dr.
Johnson was right when he said
that the man who would make a
pun would pick a pocket. Well;
we all try to do the best we can for
ourselves, — everybody else as
well as undertakers. Burials may
be expensive, but so is legal re-
dress. So is spiritual provision;
I mean the maintenance of all our
reverends and right reverends. I
am quite sure that both lawyers'
charges and the revenues of some
of the chief clergy are very little,
if any, more reasonable than our
own prices. Pluralities are as bad
as crowded gravepits, and I don't
see that there is a pin to choose
between the church and the
churchyard. Sanitary revolu-
tionists and incendiaries accuse
us of gorging rottenness, and bat-
tening on corruption. We don't
do anything of the sort, that I see,

to a greater extent than other professions, which are allowed to be highly respectable. Political, military, naval, university, and clerical parties of great eminence defend abuses in their several lines when profitable. We can't do better than follow such good examples. Let us stick up for business, and — I was going to say — leave society to take care of itself. No; that is just what we should endeavour to prevent society from doing. The world is growing too wise for us, gentlemen. Accordingly, this Interments Bill, by which our interests are so seriously threatened, has been brought into Parliament. We must join heart and hand to defeat and crush it. Let us nail our colours — which I should call the black flag — to the mast, and let our war-cry be, "No surrender!" or else our motto will very soon be, "Resurgam;" in other words, it will be all up with us. We stand in a critical position in regard to public opinion. In order to determine what steps to take for protecting business, we ought to see our danger. I wish, therefore, to state the facts of our case clearly to you; and I say let us face them boldly, and not blink them. Therefore, I am going to speak plainly and plumply on this subject.

There is no doubt — between ourselves — that what makes our trade so profitable is the superstition, weakness, and vanity of parties. We can't disguise this fact from ourselves, and I only wish we may be able to conceal it

much longer from others. As enlightened undertakers, we must admit that we are of no more use on earth than scavengers. All the good we do is to bury people's dead out of their sight. Speaking as a philosopher — which an undertaker surely ought to be — I should say that our business is merely to shoot rubbish. However, the rubbish is human rubbish, and bereaved parties have certain feelings which require that it should be shot gingerly. I suppose such sentiments are natural, and will always prevail. But I fear that people will by and by begin to think that pomp, parade, and ceremony are unnecessary upon melancholy occasions. And whenever this happens, Othello's occupation will, in a great measure, be gone.

I tremble to think of mourning relatives considering seriously what is requisite — and all that is requisite — for decent interment, in a rational point of view. Nothing more, I am afraid Common Sense would say, than to carry the body in the simplest chest, and under the plainest covering, only in a solemn and respectful manner, to the grave, and lay it in the earth with proper religious ceremonies. I fear Common Sense would be of opinion that mutes, scarfs, hatbands, plumes of feathers, black horses, mourning coaches, and the like; can in no way benefit the defunct, or comfort surviving friends, or gratify anybody but the mob, and the street-boys. But happily, Com-

mon Sense has not yet acquired an influence which would reduce every burial to a most low affair.

Still, people think now more than they did, and in proportion as they do think, the worse it will be for business. I consider that we have a most dangerous enemy in Science. That same Science pokes its nose into everything — even vaults and churchyards. It has explained how grave-water soaks into adjoining wells, and has shocked and disgusted people by showing them that they are drinking their dead neighbours. It has taught parties resident in large cities that the very air they live in reeks with human remains, which steam up from graves; and which, of course, they are continually breathing. So it makes out churchyards to be worse haunted than they were formerly believed to be by ghosts, and, I may add, vampyres, in consequence of the dead continually rising from them in this unpleasant manner. Indeed, Science is likely to make people dread them a great deal more than Superstition ever did, by showing that their effluvia breed typhus and cholera; so that they are really and truly very dangerous. I should not be surprised to hear some sanitary lecturer say, that the fear of churchyards was a sort of instinct implanted in the mind, to prevent ignorant people and children from going near such unwholesome places.

It would be comparatively well if the mischief done us by Science

— Medicine and Chemistry, and all that sort of thing — stopped here. The mere consideration that burial in the heart of cities is unhealthy, would but lead to extramural interment, to which our only objection — though even that is no very trifling one — is that it would diminish mortality, and consequently our trade. But this Science — confound it! — shows that the dead do not remain permanently in their coffins, even when the sextons of metropolitan grave-yards will let them. It not only informs Londoners that they breathe and drink the deceased; but it reveals how the whole of the defunct party is got rid of, and turned into gases, liquids, and mould. It exposes the way in which all animal matter — as it is called in chemical books — is dissolved, evaporates, and disappears; and is ultimately, as I may say, eaten up by Nature, and goes to form parts of plants, and of other living creatures. So that, if gentlemen really wanted to be interred with the remains of their ancestors, it would sometimes be possible to comply with their wishes only by burying them with a quantity of mutton — not to say with the residue of another quadruped than the sheep, which often grazes in churchyards. Science, in short, is hammering into people's heads truths which they have been accustomed merely to gabble with their mouths — that all flesh is indeed grass, or convertible into it; and not only that the human frame does positively turn to dust,

but into a great many things besides. Now, I say, that when they become really and truly convinced of all this; when they know and reflect that the body cannot remain any long time in the grave which it is placed in; I am sadly afraid that they will think twice before they will spend from thirty to several hundred pounds in merely putting a corpse into the ground to decompose.

The only hope for us if these scientific views become general, is, that embalming will be resorted to; but I question if the religious feeling of the country will approve of a practice which certainly seems rather like an attempt to arrest a decree of Providence; and would, besides, be very expensive. Here I am reminded of another danger, to which our prospects are exposed. It is that likely to arise from serious parties, in consequence of growing more enlightened, thinking consistently with their religious principles, instead of their religion being a mere sentimental kind of thing which they never reason upon. We often, you know, gentlemen, overhear the bereaved remarking that they trust the departed is in a better place. Why, if this were not a mere customary saying on mournful occasions — if the parties really believed this — do you think they would attach any importance to the dead body which we bury underground? No; to be sure: they would look upon it merely as a suit of left-off clothes — with the difference of being unpleasant and

offensive, and not capable of being kept. They would see that a spirit could care no more about the corpse it had quitted, than a man who had lost his leg, would for the amputated limb. The truth is — don't breathe it, don't whisper it, except to the trade — that the custom of burying the dead with expensive furniture; of treating a corpse as if it were a sensible being; arises from an impression — though parties won't own it, even to themselves — that what is buried, is the actual individual, the man himself. The effect of thinking seriously, and at the same time rationally, will be to destroy this notion, and with it to put an end to all the splendour and magnificence of funerals, arising from it. Moreover, religious parties, being particular as to their moral conduct, would naturally consider it wrong and wicked to spend upon the dead an amount of money which might be devoted to the benefit of the living; and no doubt, when we come to look into it, such expenditure is much the same thing with the practice of savages and heathens in burying bread, and meat, and clothes, along with their deceased friends.

I have been suggesting considerations which are very discouraging, and which afford but a poor look-out to us undertakers. But, gentlemen, we have one great comfort still. It has become the fashion to inter bodies with parade and display. Fashion is fashion; and the consequence is that it is

considered an insult to the memory of deceased parties not to bury them in a certain style; which must be respectable at the very least, and cost, on a very low average, twenty-five or thirty pounds. Many, such as professional persons and tradespeople, who cannot afford so much money, can still less afford to lose character and custom. That is where we have a pull upon the widows and children, many of whom, if it were not for the opinion of society, would be only too happy to save their little money, and turn it into food and clothing, instead of funeral furniture.

Now here the Metropolitan Interments Bill steps in, and aims at destroying our only chance of keeping up business as heretofore. We have generally to deal with parties whose feelings are not in a state to admit of their making bargains with us — a circumstance, on their parts, which is highly creditable to human nature; and favourable to trade. Thus, in short, gentlemen, we have it all our own way with them. But this Bill comes between the bereaved party and the undertaker. By the twenty-seventh clause, it empowers the Board of Health to provide houses and make arrangements for the reception and care of the dead previously to, and until interment; in order, as it explains in a subsequent clause, to the accommodation of persons having to provide the funerals — supposing such persons to desire the accommodation. Clause the twenty-

eighth enacts "That the said Board shall make provision for the management and conduct, by persons appointed by them, of the funerals of persons whose bodies are to be interred in the Burial Grounds, to be provided under this Act, where the representatives of the deceased, or the persons having the care and direction of the funeral, desire to have the same so conducted; and the said Board shall fix and publish a scale of the sums to be payable for such funerals, inclusive of all matters and services necessary for the same, such sums to be proportioned to the description of the funeral, or the nature of the matter and services to be furnished and rendered for the same; but so that in respect of the lowest of such sums, the funerals may be conducted with decency and solemnity." Gentlemen, if this enactment becomes law, we shall lose all the advantages which we derive from bereaved parties' state of mind. The Board of Health will take all trouble off their hands, at whatever sum they may choose to name. Of course they will apply to the Board of Health instead of coming to us. But what is beyond everything prejudicial to our interests, is the proviso "that in respect of the lowest of such sums, the funerals may be conducted with decency and solemnity." Hitherto it has been understood that so much respect could not be paid in the case of what we call a low affair as in one of a certain style. We have al-

ways considered that a funeral ought to cost so much to be respectable at all. Therefore relations have gone to more expense with us, than they would otherwise have been willing to incur, in order to secure proper respect. But if proper respect is to be had at a low figure, the strongest hold that we have upon sorrowing relatives, will be taken away.

It is all very fine to say that we are a necessary class of tradesmen, and if this Bill passes must continue to be employed. If this Bill does pass we shall be employed simply as tradesmen, and shall obtain, like other tradesmen, a mere market price for our articles, and common hire for our labour. I am afraid that it will be impossible to persuade the public that this would not be perfectly just and right. I think, therefore, that we had better not attack the Bill on its merits, but try to excite opposition against it on the ground of its accessory clauses. Let us oppose it as a scheme of jobbery, devised with a view to the establishment of offices and appointments. Let us complain as loudly as we can of its creating a new rate to defray the expenses of its working, and let us endeavour to get up a good howl against that clause of it which provides for compensation to incumbents, clerks, and sextons. We must cry out with all our might upon its centralising tendency, and of course make the most we can out of the pretence that it violates the sanctity of the house of mourning, and outrages

the most fondly cherished feelings of Englishmen. Urge these objections upon church-wardens, overseers, and vestrymen; and especially din the objection to a burial rate into their ears. Recollect, our two great weapons — like those of all good old anti-reformers — are cant and clamour. Keep up the same cry against the Bill perseveringly, no matter how thoroughly it may be refuted or proved absurd. Literally, make the greatest noise in opposition to it that you are able, especially at public meetings. There, recollect a groan is a groan, and a hiss a hiss, even though proceeding from a goose.. On all such occasions do your utmost to create a disturbance, to look like a popular demonstration against the measure. In addition to shouting, yelling, and bawling, I should say that another rush at another platform, another upsetting of the reporters' table, another terrifying of the ladies, and another mobbing the chairman, would be advisable. Set to work with all your united zeal and energy to carry out the suggestions of our Central Committee for the defeat of a Bill which, if passed, will inflict a blow on the undertaker as great as the boon it will confer on the widow and orphan — whom we, of course, can only consider as customers. The Metropolitan Interments Bill goes to dock us of every penny that we make by taking advantage of the helplessness of afflicted families. And just calculate what our loss would then be; for, in

the beautiful language of St. Demetrius, the silversmith, "Sirs, ye know that by this craft we have our wealth."

THE TWO SACKS.

IMITATED FROM PHÆDRUS.

AT our birth, the satirical elves

Two sacks from our shoulders suspend:

The one holds the faults of ourselves;

The other, the faults of our friend:

The first we wear under our clothes

Out of sight, out of mind, at the back;

The last is so under our nose,

We know every scrap in the sack.

THE MODERN "OFFICER'S" PROGRESS.

I. — JOINING THE REGIMENT.

"I HAVE got some very sad news to tell you," wrote Lady Pelican to her friend, Mrs. Vermeil, a faded lady of fashion, who discontentedly occupied a suite of apartments at Hampton Court; "our Irish estates are in such a miserable condition — absolutely making us out to be in debt to *them*, instead of adding to *our* income, that poor George — you will be shocked to hear it — is actually obliged to go into the Infantry!"

The communication of this distressing fact may stand instead of the regular Gazette, announcing the appointment of the Hon. George Spoonbill to an Ensigncy, by purchase, in the 100th regiment of foot. His military aspirations had been "Cavalry," and he had endeavoured to qualify himself for that branch of the service by

getting up an invisible moustache, when the Irish agent wrote to say that no money was to be had in that quarter, and all thoughts of the Household Brigade were, of necessity, abandoned. But, though the more expensive career was shut out, Lord Pelican's interest at the Horse Guards remained as influential as before, and for the consideration of four hundred and fifty pounds which — embarrassed as he was — he contrived to muster, he had no difficulty in procuring a commission for his son George, in the distinguished regiment already named. There were, it is true, a few hundred prior claimants on the Duke's list; "but," as Lord Pelican justly observed, "if the Spoonbill family were not fit for the army, he should like to know who were!" An argument perfectly irresistible. Gazetted, therefore, the young gentleman was, as soon as the Queen's sign-manual could be obtained, and, the usual interval for preparation over, the Hon. George Spoonbill set out to join. But before he does so, we must say a word of what that "preparation" consisted in.

Some persons may imagine that he forthwith addressed himself to the study of Polybius, dabbled a little in Cormontaigne, got up Napier's History of the Peninsular War, or read the Duke's Despatches; others, that he went down to Birdcage-Walk, and placed himself under the tuition of Colour-Sergeant Pike, of the Grenadier Guards, a warrior celebrated

for his skill in training military aspirants, or that he endeavoured by some other means to acquire a practical knowledge, however slight, of the profession for which he had always been intended. The Hon. George Spoonbill knew better. The preparation he made, was a visit, at least three times a day, to Messrs. Gorget and Plume, the military tailors in Jermyn Street, whose souls he sorely vexed by the persistence with which he adhered to the most accurate fit of his shell-jacket and coatee, the set of his epaulettes, the cut of his trowsers, and the shape of his chako. He passed his days in "trying on his things," and his evenings — when not engaged at the Casino, the Cider Cellar, or the Adelphi — in dining with his military friends at St. James's Palace, or at Knights-bridge Barracks. In their society he greatly improved himself, acquiring an accurate knowledge of *lansquenet* and *écarté* cultivating his taste for tobacco, and familiarising his mind with that reverence for authority which is engendered by the anecdotes of great military commanders that freely circulate at the mess-table. His education and his uniform being finished at about the same time, George Spoonbill took a not uncheerful farewell of the agonised Lady Pelican, whose maternal bosom streamed with the sacrifice she made in thus consigning her offspring to the vulgar hardships of a marching regiment.

An express train conveyed the

honourable Ensign in safety to the country town where the "Hundredth" were then quartered, and in conformity with the instructions which he received from the Assistant Military Secretary at the Horse Guards — the only instructions, by the bye, which were given him by that functionary — he "reported" himself at the Orderly-room on his arrival, was presented by the Adjutant to the senior Major, by the senior Major to the Lieutenant-Colonel, and by the Lieutenant-Colonel to the officers generally when they assembled for mess.

The "Hundredth," being "Light Infantry," called itself "a crack regiment:" the military adjective signifying, in this instance, not so much a higher reputation for discipline and warlike achievements, as an indefinite sort of superiority arising from the fact that no man was allowed to enter the *corps* who depended upon his pay only for the figure he cut in it. Lieutenant-Colonel Tulip, who commanded, was very strict in this particular, and, having "the good of the service" greatly at heart, set his face entirely against the admission of any young man who did not enjoy a handsome paternal allowance or was not the possessor of a good income. He was himself the son of a celebrated army clothier, and, in the course of ten years, had purchased the rank he now held, so that he had a right, as he thought, to see that his regiment was not contaminated by contact with poor men. His military creed

was, that no man had any business in the army who could not afford to keep his horses or tilbury, and drink wine every day; *that* he called respectable, anything short of it the reverse. If he ever relaxed from the severity of this rule, it was only in favour of those who had high connections; "a handle to a name" being as reverently worshipped by him as money itself; indeed, in secret, he preferred a lord's son, though poor, to a commoner, however rich; the poverty of a sprig of nobility not being taken exactly in a literal sense. Colonel Tulip had another theory also: during the aforesaid ten years, he had acquired some knowledge of drill, and possessing an hereditary taste for dress, considered himself, thus endowed, a first-rate officer, though what he would have done with his regiment in the field is quite another matter. In the meantime he was gratified by thinking that he did his best to make it a crack corps, according to his notion of the thing, and such minor points as the moral training of the officers, and their proficiency in something more than the forms of the parade ground, were not allowed to enter into his consideration. The "Hundredth" were acknowledged to be "a devilish well-dressed, gentlemanly set of fellows," and were looked after with great interest at country balls, races, and regattas; and if this were not what a regiment ought to be, Colonel Tulip was, he flattered himself, very much out in his calculations.

The advent of the Hon. George Spoonbill was a very welcome one, as the vacancy to which he succeeded had been caused by the promotion of a young baronet into "Dragoons," and the new comer being the second son of Lord Pelican, with a possibility of being graced one day by wearing that glittering title himself, the hiatus caused by Sir Henry Muff's removal was happily filled up without any derogation to the corps. Having also ascertained, in the course of five minutes' conversation, that Mr. Spoonbill's "man" and two horses were to follow in a few days with the remainder of his baggage; and the young gentleman having talked rather largely of what the Governor allowed him (two hundred a-year is no great sum, but he kept the actual amount in the back ground, speaking "promiscuously" of "a few hundreds"), and of his intimacy with "the fellows in the Life Guards," Colonel Tulip at once set him down as a decided acquisition to the "Hundredth," and intimated that he was to be made much of accordingly.

When we described the regiment as being composed of wealthy men, the statement must be received with a certain reservation. It was Colonel Tulip's hope and intention to make it so in time, when he had sufficiently "weeded" it, but *en attendant* there were three or four officers who did not quite belong to his favourite category. These were the senior Major and an old Captain, both of whom had seen a

good deal of service, the Surgeon, who was a necessary evil, and the Quartermaster, who was never allowed to show with the rest of the officers except at "inspection," or some other unusual demonstration. But the rank and "allowance" of the first, and something in the character of the second, which caused him to be looked upon as a military oracle, made Colonel Tulip tolerate their presence in the corps, if he did not enjoy it. Neither had the Adjutant quite as much money as the commanding officer could have desired, but as his position kept him close to his duties, doing that for which Colonel Tulip took credit, he also was suffered to pass muster; he was a brisk, precise, middle-aged personage, who hoped in the course of time to get his company, and whose military qualifications consisted chiefly in knowing "Torrens," the "Articles of War," the "Military Regulations," and the "Army List," by heart. The last-named work was, indeed, very generally studied in the regiment, and may be said to have exhausted almost all the literary resources of its readers, exceptions being made in favour of the weekly military newspaper, the monthly military magazine, and an occasional novel from the circulating library. The rest of the officers must speak for themselves, as they incidentally make their appearance. Of their character, generally, this may be said; none were wholly bad, but all of

them might easily have been a great deal better.

Brief ceremony attends a young officer's introduction to his regiment, and the honourable prefix to Ensign Spoonbill's name was anything but a bar to his speedy initiation. Lieutenant-Colonel Tulip took wine with him the first thing, and his example was so quickly followed by all present, that by the time the cloth was off the table, Lord Pelican's second son had swallowed quite as much of Duff Gordon's sherry as was good for him. Though drinking is no longer a prevalent military vice, there are occasions when the wine circulates rather more freely than is altogether safe for young heads, and this was one of them. Claret was not the habitual "tippie," even of the crack "Hundredth;" but as Colonel Tulip had no objection to make a little display now and then, he had ordered a dozen in honour of the new arrival, and all felt disposed to do justice to it. The young Ensign had flattered himself that, amongst other accomplishments, he possessed "a hard head;" but, hard as it was, the free circulation of the bottle was not without its effect, and he soon began to speak rather thick, carefully avoiding such words as began with a difficult letter, which made his discourse somewhat periphrastic, or roundabout. But though his observations reached his hearers circuitously, their purpose was direct enough, and conveyed the assurance that he was

one of those admirable Crichtons who are "wide awake" in every particular, and available for anything that may chance to turn up.

The conversation which reached his ears from the jovial companions who surrounded him, was of a similarly instructive and exhilarating kind, and tended greatly to his improvement. Captain Hackett, who came from "Dragoon Guards," and had seen a great deal of hard service in Ireland, elaborately set forth every particular of "I'll give you my honour, the most remarkable steeple-chase that ever took place in the three kingdoms," of which he was, of course, the hero. Lieutenant Wadding, who prided himself on his small waist, broad shoulders, and bushy whiskers, and was esteemed "a lady-killer," talked of every woman he knew and damaged every reputation he talked about. Lieutenant Bray, who was addicted to sporting and played on the French horn, came out strong on the subject of hackles, Mayflies, grey palmers, badgers, terriers, dew-claws, snap-shots and Eley's cartridges. Captain Cushion, a great billiard-player, and famous — in every sense — for "the one-pocket game," was eloquent on the superiority of his own cues, which were tipped with gutta percha instead of leather, and offered, as a treat, to indulge "any man in garrison with the best of twenty, one 'up,' for a hundred a-side." Captain Huff, who had a crimson face, a stiff arm, and the voice of a Stentor, and whose soul,

like his visage, was steeped in port and brandy, boasted of achievements in the drinking line, which, fortunately, are now only traditional, though he did his best to make them positive. From the upper end of the table, where sat the two veterans and the doctor, came, mellowed by distance, grim recollections of the Peninsula, with stories of Picton and Crawford, "the fighting brigade" and "the light division," interspersed with endless Indian narratives, equally grim, of "how our fellows were carried off by the cholera at Cawnpore," and how many tigers were shot, "when we lay in cantonments at Dum-dum;" the running accompaniment to the whole being a constant reference to so-and-so "of ours," without allusion to which possessive pronoun, few military men are able to make much progress in conversation.

Nor was Colonel Tulip silent, but his conversation was of a very lofty and, as it were, ethereal order, — quite transparent, in fact, if anyone had been there to analyse it. It related chiefly to the magnates at the Horse Guards, — to what "the Duke" said to him on certain occasions specified, — to Prince Albert's appearance at the last levee, — to a favourite bay charger of his own, — to the probability that Lord Dawdle would get into the corps on the first exchange, — and to a partly-formed intention of applying to the Commander-in-Chief to change the regimental facings from buff to green.

The mess-table, after four

hours' enjoyment of it in this intellectual manner, was finally abandoned for Captain Cushion's "quarters," that gallant officer having taken "quite a fancy to the youngster," — not so much, perhaps, on account of the youngster being a Lord's youngster, as because, in all probability, there was something squeezeable in him, which was slightly indicated in his countenance. But whatever of the kind there might indeed have been, did not come out that evening, the amiable Captain preferring rather to initiate by example and the show of good fellowship, than by directly urging the neophyte to play. The rubber, therefore, was made up without him, and the new Ensign, with two or three more of his rank, confined themselves to cigars and brandy and water, a liberal indulgence in which completed what the wine had begun, and before midnight chimed the Hon. George Spoonbill was — to use the mildest expression, — as unequivocally tipsy as the fondest parent or guardian could possibly have desired a young gentleman to be on the first night of his entering "the Service."

Not yet established in barracks, Mr. Spoonbill slept at an hotel, and thither he was assisted by two of his boon companions, whom he insisted on regaling with devilled biscuits and more brandy and water, out of sheer gratitude for their kindness. Nor was this reward thrown away, for it raised the spirits of these youths to so genial a pitch that, on their way

back — with a view, no doubt, to give encouragement to trade — they twisted off, as they phrased it, "no end to knockers and bell-handles," broke half a dozen lamps, and narrowly escaping the police (with whom, however, they would gloriously have fought rather than have surrendered) succeeded at length in reaching their quarters, — a little excited, it is true, but by no means under the impression that they had done anything — as the articles of war say — "unbecoming the character of an officer and a gentleman."

In the meantime, the jaded waiter at the hotel had conveyed their fellow Ensign to bed, to dream — if he were capable of dreaming — of the brilliant future which his first day's experience of actual military life held out.

PICTURES OF LIFE IN AUSTRALIA.

GOING TO CHURCH.

THERE is something in the dress of an Australian Settler that is no less characteristic than becoming, — what a splendid turnout of this class may be seen at some of the townships as they meet on the Sunday for Divine service. I have looked at such assemblages in all parts of the colony, until my eyes have dimmed with national pride, to think that to England should belong the right to own them; the old-fashioned Sunday scenes and manners of England, seen in her younger colonies,

being thus revived. The gay carts, the dashing gigs, that are drawn round the fence of the churchyard enclosures, — the blood-horses, with side saddles, that are seen quietly roaming about, add much to the interest of the scene. True, there are no splendid equipages, but, then, there are no poor. The dress, — the appearance of the men, — the chubby faces of the children, — the neat and comfortable habiliments of the women (and here let me remark, — for the information of some of the gay young bachelors of England, that, among these Sabbath meetings may be seen here and there the blooming native maiden in a riding habit of the finest cloth, and of the newest fashion, the substantial settler's daughter riding her own beautiful and pet mare; I say "pet mare," because some of these maidens have a little stud of their own) — all these realities of rural life strongly impress a stranger with the real comforts which these people enjoy.

CHRISTIAN CHARITY.

As people of different religions meet at times on the highway, somewhere near their respective places of worship, it is delightful to observe that, whatever faith they possess, Christian charity reigns. As neighbours, the men group together, sitting upon, or resting their backs against the fence, whilst a brilliant sun smiles on them. At the same time, their children may be seen decorating

themselves with flowers, or dragging a splendid creeper, in order to beautify the horses, and make fly-brushes for them. After the weather has been commented upon, a political shade is seen to pass over the countenances of the assembly. There is great earnestness amongst them. The females arrange for their own comfort, by resting on the shafts of the carts, or seating themselves on the grass. Matrimony and muslins, births and milch cows, by turns engross their attention, while the men make free with matters of State.

As the soft sound of the bell gives notice that the hour of service is near, the party may be seen to break up: children throw aside their garlands, wives join their husbands, and with sober countenances and devout demeanour enter the House of God. There is one circumstance worthy of remark, namely, the perfect security with which they all leave their conveyances — great coats, and shawls, whips and saddles, in gigs and carts; proving that a fair day's labour for a fair day's work is a better protection for property than the police.

When divine service is over, the families keep more together. There is a sober reverence about them which shows that they have listened attentively. As they move to their conveyances, or walk on, it is pleasing to see that if their neighbours have been kept longer at another church, the first party out will often delay their departure till they arrive. These

charitable pauses are delightful to witness; these neighbourly greetings make bigotry in dismay crouch to the earth, and show, that when the mind is rightly directed, the being of different religions is not inimical to friendship, for frequently in these cases the elder girl of a Catholic family may be seen in the cart of a Protestant neighbour; the wife of one carrying the younger child of the other, at the same time that the two husbands, as they get into the open road, slowly pace their horses, so that they may converse on their way home, occasionally interrupted perhaps by their sons, who, mounted on good horses, try their speed to please their fathers, and throw bunches of wild flowers to their mothers, while younger hands catch at the prize.

DINNER IN THE BUSH.

I unexpectedly joined the party I am now attempting to describe, and leaving my own travelling spring-van at the church-door, took a seat in their cart. On arriving at the farm, the elder son met the party at the slip-rail (homely gate). He was a tall, healthy, open-hearted lad, who greeted us with —

"Come, Mother, be careful. Jump out, girls. Now, Mrs. C —, how welcome you are; and the dinner just ready! Ah! you need not tell me who gave you the sermon: he 's as good as the clock."

As the girls had all been to church, and there was no female servant in the house, the descrip-

tion of this rural home, and a short detail of the dinner, may be acceptable.

The family room was large, with a commodious fire-place. The table was laid for twelve; the plates and dishes were of blue delf; the knives and forks looked bright and shiny. It may be remarked, that the Settler's table in New South Wales is somewhat differently arranged from what one is accustomed to see in England, for here the knife and fork were placed at the right of the plate, while a chocolate-coloured tea-cup and saucer stood at the left; a refreshing cup of tea being made a part of the dinner repast. By the fire-place might be seen a large black pot, full of potatoes, with a white cloth laid on the top for the purpose of steaming them. Again, at the outer door might be noticed the son with a man-servant, looking into an oven, and drawing from thence a large hind-quarter of pork, followed by a peach pie.

"Lend a hand here!" shouted the son.

"Ah! I thought you could not do without me," said the father.

"Keep the youngsters out of the way, and look about you, girls;" cried the mother.

Moving where I could better see the cause of the outcry, a round of beef, cut large and "handsome," as the settlers say in the Bush, had been forced into a pot; but no fork, although a Bush-fork is rather a formidable tool, could remove it.

"You ought to have put a cord round it," remarked the mother. with which God had blessed their labour.

"Turn the pot on one side," said the father.

"Over with it; out with it; shake! — oh, here we have it now."

As the pot was removed, the beef was seen to advantage, reeking in a bright clean milkpan.

"Now, let us make it look decent," said the self-trained cook, as with his knife he cut the out-pieces off to improve its appearance. His trimmings were substantial cuttings, and displayed to advantage the fine quality of the beef; each cutting he threw to his dogs, as they watched at a respectful distance his operations. Now, though some of my readers may not much admire this bush-culinary art, and this mode of dishing-up a dinner, still there was in the whole scene so much of honest hospitality, so much of cheerful and good-humoured hilarity, exhibiting in the most pleasing form the simple manners of a primitive people, — the germs, in fact, of the class of English yeomanry, too often unable to flourish in their own native land, ingrafted and revived in a foreign distant shore, that even the most fastidious and refined could not but feel at such a moment a peculiar zest in joining a family so innocently happy and guileless as this, surrounded as they were by abundance of all the essential necessities of life. Not a shade of care clouded the party, as they sat down with thankfulness to partake of those things

The arrangement of the table was something in unison with the rest. The pork, so well seasoned, graced the head of the table, while the burly piece of beef, now reeking and streaming from its late trimming, was placed before the honest master of this patriarchal family, with a plentiful supply of potatoes, peas, and greens, ranged in their proper places. As soon as the party had partaken of the substantial, the eldest daughter poured tea into the cups set by each one's plate — for this is the custom amongst the Australian settlers; at the same time the good landlady cut up the peach pie.

The eldest son could now be seen through an open doorway, peering again into the rudely constructed oven, from which he pulled, with a good deal of self-importance and glee, an orange tart, whilst his assistant-cook placed custards on the table in tumblers. The good wife looked amazed, the husband thoughtful.

"How did you get the oranges," asked the mother.

"Why, Frank Gore brought 'em," he replied.

"And who made the custards?"

"I made 'em!"

WANTED, A GOOD WIFE.

"What! our Tom make custards!" exclaimed the mother.

"Why not?" replied the young man, evidently anxious to show that he could turn his hand to anything useful.

"I see, I see how it is," said the father, "Tom heard that Mrs. C. was coming, and he wants a wife."

"A wife! the like of him want a wife," said the mother, who, for the first time, looked on his athletic and manly form with sad anxiety.

"Tom made the custard," said Jane, "and William the tart."

"I did not bring the oranges," replied Tom, as Frank Gore entered with a dish of grapes.

"It's a regular plot," said the mother.

"A down right contrivance — and I expect it is a settled affair," observed the father.

"Jane, don't blush," sportively remarked Lucy.

"Let me see," said the father, thoughtfully. "Tom is four years older than I was when I married, so he is, — but Jane is too young."

"Say a word," whispered the mother to me; "say a word, Mrs. C."

"A snug home indeed, — I only wish my father could have seen the comforts I now enjoy."

The young people, seeing the turn matters were taking, scampered off with glowing cheeks.

"We have four farms I can say master to," pursued the father, "and eight hundred sheep, and six hundred head of cattle, forty pigs, and a bit of money in the bank, too, that the youngsters don't know of. Well, all the lad will want is a good wife. Let me see, — I'll be in Sydney next Monday five weeks, — I must buy them a few things, a chest of drawers, — yes, they'd be handy;

and I might as well buy one for Jane, poor girl. Like to deal out to all alike; and the wife wants one. I only thought of taking the cart, but I will want a dray, and eight good bullocks, besides, — that's easy enough to be seen. Well, well; it's a nice snug home — one hundred and four acres, — two acres laid out for a vineyard, — forty under crop, — handy for the station, too." Thus the good man musingly spoke, partly to himself, and partly addressing his wife, who, with a cheerful and approving look, nodded consent.

HOMELY HINTS TO MARRIED STATESMEN.

At this little homestead there were five men, whose savings would have enabled them to have taken farms, if they could have met with suitable girls as wives; and they pretty plainly animadverted upon the policy of those whom they considered the proper persons to have rectified their grievances. One remarked, "What does Lord Stanley care, so that he has a wife himself!"

"Ah!" responded another; "and Peel, with all his great speeches, never said a single word about wives for us."

"Lord John Russell, too," said Tom Slaney, "seems just as bad as the rest." What does he think we're made of? wood, or stone, or dried biscuit?"

"It ought to be properly represented to Earl Grey," observed the fourth. "Do they call this

looking after a young colony? Has nobody no sense?"

"Yes," replied the most sensitive of the party, "the *Queen* ought to know it, — it is a cruel shame."

A COTTAGE, ROMANTIC AND REAL.

John Whitney had now made his hut a comfortable cottage. In the centre of the room stood a neat table, shelves were arranged over a bush-dresser, and at one corner of the room could be seen a neat little plate-rack. A young carpenter in Australia cannot make these things without thinking of matrimony; and the one in Whitney's cottage was beautifully made, evidently intended as a bridal gift. At the opening of the small window was a neat box of mignonette; whilst a foot-stool, a salt-box, a board, a rolling-pin, afforded sufficient evidence that a wife was all that was wanted to make this abode a happy home.

Nor did the exterior lack any of those embellishments that are required to invest a cottage with those charms which the hand of nature alone can fully set forth. The tasteful mind and apt hand of Whitney mingled art and nature so well that the first could hardly be distinguished by the luxuriance of the latter. The workman laid first the train, and then allured nature in a manner to follow and adorn his handy-work. He first erected an open verandah of posts, saplings, and laths along the whole front of his

cottage, leaving three or four door-ways, or spacious apertures for entrance. Against these posts he planted rose-trees, which in Australia grow to an extraordinary height; and around them he carefully trained beautiful creepers, passion-flower, and other wild plants of the Bush, so that in the course of a short time the framework became almost invisible. The posts seemed to have grown into pillars of rose-bush, thickly entwined with flowery creepers, threading their way the whole length and height of the verandah, and here and there forming the most fanciful festoons over the door-way, or round the tiny windows, thus throwing a coolness and a freshness of shade into the inmost recesses of the little cottage. There also might be observed two or three well-trained vines intermixed with all, which produced the most tempting clusters of grapes, as they could be seen to hang through the open lattice of the verandah; while, all over the roof of the house grew fine water-melons, the strong stems of which closely encircled the chimney.

It was truly delightful to view this sylvan cottage in the calm and balmy coolness of a dewy morning, and to behold this structure, as it were, of rose-trees and creepers, as the warmth of the morning sun opened those closed flowers that seem thus to take their rest for the night, and the fresh-blown rose-buds that were hardly to be seen the evening before; most of those could now be

observed to be tenanted by that busy little creature, the bee, sent "as a colonist," from England to Australia, humming, in all the active vivacity of its nature, a joyful morning carol to the God of Nature. Indeed, were it not that there were appearances of some more substantial domestic comforts to be seen in the background — such as rows of beans, sweet peas, beds of cabbages, &c., set in the garden, and some young fruit-trees; while near a shady corner might be noticed young ducks feeding under a coop, and "little roasters" gambolling outside the pig-stye, which by the way was deeply shaded by large bushy rose-trees, this cottage at a distance might have been mistaken for a green-house. We ought not to omit that a number of fowls could be observed quietly roosting in some trees at the end of one of the outer buildings.

Truly, it was a little fairy home, with no rent, no taxes, no rates, to disturb the peace of the occupier; and no one, who has not lived in Australia, can conceive with what ease and little expense such rural beauties, such little paradises, and domestic comforts can be formed and kept up in that country. Notwithstanding, however, the beauty of all this — the variety of flowers — the magnificence of the creepers — the stillness and quietness that reigned around, it must be frankly confessed there was a certain vacuum that required filling up. If the animal senses were gratified, the

mind felt somehow dissatisfied. There was a coldness, a death-like silence, which hung over the place; there appeared to be a want of rationality in the thing, for there seemed to be no human beings to enjoy it, or not a sufficient number. Yes, this spot of beauty, to make it a delightful happy home, required, what one of our favourite poets, and the poet of nature, calls nature's "noblest work" — woman. "T is but too true — John Whitney wanted a wife to make his home a fit habitation for man. What is John Whitney without her? He may be an excellent carpenter, but he is at the same time a desolate, morose being, incapable of enjoying these beauties of nature. Poor John Whitney keenly felt this; and it was the hope alone, warming and clinging to his heart, that some day he could call himself the father of a family, that inspired him to gather all these beauties and comforts around him.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

THE name of Ebenezer Elliott is associated with one of the greatest and most important political changes of modern times; — with events not yet sufficiently removed from us, to allow of their being canvassed in this place with that freedom which would serve the more fully to illustrate his real merits. Elliott would have been a poet, in all that constitutes true

poetry, had the Corn Laws never existed.

He was born on 25th March, 1781, at the New Foundry, Macclesbury, in the parish of Rotherham, where his father was a clerk in the employment of Messrs. Walker, with a salary of 60*l.* or 70*l.* per annum. His father was a man of strong political tendencies, possessed of humorous and satiric power, that might have qualified him for a comic actor. Such was the character he bore for political sagacity that he was popularly known as "Devil Elliott." The mother of the poet seems to have been a woman of an extreme nervous temperament, constantly suffering from ill health, and constitutionally awkward and diffident.

Ebenezer commenced his early training at a Dame's school; but shy, awkward, and desultory, he made little progress; nor did he thrive much better at the school in which he was afterwards placed. Here he employed his comrades to do his tasks for him, and of course laid no foundation for his future education. His parents, disheartened by the lad's apparent stolidity, sent him next to Dalton School, two miles distant; and here he certainly acquired something, for he retained, to old age, the memory of some of the scenes through which he used to pass on his way to and from this school. For want of the necessary preliminary training, he could do little or nothing with letters: he rather preferred playing truant and roam-

ing the meadows in listless idleness, wherever his fancy led him. This could not last. His father soon set him to work in the Foundry; and with this advantage, that the lad stood on better terms with himself than he had been for a considerable period, for he discovered that he could compete with others in work, — sheer hand-labour, — if he could not in the school. One disadvantage, however, arose, as he tells us, from his foundry life; for he acquired a relish for vulgar pursuits, and the village alehouse divided his attentions with the woods and fields. Still a deep impression of the charms of nature had been made upon him by his boyish rambles, which the debasing influences and associations into which he was thrown could not wholly wipe out. He would still wander away in his accustomed haunts, and purify his soul from her alehouse defilements, by copious draughts of the fresh nectar of natural beauty imbibed from the sylvan scenery around him.

The childhood and youth of the future poet presented a strange medley of opposites and antitheses. Without the ordinary measure of adaptation for scholastic pursuits, he inhaled the vivid influences of external things, delighting intensely in natural objects, and yet feeling an infinite chagrin and remorse at his own idleness and ignorance. We find him highly imaginative; making miniature lakes by sinking an iron vessel filled with water in a

heap of stones, and gazing therein with wondrous enjoyment at the reflection of the sun and skies overhead; and exhibiting a strange passion for looking on the faces of those who had died violent deaths, although these dead men's features would haunt his imagination for weeks afterwards.

He did not, indeed, at this period, possess the elements of an ordinary education. A very simple circumstance sufficed to apply the spark which fired his latent energies, and nascent poetical tendencies: and he henceforward became a different being, elevated far above his former self. He called one evening, after a drinking bout on the previous night, on a maiden aunt, named Robinson, a widow possessed of about 30*l.* a-year, by whom he was shown a number of "Sowerby's English Botany," which her son was then purchasing in monthly parts. The plates made a considerable impression on the awkward youth, and he essayed to copy them by holding them to the light with a thin piece of paper before them. When he found he could trace their forms by these means his delight was unbounded, and every spare hour was devoted to the agreeable task. Here commenced that intimate acquaintance with flowers, which seems to pervade all his works. This aunt of Ebenezer's, (good soul! would that every shy, gawky Ebenezer had such an aunt!) bent on completing the charm she had so happily begun, displayed to him

still further her son's book of dried specimens: and this elated him beyond measure. He forthwith commenced a similar collection for himself, for which purpose he would roam the field still more than ever, on Sundays as well as week days, to the interruption of his attendances at chapel. This book he called his "Dry Flora," (*Hortus Siccus*) and none so proud as he when neighbours noticed his plants and pictures. He was not a little pleased to feel himself a sort of wonder, as he passed through the village with his plants; and, greedy of praise, he allowed his acquaintance to believe that his drawings were at first hard, and made by himself from nature. "Thompson's Seasons," read to him about this time by his brother Giles, gave him a glimpse of the union of poetry with natural beauty; and lit up in his mind an ambition which finally transformed the illiterate, rugged, half-tutored youth into the man who wrote "The Village Patriarch," and the "Corn Law Rhymes."

From this time he set himself resolutely to the work of self-education. His knowledge of the English language was meagre in the extreme; and he succeeded at last only by making for himself a kind of grammar by reading and observation. He then tried French, but his native indolence prevailed, and he gave it up in despair. He read with avidity whatever books came in his way; and a small legacy of books to his father came

in just at the right time. He says he could never read through a second-rate book, and he therefore read masterpieces only; — “after Milton, then Shakespeare; then Ossian; then Junius; Paine’s ‘Common Sense;’ Swift’s ‘Tale of a Tub;’ ‘Joan of Arc;’ Schiller’s ‘Robbers;’ Bürger’s ‘Lenora;’ Gibbon’s ‘Decline and Fall;’ and long afterwards, Tasso, Dante, De Staël, Schlegel, Hazlitt, and the *Westminster Review*.” Reading of this character might have been expected to lead to something; and was well calculated to make an extraordinary impression on such a mind as Elliott’s; and we have the fruit of this course of study in the poetry which from this time he began to throw off.

He remained with his father from his sixteenth to his twenty-third year, working laboriously without wages, except an occasional shilling or two for pocket-money. He afterwards tried business on his own account. He made two efforts at Sheffield; the last commencing at the age of forty, and with a borrowed capital of 150 £. He describes in his nervous language the trials and difficulties he had to contend with; and all these his imagination embodied for him in one grim and terrible form, which he christened “Bread Tax.” With this demon he grappled in desperate energy, and assailed it vigorously with his caustic rhyme. This training, these mortifications, these misfortunes, and the demon “Bread

Tax” above all, made Elliott successively despised, hated, feared, and admired, as public opinion changed towards him.

Mr. Howitt describes his warehouse as a dingy, and not very extensive place, heaped with iron of all sorts, sizes, and forms, with barely a passage through the chaos of rusty bars into the inner sanctum, at once, study, counting-house, library, and general receptacle of odds and ends connected with his calling. Here and there, to complete the jumble, were plaster casts of Shakespeare, Achilles, Ajax, and Napoleon, suggestive of the presidency of literature over the materialism of commerce which marked the career of this singular being. By dint of great industry he began to flourish in business, and, at one time, could make a profit of 20 £. a-day without moving from his seat. During this prosperous period he built a handsome villa-residence in the suburbs. He now had leisure to brood over the full force and effect of the Corn Laws. The subject was earnestly discussed then in all manufacturing circles of that district. Reverses now arrived. In 1837 he lost fully one-third of all his savings, getting out of the storm at last with about 6000 £., which he wrote to Mr. Tait of Edinburgh, he intended, if possible, to retain. The palmy days of 20 £. profits had gone by for Sheffield, and instead, all was commercial disaster and distrust. Elliott did well to retire with what little he had remaining. In his

retreat he was still vividly haunted by the demon "Bread Tax." This, then, was the period of the Corn Law Rhymes, and these bitter experiences lent to them that tone of sincerity and earnestness — that fire and frenzy which they breathed, and which sent them, hot, burning words of denunciation and wrath, into the bosoms of the working classes, — the toiling millions from whom Elliott sprang. "Bread Tax," indeed, to him, was a thing of terrible import and bitter experience: hence he uses no gentle terms, or honeyed phrases when dealing with the obnoxious impost. Sometimes coarse invective, and angry assertion, take the place of convincing reason, and calm philosophy. At others, there is a true vein of poetry and pathos running through the rather unpoetic theme, which touches us with its Wordsworthian feeling and gentleness. Then he would be found calling down thunders upon the devoted heads of the monopolists, with all a fanatic's hearty zeal, and in his fury he would even pursue them, not merely through the world, but beyond its dim frontiers and across the threshold of another state. Take them, however, as they stand — and more vigorous, effective, and startling political poetry has not graced the literature of the age.

It was not to be supposed but that this trumpet-blast of defiance, and shrill scream of "war to the knife," should bring down upon him much obloquy, much vitupe-

ration: but all this fell harmlessly upon him; he rather liked it. When people began to bear with the turbid humour and angry utterances of the "Corn Law Rhymers," and grew familiar with the stormy march of his verse, it was discovered that he was something more than a mere political party song-writer. He was a true poet, whose credentials, signed and sealed in the court of nature, attested the genuineness of his brotherhood with those children of song who make the world holier and happier by the mellifluous strains they bring to us, like fragments of a forgotten melody, from the far-off world of beauty and of love.

Elliott will not soon cease to be distinctively known as the "Corn Law Rhymers;" but it will be by his non-political poems that he will be chiefly remembered by posterity as the Poet of the People; — for his name will still be, as it has long been, a "Household Word," in the homes of all such as love the pure influences of simple, sensuous, and natural poetry. As an author he did not make his way fast: he had written poetry for twenty years ere he had attracted much notice. A genial critique by Southey in the "Quarterly;" another by Carlyle in the "Edinburgh;" and favourable notices in the "Athenæum" and "New Monthly," brought him into notice; and he gradually made his way until a new and cheap edition of his works in 1840 stamped him as a popular poet.

His poetry is just such as, knowing his history, we might have expected; and such as, not knowing it, might have bodied forth to us the identical man as we find him.

As we have said, Nature was his school; but flowers were the especial vocation of his muse. A small ironmonger — a keen and successful tradesman — we should scarcely have given him credit for such an exquisite love of the beautiful in Nature, as we find in some of those lines written by him in the crowded counting-room of that dingy warehouse. The incident of the floral miscellany: the subsequent study of "The Seasons;" the long rambles in meadows and on hill-sides, specimen-hunting for his *Hortus Siccus*; — sufficiently account for the exquisite sketches of scenery, and those vivid descriptions of natural phenomena, which showed that the coinage of his brain had been stamped in Nature's mint. The most casual reader would at once discover that, with Thompson, he has ever been the devoted lover and worshipper of Nature — a wanderer by babbling streams — a dreamer in the leafy wilderness — a worshipper of morning upon the golden hill-tops. He gives us pictures of rural scenery warm as the pencil of a Claude, and glowing as the sunsets of Italy.

A few sentences will complete our sketch, and bring us to the close of the poet's pilgrimage. He had come out of the general collapse of commercial affairs in 1837, with a small portion of the

wealth he had realised by diligent and continuous labour. He took a walk, on one occasion, into the country, of about eighteen miles, reached Argill Hill, liked the place, returned, and resolved to buy it. He laid out in house and land about one thousand guineas. His family consisted of Mrs. Elliott and two daughters — a servant-maid — an occasional helper — a Welch pony and small gig, — "a dog almost as big as the mare, and much wiser than his master; a pony-cart; a wheel-barrow; and a grindstone — and," says he, "turn up your nose if you like!"

From his own papers we learn that he had one son a clergyman, at Lothedale, near Skipton; another in the steel trade, on Elliott's old premises at Sheffield; two others unmarried, living on their means; another "druggisting at Sheffield, in a sort of chimney called a shop;" and another, a clergyman, living in the West Indies. Of his thirteen children, five were dead, and of whom he says — "They left behind them no memorial — but they are safe in the bosom of Mercy, and not quite forgotten even here!"

In this retirement he occasionally lectured and spoke at public meetings; but he began to suffer from a spasmodic affection of the nerves, which obliged him wholly to forego public speaking. This disease grew worse; and in December, 1839, he was warned that he could not continue to speak in public, except at the risk of sudden death. This disorder lingered

about him for about six years: he then fell ill of a more serious disease, which threatened speedy termination. This was in May, 1849. In September, he writes, "I have been *very, very* ill." On the first of December, 1849, the event, which had so long been impending, occurred; and Elliott peacefully departed in the 69th year of his age.

Thus, then, the sun set on one whose life was one continued heroic struggle with opposing influences, — with ignorance first, then trade, then the corn laws, then literary fame, and, last of all, disease: and thus the world saw its last of the material breathing form of the rugged but kindly being who made himself loved, feared, hated, and famous, as the "CORN LAW RHYMER."

THE GOLDEN CITY.

"THE fitful flame of Young Romance," fed by the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, Fairy tales and Heathen Mythologies; the wonderful fables of Genii and Magicians; stories of towns springing up, ready-built, out of deserts; tales of cities paved with gold; the Happy Valley of Rasselas; the territories of Oberon and Titania, Robert Owen's New Harmony, and the land of Cockaigne; Gulliver's Travels, the Adventures of Peter Wilkins, legends of beggars made kings, and mendicants millionaires; Sinbad the Sailor, Baron Münchhausen, Law of Laurieston, Major Longbow, Colonel

Crocket, the Poyais loan; illimitable exaggeration; undaunted lying; the most rampant schemes of the most rabid speculators; the wildest visions of the maddest poet; the airiest castle of the most Utopian lunatic — any one of these, and all of them put together, do not exceed the wondrous web of realities that is being daily woven around both hemispheres of the globe. Not to mention conversations carried on thousands of miles apart, by means of electricity, and a hundred other marvels that Science has converted into commonplaces, we would now confine ourselves to the latest "wonderful wonder that has ever been wondered at" — the gold region of California; but more especially to its capital, San Francisco.

The story of the magic growth of this city would have defied belief, had it not rapidly grown up literally under the "eyes of Europe." When the returns were made to the United States' authorities in 1831, it contained three hundred and seventy-one individuals, and very few more resided in it up to the discovery of gold at Sutter's Mill, in the Sacramento River. Even in April, 1849, we learn from a credible eye-witness, that there were only from thirty to forty houses in San Francisco; and that the population was so small, that so many as twenty-five persons could never be seen out of doors at one time. There now lie before us two prints; one of San Francisco, taken in November,

1848, soon after the discovery was made, and another exactly a year afterwards. In the first, we are able to count twenty-six huts and other dwellings dotted about at uneven distances, and four small ships in the harbour. In the second, the habitations are countless. The hollow, upon which the city partly stands, presents a bird's-eye view of roofs, packed so closely, together, that the houses they cover are innumerable; while the sides of the surrounding hills are thickly strewn with tents and temporary dwellings. On every side are buildings of all kinds, begun or half-finished, but the greater part of them mere canvas sheds, open in front, and displaying all sorts of signs, in all languages. Great quantities of goods are piled up in the open air, for want of a place to store them. The streets are full of people, hurrying to and fro, and of as diverse and bizarre a character as the houses: Yankees of every possible variety, native Californians in *sarapes* and *sombreros*, Chilians, Sonorians, Kanakas from Hawaii, Chinese with long tails, Malays and others in whose embrowned and bearded visages it is impossible to recognise any especial nationality. In the midst is the plaza, now dignified by the name of Portsmouth Square. It lies on the slope of the hill; and, from a high pole in front of a long one-story adobe building used as the Custom House, the American flag is flying. On the lower side is the Parker House

Hotel. The Bay of San Francisco is black with the hulls of ships, and a thick forest of masts intercepts the landscapes of the opposite coast and the islet of Yerba Buena. Flags of all nations flutter in the breeze, and the smoke of three steamers is borne away on its wings in dense wreaths. — The first picture is one of stagnation and poverty, the other presents activity and wealth in clashing colours.

"Verily," says the correspondent of a Boston Paper, "the place was in itself a marvel. To say that it was daily enlarged by from twenty to thirty houses may not sound very remarkable after all the stories that have been told; yet this, for a country which imported both lumber and houses, and where labour was then ten dollars a day, is an extraordinary growth. The rapidity with which a ready-made house is put up and inhabited, strikes the stranger in San Francisco as little short of magic. He walks over an open lot in his before-breakfast stroll — the next morning, a house complete, with a family inside, blocks up his way. He goes down to the bay and looks out on the shipping — two or three days afterward a row of store-houses, staring him in the face, intercepts the view."

An intelligent traveller from the United States, has recorded his impressions of this marvellous spot, as he saw it in August, 1849:—

"The restless, feverish tide of life in that little spot, and the

thought that what I then saw and was yet to see will hereafter fill one of the most marvellous pages of all history, rendered it singularly impressive. The feeling was not decreased on talking that evening with some of the old residents, (that is of six months' standing,) and hearing their several experiences. Every new-comer in San Francisco is overtaken with a sense of complete bewilderment. The mind, however it may be prepared for an astonishing condition of affairs, cannot immediately push aside its old instincts of value and ideas of business, letting all past experiences go for nought and casting all its faculties for action, intercourse with its fellows, or advancement in any path of ambition, into shapes which it never before imagined. As in the turn of the dissolving views, there is a period when it wears neither the old nor the new phase, but the vanishing images of the one and the growing perceptions of the other are blended in painful and misty confusion. One knows not whether he is awake or in some wonderful dream. Never have I had so much difficulty in establishing, satisfactorily to my own senses, the reality of what I saw and heard."*

The same gentleman, after an absence in the interior of four months, gives a notion of the rapidity with which the city grew, in the following terms:—

"Of all the marvellous phases of the history of the Present, the

* "Eldorado," by Bayard Taylor, correspondent to the "Tribune" newspaper.

growth of San Francisco is the one which will most tax the belief of the Future. Its parallel was never known, and shall never be beheld again. I speak only of what I saw with my own eyes. When I landed there, a little more than four months before, I found a scattering town of tents and canvas houses, with a show of frame buildings on one or two streets, and a population of about six thousand. Now, on my last visit, I saw around me an actual metropolis, displaying street after street of wellbuilt edifices, filled with an active and enterprising people and exhibiting every mark of permanent commercial prosperity. Then, the town was limited to the curve of the Bay fronting the anchorage and bottoms of the hills. Now, it stretched to the topmost heights, followed the shore around point after point, and sending back a long arm through a gap in the hills, took hold of the Golden Gate and was building its warehouses on the open strait and almost fronting the blue horizon of the Pacific. Then the gold-seeking sojourner lodged in muslin rooms and canvas garrets, with a philosophic lack of furniture, and ate his simple though substantial fare from pine boards. Now, lofty hotels, gaudy with verandas and balconies, were met with in all quarters, furnished with home luxury, and aristocratic restaurants presented daily their long bills of fare, rich with the choicest technicalities of the Parisian cuisine. Then, vessels were coming in day,

after day, to lie deserted and useless at their anchorage. Now scarce a day passed, but some cluster of sails, bound *outward* through the Golden Gate, took their way to all the corners of the Pacific. Like the magic seed of the Indian juggler, which grew, blossomed, and bore fruit before the eyes of his spectators, San Francisco seemed to have accomplished in a day the growth of half a century."

In San Francisco, everything is reversed. The operations of trade are exactly opposite to those of older communities. There the rule is scarcity of money and abundance of labour, produce, and manufactures; here cash overflows out of every pocket, and the necessities of existence will not pour in fast enough. Mr. Taylor tells us, that "a curious result of the extraordinary abundance of gold and the facility with which fortunes were acquired, struck me at the first glance. All business was transacted on so extensive a scale that the ordinary habits of solicitation and compliance on the one hand, and stubborn cheapening on the other, seemed to be entirely forgotten. You enter a shop to buy something; the owner eyes you with perfect indifference, waiting for you to state your want: if you object to the price, you are at liberty to leave, for you need not expect to get it cheaper; he evidently cares little whether you buy it or not. One who has been some time in the country will lay down the money, without wasting words. The only exception I

found to this rule was that of a sharp-faced Down-Easter just opening his stock, who was much distressed when his clerk charged me seventy-five cents for a coil of rope, instead of one dollar. This disregard for all the petty arts of money-making was really a refreshing feature of society. Another equally agreeable trait was the punctuality with which debts were paid, and the general confidence which men were obliged to place, perforce, in each other's honesty. Perhaps this latter fact was owing, in part, to the impossibility of protecting wealth, and consequent dependence on an honourable regard for the rights of others."

While this gentleman was in San Francisco, an instance of the fairy-like manner in which fortunes are accumulated, came under his observation. A citizen of San Francisco died insolvent to the amount of forty-one thousand dollars the previous autumn. His administrators were delayed in settling his affairs, and his real estate advanced so rapidly in value meantime, that after his debts were paid, his heirs derived a yearly income from it of forty thousand dollars!

The fable of a city paved with gold is realised in San Francisco. Mr. Taylor reports: — "Walking through the town, I was quite amazed to find a dozen persons busily employed in the street before the United States Hotel, digging up the earth with knives and crum-

bling it in their hands. They were actual gold-hunters, who obtained in this way about five dollars a day. After blowing the fine dirt carefully in their hands, a few specks of gold were left, which they placed in a piece of white paper. A number of children were engaged in the same business, picking out the fine grains by applying to them the head of a pin, moistened in their mouths. I was told of a small boy having taken home fourteen dollars as the result of one day's labour. On climbing the hill to the Post Office I observed in places, where the wind had swept away the sand, several glittering dots of the real metal, but, like the Irishman who kicked the dollar out of his way, concluded to wait till I should reach the heap. The presence of gold in the streets was probably occasioned by the leakings from the miners' bags and the sweepings of stores; though it may also be, to a slight extent, native in the earth, particles having been found in the clay thrown up from a deep well."

The prices paid for labour were at that time equally *romantic*. The carman of one firm (Messrs. Melius, Howard, and Co.) drew a salary of twelve hundred a year; and it was no uncommon thing for such persons to be paid from fifteen to twenty dollars, or between three and four pounds sterling per day. Servants were paid from forty to eighty pounds per month. Since this time (August, 1849), however, wages had fallen; the labourers for the rougher kinds

of work could — poor fellows — get no more than something above the pay of a Lieutenant-Colonel in the British army, or about four hundred per annum. The scarcity of labour is best illustrated by the cost of washing, which was one pound twelve shillings per dozen. It was therefore found cheaper to put out washing to the antipodes; and to this day, San Francisco shirts are washed and "got up" in China and the Sandwich Islands. So many hundred dozens of dirty, and so many hundred dozens of washed linen form the part of every outward and inward cargo to and from the Golden City.

The profits upon merchandise about the time we are writing of, may be judged of by one little transaction recorded by Mr. Taylor: — "Many passengers," he writes, "began speculation at the moment of landing. The most ingenious and successful operation was made by a gentleman of New York, who took out fifteen hundred copies of 'The Tribune' and other papers, which he disposed of in two hours, at one dollar a-piece! Hearing of this I bethought me of about a dozen papers which I had used to fill up crevices in packing my valise. There was a newspaper merchant at the corner of the City Hotel, and to him I proposed the sale of them, asking him to name a price. 'I shall want to make a good profit on the retail price,' said he, 'and can't give more than ten dollars for the lot.' I was satisfied with the wholesale price, which was a

gain of just four thousand per cent."

The prices of food are enormous, and, unhappily, so are the appetites; "for two months after my arrival," says a respectable authority, "my sensations were like those of a famished wolf;" yet the first glance at the tariff of a San Francisco bill of fare is calculated to turn the keenest European stomach. "Where shall we dine to-day?" asked Mr. Taylor, during his visit. "The restaurants display their signs invitingly on all sides; we have choice of the United States, Tortoni's, the Alhambra, and many other equally classic resorts, but Delmonico's, like its distinguished original in New York, has the highest prices and the greatest variety of dishes. We go down Kearney Street to a two-story wooden house on the corner of Jackson. The lower story is a market; the walls are garnished with quarters of beef and mutton; a huge pile of Sandwich Island squashes fills one corner, and several cabbage-heads, valued at two dollars each, show themselves in the window. We enter a little door at the end of the building, ascend a dark, narrow flight of steps and find ourselves in a long, low room, with ceiling and walls of white muslin and a floor covered with oil-cloth. There are about twenty tables disposed in two rows, all of them so well filled that we have some difficulty in finding places. Taking up the written bill of fare, we find such items as the following:—

SOUPS.

	Dol.	Cts.
Mock Turtle	0	75
St. Julien	1	00

FISH.

Boiled Salmon Trout, Anchovy Sauce	1	75
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BOILED.

Leg of Mutton, Capers sauce . .	1	00
Corned Beef, Cabbage	1	00
Ham and Tongues	0	75

ENTRÉES.

Fillet of Beef, Mushroom sauce	1	75
Veal Cutlets, breaded	1	00
Mutton Chop	1	00
Lobster Salad	2	00
Sirloin of Venison	1	50
Baked Macaroni	0	75
Beef Tongue, Sauce piquante . .	1	00

So that, with but a moderate appetite, the dinner will cost us five dollars, if we are at all epicurean in our tastes. There are cries of 'steward!' from all parts of the room—the word 'waiter' is not considered sufficiently respectful, seeing that the waiter may have been a lawyer or a merchant's clerk a few months before. The dishes look very small as they are placed on the table, but they are skilfully cooked and are very palatable to men that have ridden in from the diggings."

Lodging was equally extravagant. A bedroom in an hotel, 50% per month, and a sleeping berth or "bunk"—one of fifty in the same apartment—17.4s. per week. Social intercourse is almost unknown. There are no females, and men have no better resource than gambling, which is carried on to an extent, and with a desperate energy, hardly conceivable.

"Gambling," says a private correspondent, whose letter, dated April 20, 1850, now lies before us, "is carried on here with a bold and open front, so as to alarm and astonish one. Thousands and thousands change hands nightly. Goin, for instance, to a place called 'Parker House,' which is a splendid mansion, fitted up as well as any hotel in England; step into the front room, and you see five or six Monte, Roulette, and other gaming-tables, each having a bank of nearly half a bushel of gold and silver, piled up in the centre. That the excitement shall not be wholly devoid of diversion, the Muses lend their aid, and a band plays constantly to crowded rooms! Step into the next building, called 'El Dorado,' and there a similar scene is presented, and which is repeated, on a smaller scale, all over the town. The gamblers seem to control the town, but of course their days must be numbered. Fortunes are made or lost daily. People gamble with a freedom and recklessness which you can never dream of. Young men who come here must at all times resist gaming, or it must eventually end in their ruin: the same with drinking, as there is much of it here."

The variety of habits, manners, tastes, and prejudices, occasioned by the confluence in one spot of almost every variety of the human species, is another bar to a speedy deposit of all these floating and opposite elements into a compact and well assimilated community.

"Here," writes the same gentleman, "we see the character and habits of the English, Irish, Scotch, German, Pole, French, Spaniard, and almost every other nation of Europe. Then you have the South American, the Australian, the Chilian; and finally, the force of this golden mania has dissolved the chain that has hitherto bound China in national solitude, and she has now come forth, like an anchorite, from his cell, to join this varied mass of golden speculators. Here we see in miniature just what is done in the large cities of other countries; we have some of our luxuries from the United States and the tropics, butter from Oregon, and for the most part California, Upper or Lower, furnishes us with our beef, &c. The streets are all bustle, as you may imagine, in a place now of nearly thirty thousand inhabitants, independent of a small world of floating population."

Not the smallest wonder, however, presented in this region, is the rapid manner in which social order was shaped out of the human chaos. When a new placer or "gulch" was discovered, the first thing done was to elect officers and extend the area of order. The result was, that in a district five hundred miles long, and inhabited by one hundred thousand people — who had neither government, regular laws, rules, military or civil protection, nor even locks or bolts, and a great part of whom possessed wealth enough to tempt the vicious and depraved, — there

was as much security to life and property as in any part of the Union, and as small a proportion of crime. The capacity of a people for self-government was never so triumphantly illustrated. Never, perhaps, was there a community formed of more unpropitious elements; yet from all this seeming chaos grew a harmony beyond what the most sanguine apostle of Progress could have expected. Indeed, there is nothing more remarkable connected with the capital of El Dorado, than the centre point it has become.

The story of Cadmus, who sowed dragons' teeth, and harvested armed men, who became the builders of cities; the confusion of tongues at the Tower of Babel; and the beautiful allegory of the lion lying down with the lamb; are all types of San Francisco. The first, of its sudden rise; the second, of the varieties of the genus Man it has congregated; and the third, of the extremes of those varieties, which range from the Polynesian savage to the most civilised individuals that Europe can produce. It is a coincidence well worthy of note, that, besides the intense attraction possessed from its gold, Upper or New California is of all other places the best adapted, from its geographical position, to become a rendezvous for all nations of the earth, and that the Bay of San Francisco is one of the best and most convenient for shipping throughout the western margin of the American continent. It is precisely the

locality required to make a constant communication across the Pacific Ocean with the coasts of China, Japan, and the Eastern Archipelago commercially practicable. Its situation is that which would have been selected from choice for a concentration of delegates from the uttermost ends of the earth. If the Chinese, the Malay, the Ladrone, or the Sandwich Islander had wished to meet his Saxon or Celtic brother on a matter of mutual business, he would — deciding geographically — have selected California as the spot of assembly. The attractive powers of gold could not, therefore, have struck forth over the world from a better point than in and around San Francisco, both for the interests of commerce and for those of human intercourse.

The practical question respecting the Golden City remains yet to be touched. Does it offer whole-some inducements for emigration? On this subject we can do no more than quote the opinions of the intelligent and enterprising gentleman, to whose private letter we have already referred: — "This, I should say, is the best country in the world for an active, enterprising, steady young man, provided he can keep his health, as the climate, without due precaution, is not a healthy one. In the summer season, the weather is pleasantly warm from morning till noon, then it is windy till evening, and dusty, and then becomes so cold as to require an over-coat. This weather lasts to October,

when the wind gets round to the south-west. It is dry, warm, and pleasant now (April). This and the rainy season are the pleasantest and warmest here. Thousands, on arriving, fall victims to the prevailing disease of dysentery. On the latter account, therefore, I should not advise, or be the indirect means of inducing, any one to make the adventure here, because it is impossible to foresee or calculate whether or not he can stand the climate and inconveniences of this country; and, if so, he is sure to be exposed to a miserable and too often neglected sickness, and ending in a miserable death. I have not been ill myself so far, as my general health has been extremely good, and I never looked so well as now. The climate seems to operate injuriously on bilious habits; but to those who can stand it, it is decidedly pleasanter than England. Fires are never necessary. Out of doors, at night, a great-coat is required, but in the house it is always warm. The whole and only question, with a man making up his mind to locate in California, should be in regard to his health. Business of all descriptions is better here than in any other part of the world, and he who perseveres is sure to succeed.

"There are various opinions afloat, in regard to the fertility of the soil, some holding that there are productive valleys in the interior which would supply sufficient sustenance for home consumption: others assert the reverse. Certain it is, however, that

in many parts in the interior, the climate is delightful, but owing to the long continued dry season, I have doubts as to her ever raising a sufficient supply of vegetable necessities of life: our market now is supplied from the Sandwich Islands and Oregon.

"As to gold mining, it is altogether a lottery; one man may make a large amount daily, another will but just live. There is an inexhaustible quantity of gold, however, but with many it is inconceivably hard to get, as the operations are so many, and health so very precarious, that it is a mere chance matter if you succeed in getting a large sum speedily. It seems a question, whether it would not be advisable for the American Government to work the mines ultimately:

"California must 'go-a-head:' the east will pour through the country her immense commerce into the States, and the mines will last for ages. Finally, I would now say to my friends, that, if you are inclined to come to this country, upon this my report of it, you must, to succeed, attend to my warnings as to drinking and gambling, and to my precautions against climate."

THE MODERN "OFFICER'S" PROGRESS.

II. — A SUBALTERN'S DAY.

HOWEVER interesting it might prove to the noble relatives of Ensign Spoonbill to learn his pro-

gress, step by step, we must — for reasons of our own — pass over the first few weeks of his new career with only a brief mention of the leading facts.

His brother-officers had instructed him in the art of tying on his sash, wearing his forage cap on one side, the secret of distinguishing his right hand from his left, and the mysteries of marching and counter-marching. The art of holding up his head and throwing out his chest, had been carefully imparted by the drill-serjeant of his company, and he had, accordingly, been pronounced "fit for duty."

What this was may best be shown, by giving an outline of "a subaltern's day," as he and the majority of his military friends were in the habit of passing it. It may serve to explain how it happens that British officers are so far in advance of their continental brethren in arms in the science of their profession, and by what process they have arrived at that intellectual superiority, which renders it a matter of regret that more serious interests than the mere discipline and well-being of only a hundred and twenty thousand men have not been confided to their charge.

The scene opens in a square room of tolerable size which, if simply adorned with "barrack furniture," (to wit, a deal table, two windsor-chairs, a coal scuttle, and a set of fire-irons,) would give an idea of a British subaltern's "interior," of rather more Spar-

tanlike simplicity than is altogether true. But to these were added certain elegant "extras," obtained not out of the surplus of five and three-pence a day — after mess and band subscriptions, cost of uniform, servant's wages, &c., had been deducted — but on credit, which it was easier to get than to avoid incurring expense. A noble youth, like Ensign Spoonbill, had only to give the word of command to be obeyed by Messrs. Rosewood and Mildew, with the alacrity shown by the slaves of the lamp, and in an incredibly short space of time, the bare walls and floor of his apartment were covered with the gayest articles their establishment afforded. They included those indispensable adjuncts to a young officer's toilette, a full length cheval, and a particularly lofty pier-glass. A green-baize screen converted the apartment into as many separate rooms as its occupant desired, cutting it up, perhaps, a little here and there, but adding, on the whole, a great deal to its comfort and privacy. What was out of the line of Messrs. Rosewood and Mildew — and that, as Othello says, was "not much" — the taste of Ensign Spoonbill himself supplied. To his high artistic taste were due the presence of a couple of dozen gilt-framed and highly-coloured prints, representing the reigning favourites of the ballet, the winners of the Derby and Leger, and the costumes of the "dressiest," and consequently the most distinguished corps in the service; the nice ar-

ramgement of cherry-stick tubes, amber mouth-pieces, meerschaum bowls, and embroidered bags of Latakia tobacco; pleasing devices of the well-crossed foils, riding whips, and single sticks evenly balanced by fencing masks and boxing gloves; and, on the chimney-piece, the brilliant array of nick-nacks, from the glittering shop of Messrs. Moses, Lazarus and Son, who called themselves "jewellers and dealers in curiosities," and who dealt in a few trifles which were not alluded to above their door-posts.

The maxim of "Early to bed" was not known in the Hundredth; but the exigencies of the service required that Ensign Spoonbill should rise with the *reveillé*. He complained of it in more forcible language than Dr. Watts' celebrated sluggard; but discipline is inexorable, and he was not permitted to "slumber again." This early rising is a real military hardship. We once heard a lady of fashion counselling her friend never to marry a Guardsman. "You have no idea, love, what you'll have to go through; every morning of his life — in the season — he has to be out with the horrid regiment at half-past six o'clock!"

The Hon. Ensign Spoonbill then rose with the lark, though much against his will, his connection with that fowl having by preference a midnight tendency. Erect at last, but with a strong taste of cigars in his mouth, and a slight touch of whiskey-headache, the

Ensign arrayed himself in his blue frock coat and Oxford grey trousers; wound himself into his sash; adjusted his sword and cap; and, with a faltering step, made the best of his way into the barrack-square, where the squads were forming, which, with his eyes only half-open, he was called upon to inspect, prior to their being re-inspected by both lieutenant and captain. He then drew his sword, and "falling in" in the rear of his company, occupied that distinguished position till the regiment was formed and set in motion.

His duties on the parade-ground were — as a supernumerary — of a very arduous nature, and consisted chiefly in getting in the way of his captain as he continually "changed his flank," in making the men "lock up," and in avoiding the personal observation of the adjutant as much as possible; storing his mind, all the time, with a few of the epithets, more vigorous than courtly, which the commanding officer habitually made use of to quicken the movements of the battalion. He enjoyed this recreation for about a couple of hours, sometimes utterly bewildered by a "change of front," which developed him in the most inopportune manner; sometimes inextricably entangled in the formation of "a hollow square," when he became lost altogether; sometimes confounding himself with "the points," and being confounded by the senior-major for his awkwardness; and sometimes following a "charge" at such a pace

as to take away his voice for every purpose of utility, supposing he had desired to exercise it in the way of admonitory adjuration to the rear-rank. In this manner he learnt the noble science of strategy, and by this means acquired so much proficiency that, had he been suddenly called upon to manœuvre the battalion, it is possible he might have gone on for five minutes without "clubbing" it.

The regiment was then marched home; and Ensign Spoonbill re-entered the garrison with all the honours of war, impressed with the conviction that he had already seen an immense deal of service; enough, certainly, to justify the ample breakfast which two or three other famished subs — his particular friends — assisted him in discussing, the more substantial part of which, involved a private account with the messman, who had a good many more of the younger officers of the regiment on his books. At these morning feasts — with the exception, perhaps, of a few remarks on drill as "a cussed bore" — no allusion was made to the military exercises of the morning, or to the prospective duties of the day. The conversation turned, on the contrary, on lighter and more agreeable topics; — the relative merits of bull and Scotch terriers; who made the best boots; whether "that gaerl at the pastrycook's" was "as fine a woman" as "the barmaid of the Rose and Crown;" if Hudson's cigars didn't beat Pontet's all to nothing; who married the sixth

daughter of Jones of the Highlanders; interspersed with a few bets, a few oaths, and a few statements not strikingly remarkable for their veracity, the last having reference, principally, to the exploits for which Captain Smith made himself famous, to the detriment of Miss Bailey.

Breakfast over, and cigars lighted, Ensign Spoonbill and his friends, attired in shooting jackets of every pattern, and wearing felt hats of every colour and form, made their appearance in front of the officers' wing of the barracks; some semi-recumbent on the doorsteps, others lounging with their hands in their coatpockets, others gracefully balancing themselves on the iron railings, — all smoking and talking on subjects of the most edifying kind. These pleasant occupations were, however, interrupted by the approach of an "orderly," who, from a certain clasped book which he carried, read out the unwelcome intelligence that, at twelve o'clock that day, a regimental court-martial, under the presidency of Captain Huff, would assemble in the officers' mess-room "for the trial of all such prisoners as might be brought before it," and that two lieutenants and two ensigns — of whom the Hon. Mr. Spoonbill was one — were to constitute the members. This was a most distressing and unexpected blow, for it had previously been arranged that a badger should be drawn by Lieutenant Wadding's bull bitch Juno, at which interesting

ceremony all the junior members of the court were to have "assisted." It was the more provoking, because the proprietor of the animal to be baited, — a gentleman in a fustian suit, brown leggings, high-lows, a white hat with a black crape round it, and a very red nose, indicative of a most decided love for "cordials and compounds" — had just "stepped up" to say that "the bedger *must* be dror'd that mornin'," as he was under a particular engagement to repeat the amusement in the evening for some gents at a distant town and "couldn't no how, not for no money, forfeit his sacred word." The majority of the young gentlemen present understood perfectly what this corollary meant, but, with Ensign Spoonbill amongst them, were by no means in a hurry to "fork out" for so immoral a purpose as that of inducing a fellow-man to break a solemn pledge. That gallant officer, however, laboured under so acute a feeling of disappointment, that, regardless of the insult offered to the worthy man's conscience, he at once volunteered to give him "a couple of sovs" if he would just "throw those snobs over," and defer his departure till the following day; and it was settled that the badger should be "drawn" as soon as the patrons of Joe Baggs could get away from the court-martial, — for which in no very equable frame of mind they now got ready, — retiring to their several barrack-rooms, divesting themselves of their sporting costume and

once more assuming military attire.

At the appointed hour, the court assembled. Captain Huff prepared for his judicial labours by calling for a glass of his favourite "swizzle," which he dispatched at one draught, and then, having sworn in the members, and being sworn himself, the business began by the appointment of Lieutenant Hackett as secretary. There were two prisoners to be tried: one had "sold his necessaries" in order to get drunk; the second had made use of "mutinous language" when drunk; both of them high military crimes, to be severely visited by those who had no temptation to dispose of their wardrobes, and could not understand why a soldier's beer money was not sufficient for his daily potations; but who omitted the consideration that they themselves, when in want of cash, occasionally sent a pair of epaulettes to "my uncle," and had a champagne supper out of the proceeds, at which neither sobriety nor decorous language were rigidly observed.

The case against him who had sold his necessaries — to wit, "a new pair of boots, a shirt, and a pair of stockings," for which a Jew in the town had given him two shillings — was sufficiently clear. The captain and the pay-serjeant of the man's company swore to the articles, and the Jew who bought them (an acquaintance of Lieutenant Hackett, to whom he nodded with pleasing familia-

city), stimulated by the fear of a civil prosecution, gave them up, and appeared as evidence against the prisoner. He was found "guilty," and sentenced to three months' solitary confinement, and "to be put under stoppages," according to the prescribed formulæ.

But the trial of the man accused of drunkenness and mutinous language was not so readily disposed of; though the delay occasioned by his calling witnesses to character served only to add to the irritation of his virtuous and impartial judges. He was a fine-looking fellow, six feet high, and had as soldier-like a bearing as any man in the Grenadier company, to which he belonged. The specific acts which constituted his crime consisted in having refused to leave the canteen when somewhat vexatiously urged to do so by the orderly serjeant, who forthwith sent for a file of the guard to compel him; thus urging him, when in an excited state, to an act of insubordination, the gist of which was a threat to knock the serjeant down, a show of resistance, and certain maledictions on the head of that functionary. In this, as in the former instance, there could be no doubt that the breach of discipline complained of had been committed, though several circumstances were pleaded in extenuation of the offence. The man's previous character, too, was very good; he was ordinarily a steady, well-conducted soldier, never shirked his hour of

duty, was not given to drink, and, therefore, as the principal witness in his favour said, "the more aisily overcome when he tuck a dhrop, but as harrumless as a lamb, unless put upon."

These things averred and shown, the Court was cleared, and the members proceeded to deliberate. It was a question only of the nature and extent of the punishment to be awarded. The general instructions, no less than the favourable condition of the case, suggested leniency. But Captain Huff was a severe disciplinarian of the old school, an advocate for red-handed practice — the drum head and the halberds — and his opinion, if it might be called one, had only too much weight with the other members of the Court, all of whom were prejudiced against the prisoner, whom they internally — if not openly — condemned for interfering with their day's amusements. "Corporal punishment, of course," said Captain Huff, angrily; and his words were echoed by the Court, though the majority of them little knew the fearful import of the sentence, or they might have paused before they delivered over a fine resolute young man, whose chief crime was an ebullition of temper, to the castigation of the lash, which destroys the soldier's self-respect; degrades him in the eyes of his fellows; mutilates his body, and leaves an indelible scar upon his mind. But the fiat went forth, and was recorded in "hundreds" against the unfortunate fellow;

and Captain Huff having managed to sign the proceedings, carried them off to the commanding officer's quarters, to be "approved and confirmed;" a ratification which the Colonel was not slow to give; for he was one of that class who are in the habit of reconciling themselves to an act of cruelty, by always asserting in their defence that "an example is necessary." He forgot, in doing so, that this was not the way to preserve for the "Hundredth" the name of a crack corps, and that the best example for those in authority is Mercy.

With minds buoyant and refreshed by the discharge of the judicial functions, for which they were in every respect so admirably qualified, Ensign Spoonbill and his companions, giving themselves leave of absence from the afternoon parade, and having resumed their favourite "mufty," repaired to an obscure den in a stable-yard at the back of the Blue Boar — a low public house in the filthiest quarter of the town — which Mr. Joseph Baggs made his headquarters, and there, for a couple of hours, solaced themselves with the agreeable exhibition of the contest between the badger and the dog Juno, which terminated by the latter being bitten through both her fore-paws, and nearly losing one of her eyes; though, as Lieutenant Wadding exultingly observed, "she was a deuced deal too game to give over for such trifles as those." The unhappy badger, that only fought in self-defence, was accordingly "dror'd,"

as Mr. Baggs reluctantly admitted, adding, however, that she was "nuffin much the wuss," which was more than could be said of the officers of the "Hundredth" who had enjoyed the spectacle.

This amusement ended, which had so far a military character that it familiarised the spectator with violence and bloodshed, though in an unworthy and contemptible degree, badgers and dogs, not men, being their subject, the young gentlemen adjourned to the High Street, to loiter away half an hour at the shop of Messrs. Moses, Lazarus and Son, whose religious observances and daily occupations were made their jest, while they ran in debt to the people from whom they afterwards expected consideration and forbearance. But not wholly did they kill their time there. The pretty pastry-cook, an innocent, retiring girl, but compelled to serve in the shop, came in for her share of their half-admiring and all-insolent persecutions, and when their slang and sentiment were alike exhausted, they dawdled back again to barracks, to dress for the fifth time for mess.

The events of the day, that is, the events on which their thoughts had been centered, again furnished the theme of the general conversation. Enough wine was drunk, as Captain Huff said, with the wit peculiar to him "to restore the equilibrium;" the most abstinent person being Captain Cushion, who that evening gave convincing proof of the advan-

tages of abstinence, by engaging Ensign Spoonbill in a match at billiards, the result of which was, that Lord Pelican's son found himself, at midnight, minus a full half of the allowance for which his noble father had given him liberty to draw. But that he had fairly lost the money there could be no doubt, for the officer on the main-guard, who had preferred watching the game to going his rounds, declared to the party, when they afterwards adjourned to take a glass of grog with him before he turned in, that "except Jonathan, he had never seen any man make so good a bridge as his friend Spoonbill," and this fact Captain Cushion himself confirmed, adding, that he thought, perhaps, he could afford next time to give points. With the reputation of making a good bridge — a *Pons asinorum* over which his money had travelled — Ensign Spoonbill was fain to be content, and in this satisfactory manner he closed one Subaltern's day, there being many like it in reserve.

THE BELGIAN LACE-MAKERS.

THE indefatigable, patient, invincible, inquisitive, sometimes tedious, but almost always amusing German traveller, Herr Kohl, has recently been pursuing his earnest investigations in Belgium. His book on the Netherlands* has just

* *Reisen in den Niederlanden. Travels in the Netherlands.*

been issued, and we shall translate, with abridgments, one of its most instructive and agreeable chapters; — that relating to Lace-making.

The practical acquaintance of our female readers with that elegant ornament, lace, is chiefly confined to wearing it, and their researches into its quality and price. A few minutes' attention to Mr. Kohl will enlighten them on other subjects connected with, what is to them, a most interesting topic, for lace is associated with recollections of mediæval history, and with the palmy days of the Flemish school of painting. More than one of the celebrated masters of that school have selected, from among his laborious countrywomen, the lace-makers (or as they are called in Flanders, *Speldewerksters*), pleasing subjects for the exercise of his pencil. The plump, fair-haired Flemish girl, bending earnestly over her lace-work, whilst her fingers nimbly ply the intricately winding bobbins, figure in many of those highly esteemed representations of homely life and manners, which have found their way from the Netherlands into all the principal picture-galleries of Europe.

Our German friend makes it his practice, whether he is treating of the geology of the earth, or of the manufacture of Swedish bodkins, to begin at the very beginning. He therefore commences the history of lace-making, which, he says, is, like embroidery, an art of very ancient origin, lost, like a

multitude of other origins, "in the darkness of by-gone ages." It may, with truth, be said that it is the national occupation of the women of the Low Countries, and one to which they have steadily adhered from very remote times. During the long civil and foreign wars waged by the people of the Netherlands, while subject to Spanish dominion, other branches of Belgic industry either dwindled to decay, or were transplanted to foreign countries; but lace-making remained faithful to the land which had fostered and brought it to perfection, though it received tempting offers from abroad, and had to struggle with many difficulties at home. This Mr. Kohl explains by the fact, that lace-making is a branch of industry chiefly confined to female hands, and, as women are less disposed to travel than men, all arts and handicrafts exclusively pursued by women, have a local and enduring character.

Notwithstanding the overwhelming supply of imitations which modern ingenuity has created, *real Brussels lace* has maintained its value, like the precious metals and the precious stones. In the patterns of the best bone lace, the changeful influence of fashion is less marked than in most other branches of industry; indeed, she has adhered with wonderful pertinacity to the quaint old patterns of former times. These are copied and reproduced with that scrupulous uniformity which characterises the figures in the

Persian and Indian shawls. Frequent experiments have been tried to improve these old patterns, by the introduction of slight and tasteful modifications, but these innovations have not succeeded, and a very skilful and experienced lace-worker assured Mr. Kohl, that the antiquated designs, with all their formality, are preferred to those in which the most elegant changes have been effected.

Each of the lace-making towns of Belgium excels in the production of one particular description of lace: in other words, each has what is technically called its own *point*. The French word *point*, in the ordinary language of needle-work, signifies simply *stitch*; but in the terminology of lace-making, the word is sometimes used to designate the pattern of the lace, and sometimes the ground of the lace itself. Hence the terms *point de Bruxelles*, *point de Malines*, *point de Valenciennes*, &c. In England we distinguish by the name of *Point*, a peculiarly rich and curiously wrought lace formerly very fashionable, but now scarcely ever worn except in Court costume. In this sort of lace the pattern is, we believe, worked with the needle, after the ground has been made with the bobbins. In each town there prevail certain modes of working, and certain patterns which have been transmitted from mother to daughter successively, for several generations. Many of the lace-workers live and die in the same houses in which they were born; and most of them under-

stand and practise only the stitches which their mothers and grandmothers worked before them. The consequence has been, that certain *points* have become unchangeably fixed in particular towns or districts. Fashion has assigned to each its particular place and purpose; for example: — the *point de Malines* (Mechlin lace) is used chiefly for trimming night-dresses, pillow-cases, coverlets, &c.; the *point de Valenciennes* (Valenciennes lace) is employed for ordinary wear or negligé; but the more rich and costly *point de Bruxelles* (Brussels lace) is reserved for bridal and ball-dresses, and for the robes of queens and courtly ladies.

As the different sorts of lace, from the narrowest and plainest to the broadest and richest, are innumerable; so the division of labour among the lace-workers is infinite. In the towns of Belgium there are as many different kinds of lace-workers, as there are varieties of spiders in Nature. It is not, therefore, surprising that in the several departments of this branch of industry there are as many technical terms and phrases as would make up a small dictionary. In their origin, these expressions were all Flemish; but French being the language now spoken in Belgium, they have been translated into French, and the designations applied to some of the principal classifications of the work-women. Those who make only the ground, are called *Droche-leuses*. The design or pattern, which adorns this ground, is dis-

tinguished by the general term “the Flowers;” though it would be difficult to guess what flowers are intended to be portrayed by the fantastic arabesque of these lace-patterns. In Brussels the ornaments or flowers are made separately, and afterwards worked into the lace-ground: in other places the ground and the patterns are worked conjointly. The *Platteuses* are those who work the flowers separately; and the *Faiseuses de point à l’aiguille* work the figures and the ground together. The *Striqueuse* is the worker who attaches the flowers to the ground. The *Faneuse* works her figures by piercing holes or cutting out pieces of the ground.

The spinning of the fine thread used for lace-making in the Netherlands, is an operation demanding so high a degree of minute care and vigilant attention, that it is impossible it can ever be taken from human hands by machinery. None but Belgian fingers are skilled in this art. The very finest sort of this thread is made in Brussels, in damp underground cellars; for it is so extremely delicate, that it is liable to break by contact with the dry air above ground; and it is obtained in good condition only, when made and kept in a humid subterraneous atmosphere. There are numbers of old Belgian thread-makers who, like spiders, have passed the best part of their lives spinning in cellars. This sort of occupation naturally has an injurious effect on the health, and therefore, to induce people

to follow it, they are highly paid.

To form an accurate idea of this operation, it is necessary to see a Brabant Thread-spinner at her work. She carefully examines every thread, watching it closely as she draws it off the distaff; and that she may see it the more distinctly, a piece of dark blue paper is used as a background for the flax. Whenever the spinner notices the least unevenness, she stops the evolution of her wheel, breaks off the faulty piece of flax, and then resumes her spinning. This fine flax being as costly as gold, the pieces thus broken off are carefully laid aside to be used in other ways. All this could never be done by machinery. It is different in the spinning of cotton, silk, or wool, in which the original threads are almost all of uniform thickness. The invention of the English Flax-spinning Machine, therefore, can never supersede the work of the Belgian Fine Thread Spinners, any more than the Bobbin-Net Machine can rival the fingers of the Brussels lace-makers, or render their delicate work superfluous.

The prices current of the Brabant spinners usually include a list of various sorts of thread suited to lace-making, varying from 60 francs to 1800 francs per pound. Instances have occurred, in which as much as 10,000 francs have been paid for a pound of this fine yarn. So high a price has never been attained by the best spun silk; though a pound of silk,

in its raw condition, is incomparably more valuable than a pound of flax. In like manner, a pound of iron may, by dint of human labour and ingenuity, be rendered more valuable than a pound of gold.

Lace-making, in regard to the health of the operatives, has one great advantage. It is a business which is carried on without the necessity of assembling great numbers of workpeople in one place, or of taking women from their homes, and thereby breaking the bonds of family union. It is, moreover, an occupation which affords those employed in it a great degree of freedom. The spinning-wheel and lace-pillows are easily carried from place to place, and the work may be done with equal convenience in the house, in the garden, or at the street-door. In every Belgian town in which lace-making is the staple business, the eye of the traveller is continually greeted with pictures of happy industry, attended by all its train of concomitant virtues. The costliness of the material employed in the work, viz., the fine flax thread, fosters the observance of order and economy, which, as well as habits of cleanliness, are firmly engrafted among the people. Much manual dexterity, quickness of eye, and judgment, are demanded in lace-making; and the work is a stimulator of ingenuity and taste; so that, unlike other occupations merely manual, it tends to rouse rather than to dull the mind. It is, moreover, unac-

accompanied by any unpleasant and harassing noise; for the humming of the spinning-wheel, and the regular tapping of the little bobbins, are sounds not in themselves disagreeable, or sufficiently loud to disturb conversation, or to interrupt the social song.

In Belgium, female industry presents itself under aspects alike interesting to the painter, the poet, and the philanthropist. Here and there may be seen a happy-looking girl, seated at an open window, turning her spinning-wheel or working at her lace-pillow, whilst at intervals she indulges in the relaxation of a curious gaze at the passers-by in the street. Another young *Speldewerkster*, more sentimentally disposed, will retire into the garden, seating herself in an umbrageous arbour, or under a spreading tree, her eyes intent on her work, but her thoughts apparently divided between it and some object nearer to her heart. At a doorway sits a young mother, surrounded by two or three children playing round the little table or wooden settle on which her lace-pillow rests. Whilst the mother's busy fingers are thus profitably employed, her eyes keep watch over the movements of her little ones, and she can at the same time spare an attentive thought for some one of her humble household duties.

Dressmakers, milliners, and other females employed in the various occupations which minister to the exigencies of fashion, are confined to close rooms, sur-

rounded by masses of silk, muslin, &c. They are debarred the healthful practice of working in the open air, and can scarcely venture even to sit at an open window, because a drop of rain or a puff of wind may be fatal to their work and its materials. The lace-maker, on the contrary, whose work requires only her thread and her fingers, is not disturbed by a refreshing breeze or a light shower; and even when the weather is not particularly fine, she prefers sitting at her street-door or in her garden, where she enjoys a brighter light than within doors.

In most of the principal towns of the Netherlands there is one particular locality which is the focus of lace-making industry; and there, in fine weather, the streets are animated by the presence of the busy work-women. In each of these districts there is usually one wide open street which the *Speldewerksters* prefer to all others, and in which they assemble, and form themselves into the most picturesque groups imaginable. It is curious to observe them, pouring out of narrow lanes and alleys, carrying with them their chairs and lace-pillows, to take their places in the wide open street, where they can enjoy more of bright light and fresh air than in their own places of abode.

"I could not help contrasting," says Kohl, "the pleasing aspect of these streets with the close and noisy workrooms in woollen and cotton manufactories. There the workpeople are all separated and

classified according to age and sex, and marshalled like soldiers. There domestic and family ties are rudely broken. There chance or exigency separates the young factory girl from her favourite companions, and dooms her to association with strangers. There social conversation and the merry song are drowned in that stunning din of machinery, which in the end paralyses even the power of thought."

Our German friend is a little hard upon factory life. Though not so picturesque, it does not, if candidly viewed, offer so very unfavourable a contrast to that passed by the Belgian Lace Workers.

THE POWER OF MERCY.

QUIET enough, in general, is the quaint old town of Lamborough. Why all this bustle to-day? Along the hedge-bound roads which lead to it, carts, chaises, vehicles of every description are jogging along filled with countrymen; and here and there the scarlet cloak or straw bonnet of some female occupying a chair, placed somewhat unsteadily behind them, contrasts gaily with the dark coats, or grey smock-frocks of the front row; from every cottage of the suburb, some individuals join the stream, which rolls on increasing through the streets till it reaches the castle. The ancient moat teems with idlers, and the hill opposite, usually the quiet domain of a score or two of peaceful

sheep, partakes of the surrounding agitation.

The voice of the multitude which surrounds the court-house, sounds like the murmur of the sea, till suddenly it is raised to a sort of shout. John West, the terror of the surrounding country, the sheep-stealer and burglar, had been found guilty.

"What is the sentence?" is asked by a hundred voices.

The answer is "Transportation for Life."

But there was one standing aloof on the hill, whose inquiring eye wandered over the crowd with indescribable anguish, whose pallid cheek grew more and more ghastly at every denunciation of the culprit, and who, when at last the sentence was pronounced, fell insensible upon the green-sward. It was the burglar's son.

When the boy recovered from his swoon, it was late in the afternoon; he was alone; the faint tinkling of the sheep-bell had again replaced the sound of the human chorus of expectation, and dread, and jesting; all was peaceful, he could not understand why he lay there, feeling so weak and sick. He raised himself tremulously and looked around, the turf was cut and spoilt by the trampling of many feet. All his life of the last few months floated before his memory, his residence in his father's hovel with ruffianly comrades, the desperate schemes he heard as he pretended to sleep on his lowly bed, their expeditions at night, masked and armed, their

basty returns, the news of his father's capture, his own removal to the house of some female in the town, the court, the trial, the condemnation.

The father had been a harsh and brutal parent, but he had not positively ill-used his boy. Of the Great and Merciful Father of the fatherless the child knew nothing. He deemed himself alone in the world. Yet grief was not his pervading feeling, nor the shame of being known as the son of a transport. It was revenge which burned within him. He thought of the crowd which had come to feast upon his father's agony; he longed to tear them to pieces, and he plucked savagely a handful of the grass on which he leant. Oh, that he were a man! that he could punish them all — all, — the spectators first, the constables, the judge, the jury, the witnesses, — one of them especially, a clergyman named Leyton, who had given his evidence more positively, more clearly, than all the others. Oh, that he could do that man some injury, — but for him his father would not have been identified and convicted.

Suddenly a thought occurred to him, — his eyes sparkled with fierce delight. "I know where he lives," he said to himself; "he has the farm and parsonage of Millwood. I will go there at once, — it is almost dark already. I will do as I have heard father say he once did to the Squire. I will set his barns and his house on fire. Yes, yes, he shall burn for it, —

he shall get no more fathers transported."

To procure a box of matches was an easy task, and that was all the preparation the boy made.

The autumn was far advanced. A cold wind was beginning to moan amongst the almost leafless trees, and George West's teeth chattered, and his ill-clad limbs grew numb as he walked along the fields leading to Millwood. "Lucky it's a dark night; this fine wind will fan the flame nicely," he repeated to himself.

The clock was striking nine, but all was quiet as midnight; not a soul stirring, not a light in the parsonage windows that he could see. He dared not open the gate, lest the click of the latch should betray him, so he softly climbed over; but scarcely had he dropped on the other side of the wall before the loud barking of a dog startled him. He cowered down behind the hay-rick, scarcely daring to breathe, expecting each instant that the dog would spring upon him. It was some time before the boy dared to stir, and as his courage cooled, his thirst for revenge somewhat subsided also, till he almost determined to return to Lamborough; but he was too tired, too cold, too hungry, — besides, the woman would beat him for staying out so late. What could he do? where should he go? and as the sense of his lonely and forlorn position returned, so did also the affectionate remembrance of his father, his hatred of his accusers, his desire to satisfy his vengeance;

and, once more, courageous through anger, he rose, took the box from his pocket, and boldly drew one of them across the sand-paper. It flamed; he stuck it hastily in the stack against which he rested, — it only flickered a little, and went out. In great trepidation, young West once more grasped the whole of the remaining matches in his hand and ignited them, but at the same instant the dog barked. He hears the gate open, a step is close to him, the matches are extinguished, the lad makes a desperate effort to escape, — but a strong hand was laid on his shoulder, and a deep calm voice inquired, "What can have urged you to such a crime?" Then calling loudly, the gentleman, without relinquishing his hold, soon obtained the help of some farming men, who commenced a search with their lanterns all about the farm. Of course they found no accomplices, nothing at all but the handful of half-consumed matches the lad had dropped, and he all that time stood trembling, and occasionally struggling, beneath the firm but not rough grasp of the master who held him.

At last the men were told to return to the house, and thither, by a different path, was George led till they entered a small, poorly-furnished room. The walls were covered with books, as the bright flame of the fire revealed to the anxious gaze of the little culprit. The clergyman lit a lamp, and surveyed his prisoner attentively. The lad's eyes were fixed on the

ground, whilst Mr. Leyton's wandered from his pale, pinched features to his scanty, ragged attire, through the tatters of which he could discern the thin limbs quivering from cold or fear; and when at last impelled by curiosity at the long silence, George looked up, there was something so sadly compassionate in the stranger's gentle look, that the boy could scarcely believe that he was really the man whose evidence had mainly contributed to transport his father. At the trial he had been unable to see his face, and nothing so kind had ever gazed upon him. His proud bad feelings were already melting.

"You look half-starved," said Mr. Leyton, "draw nearer to the fire, you can sit down on that stool whilst I question you; and mind you answer me the truth. I am not a magistrate, but of course can easily hand you over to justice if you will not allow me to benefit you in my own way."

George still stood twisting his ragged cap in his trembling fingers, and with so much emotion depicted on his face, that the good clergyman resumed, in still more soothing accents; "I have no wish to do you anything but good, my poor boy; look up at me, and see if you cannot trust me: you need not be thus frightened. I only desire to hear the tale of misery your appearance indicates, to relieve it if I can."

Here the young culprit's heart smote him. Was this the man whose house he had tried to burn?

On whom he had wished to bring ruin and perhaps death? Was it a snare spread for him to lead to confession? But when he looked on that grave compassionate countenance, he felt that it was *not*.

"Come, my lad, tell me all."

George had for years heard little but oaths, and curses, and ribald jests, or the thief's jargon of his father's associates, and had been constantly cuffed and punished; but the better part of his nature was not extinguished; and at those words from the mouth of his *enemy*, he dropped on his knees, and clasping his hands, tried to speak; but could only sob. He had not wept before during that day of anguish; and now his tears gushed forth so freely, his grief was so passionate as he half knelt, half rested on the floor, that the good questioner saw that sorrow must have its course ere calm could be restored.

The young penitent still wept, when a knock was heard at the door, and a lady entered. It was the clergyman's wife, he kissed her as she asked how he had succeeded with the wicked man in the jail?

"He told me" replied Mr. Leyton, "that he had a son whose fate tormented him more than his punishment. Indeed his mind was so distracted respecting the youth, that he was scarcely able to understand my exhortations. He entreated me with agonising energy to save his son from such a life as he had led, and gave me the address of a woman in whose house he lodged. I was, however, un-

able to find the boy in spite of many earnest inquiries."

"Did you hear his name?" asked the wife.

"George West," was the reply.

At the mention of his name, the boy ceased to sob. Breathlessly he heard the account of his father's last request, of the benevolent clergyman's wish to fulfil it. He started up, ran towards the door, and endeavoured to open it; Mr. Leyton calmly restrained him, "You must not escape," he said.

"I cannot stop here. I cannot bear to look at you. Let me go!" The lad said this wildly, and shook himself away.

"Why, I intend you nothing but kindness."

A new flood of tears gushed forth; and George West said between his sobs,

"Whilst you were searching for me to help me, I was trying to burn you in your house. I cannot bear it." He sunk on his knees, and covered his face with both hands.

There was a long silence, for Mr. and Mrs. Leyton were as much moved as the boy, who was bowed down with shame and penitence, to which hitherto he had been a stranger.

At last the clergyman asked, "What could have induced you to commit such a crime?"

Rising suddenly in the excitement of remorse, gratitude, and many feelings new to him, he hesitated for a moment, and then told his story; he related his trials, his sins, his sorrows, his supposed

wrongs, his burning anger at the terrible fate of his only parent, and his rage at the exultation of the crowd: his desolation on recovering from his swoon, his thirst for vengeance, the attempt to satisfy it. He spoke with untaught, child-like simplicity, without attempting to suppress the emotions which successively overcame him.

When he ceased, the lady hastened to the crouching boy, and soothed him with gentle words. The very tones of her voice were new to him. They pierced his heart more acutely than the fiercest of the upbraidings and denunciations of his old companions. He looked on his merciful benefactors with bewildered tenderness. He kissed Mrs. Leyton's hand then gently laid on his shoulder. He gazed about like one in a dream who dreaded to wake. He became faint and staggered. He was laid gently on a sofa, and Mr. and Mrs. Leyton left him.

Food was shortly administered to him, and after a time, when his senses had become sufficiently collected, Mr. Leyton returned to the study, and explained holy and beautiful things, which were new to the neglected boy: of the great yet loving Father; of Him who loved the poor, forlorn wretch, equally with the richest, and noblest, and happiest; of the force and efficacy of the sweet beatitude; "Blessed are the Merciful for they shall obtain Mercy."

I heard this story from Mr. Leyton, during a visit to him in

May. George West was then head ploughman to a neighbouring farmer, one of the cleanest, best behaved, and most respected labourers in the parish.

FLOWERS.

DEAR friend, love well the flowers!
 Flowers are the sign
 Of Earth's all gentle love, her grace, her youth,
 Her endless, matchless, tender gratitude.
 When the Sun smiles on thee, — why
 thou art glad:
 But when on Earth he smileth, *She*
 bursts forth
 In beauty like a bride, and gives him
 back,
 In sweet repayment for his warm bright
 love,
 A world of flowers. You may see them
 born
 On any day in April, moist or dry,
 As bright as are the Heavens that look
 on them:
 Some sown like stars upon the green-
 sward; some
 As yellow as the sunrise; others red
 As Day is when he sets; reflecting thus,
 In pretty moods, the bounties of the sky.

And now, of all fair flowers, which
 lovest thou best?
 The Rose? She is a queen, more wonder-
 ful
 Than any who have bloomed on Orient
 thrones:
 Sabæan Empress! in her breast, though
 small,
 Beauty and infinite sweetness sweetly
 dwell,
 Inextricable. Or dost dare prefer
 The Woodbine, for her fragrant summer
 breath?
 Or Primrose, who doth haunt the hours
 of Spring,
 A wood-nymph brightening places lone
 and green?
 Or Cowslip? or the virgin Violet,
 That nun, who, nestling in her cell of
 leaves,
 Shrinks from the world, — in vain?

Yet, wherefore choose, when Nature
doth not choose,
Our mistress, our preceptress? *She* brings
forth
Her brood with equal care, loves all
alike,
And to the meanest as the greatest yields
Her sunny splendours and her fruitful
rains.
Love all flowers; then. Be sure that
wisdom lies
In every leaf and bloom; o'er hills and
dales;
And thymy mountains; sylvan solitudes,
Where sweet-voiced waters sing the long
year through;
In every haunt beneath the Eternal Sun,
Where Youth or Age sends forth its grate-
ful prayer,
Or thoughtful Meditation deigns to stray.

THE CATTLE-ROAD TO RUIN.

THERE is more animal food consumed in England than in any other country in the world. We do not merely say more, in proportion to the size of England, and the numbers of its inhabitants — for then we should only utter what everybody must know — but we mean actually *more*, without any such proportional considerations. Considering, then, this vast amount of animal food, in all its manifold bearings, it is impossible not to be struck with a sense of what vital importance it is to the health and general well-being of the community that this food should be of a perfectly wholesome kind. That very great quantities are not only unwholesome, but of the worst and most injurious kind, we shall now proceed to show. We will set this question clearly before the eyes of the

reader, by tracing the brief and eventful history of an ox, from his journey to Smithfield, till he rolls his large eye upward for the last time beneath the unskilful blows of his slaughterer.

A good-natured, healthy, honest-faced ox, is driven out of his meadow at break of day, and finds a number of other oxen collected together in the high road, amidst the shouting and whistling of drovers, the lowing of many deep voices, and the sound of many cudgels. As soon as the expected numbers have all arrived from the different stalls and fields, the journey of twenty miles to the railway commences. Some are refractory — the thrusting and digging of the goad instantly produces an uproar, and even our good-natured ox cannot help contributing his share of lowing and bellowing, in consequence of one of these poignant digs received at random while he was endeavouring to understand what was required of him. From this moment there is no peace or rest in his life. The noise and contest is nearly over after a few miles, though renewed now and then at a cross-road, when the creatures do not know which way they are to go, and some very naturally go one way, and some the other. The contest is also renewed whenever they pass a pond, or brook, as the weather is sultry; and the roads are so dusty, besides the steam from the breath and bodies of the animals, that their journey seems to be through

a dense, continuous, stifling cloud. It is noon; and the sun is glaring fiercely down upon the drove. They have as yet proceeded only twelve miles of their journey, but the sleek and healthy skin of our honest-faced ox has already undergone a considerable change—and as for his countenance, it is waxing wroth. His eye has become blood-shot since they passed the last village ale-house, where he made an attempt, in passing, just to draw his feverish tongue along the water of the horse-trough, but was suddenly prevented by a violent blow of the hard nob-end of a drover's stick across the tip of his nose. Besides this, the wound he has received from the goad, has laid bare the skin on his back, and the sun is beginning to act upon this, as well as the flies. By the time the twenty miles are accomplished, he is in no mood at all for the close jam in which he is packed with a number of others in one of the railway cattle-waggons. He bellows aloud his pain and indignation; in which sonorous eloquence he is joined by a bullock at his side, who has lost half one horn by a violent blow from a drover's stick, because he had stopped to drink from a ditch at the road-side, and persisted in getting a taste. Our ox makes the acquaintance of this suffering individual, and they recount their wrongs to each other; but the idea of escape does not occur to them; they rather resign themselves to endure their destiny with

stolidity, if possible. Hunger, however, and worse than this, thirst, causes sensations which are quite beyond all patient endurance; and again they uplift their great voices in anger and distress.

Our rather slow-minded ox has now arrived at the opinion that some mischief is deliberately intended him, and feels convinced that something more is needed in this world than passive submission. But what to do, he knows not. His courage is high—only he does not comprehend his position. Man, and his doings, are a dreadful puzzle to him. His one-horned friend fully coincides in all this. Meantime, they are foaming with heat, and thirst, and fever.

After a day's torture in this way, the animals are got out of the waggon, by a thrashing process which brings them pell-mell over each other, many landing on their knees, some head foremost, and one or two falling prostrate beneath the hoofs of the rest. The journey to London then commences, the two friends having been separated in the recent confusion.

With the dreadful scenes, among the live cattle, which regularly take place in Smithfield market, our readers have already been made acquainted; it will now be our duty to display before them several equally revolting, and, though in a different way, still more alarming, scenes and doings which occur in this neighbourhood, and in other markets and their vicinities,

Look at this ox, with dripping flanks, half-covered with mud; a horrid wound across his nose; the flesh laid bare in a rent on his back, and festering from exposure to the sun and the flies; his eye-balls rolling fiercely about, and clots of foam dropping from his mouth! Would any one believe that three days ago he was a good-natured, healthy, honest-faced ox? He is waiting to be sold. But who will give a decent price for a poor beast in this unsound condition? He is waiting with a cord round his neck, by which he is fastened to a rail, and in his anguish he has drawn it so tight that he is half-strangled; but he does not care now. He can endure no more, he thinks, because he is becoming insensible. Presently, among several others brought to the same rail, he recognises his friend with the broken horn. They get side by side, and gasp deeply their mutual torments. There are no more loud lowings and bellowings; they utter nothing but gasps and groans. Besides the fractured horn, this bullock has since received a thrust from a goad in his right eye, by which the sight is not only destroyed, but an effect produced which makes it requisite to sell him at any price he will bring. This being agreed upon, he is led away to a slaughter-house near at hand. Our poor ox makes a strong effort to accompany his friend, and with his eye-balls almost starting from his head, tugs at the cord that holds him by the

throat, until it breaks. He then hastens after the other, but is quickly intercepted by a couple of drovers, who assail him with such fury, that he turns about, and runs out of the market.

He is in too wretched and worn-out a condition to run fast, so he merely staggers onward amidst the blows, till suddenly a water-cart happens to pass. The sight of the shining drops of water seems to give the poor beast a momentary energy. He runs staggering at it head-foremost — his eyes half-shut, — falls with his head against the after-part of the wheel as the cart passes on, — and there lies lolling out his tongue upon the moistened stones. He makes no effort to rise. The drovers form a circle round him, and rain blows all over him; but the ox still lies with his tongue out upon the cool wet stones. They then wrench his tail round till they break it, and practise other cruelties upon him; but all in vain. There he lies.

While the drovers are pausing to wipe their sanguinary and demoniac foreheads, and recover their breath, the ox slowly, and as if in a sort of delirium, raises himself on his legs, and stands looking at the drovers with forlorn vacancy. At this juncture the Market Inspector joins the crowd, and after a brief glance at the various sores and injuries, condemns the ox as diseased — therefore unfit for sale. He is accordingly led off, limping and stumbling to the horse-slaugh-

terer's in Sharp's Alley, duly attended by the Inspector, to see that his order of condemnation be carried into effect. They are followed at a little distance by two fellows, whose filthy habiliments show that they have slept amidst horrors, who keep the diseased ox in view with a sort of stealthy, wolfish "eye to business."

The dying ox, with the drover, and the Inspector, having slowly made their way through the usual market difficulties, and (to those who are not used to it) the equally revolting horrors of the outskirts, finally get into Sharp's Alley, and enter the terrific den of the licensed horse-slaughter-house.

It is a large knacker's yard, furnished with all the usual apparatus for slaughtering diseased or worn-out horses, and plentifully bestrewn with the reeking members and frightful refuse of the morning's work. But even before the eye, — usually the first and quickest organ in action, — has time to glance round, the sense of smell is not only assailed, but taken by storm, with a most horrible, warm, moist, effluvium, so offensive, and at the same time so peculiar and potent, that it requires no small resolution in any one, not accustomed to it, to remain a minute within its precincts. Three of the corners are completely filled up with a heap of dead horses lying upon their backs, with their hoofs sticking bolt upright; while two other angles in the yard are filled with a mass of

bodies and fragments, whose projecting legs and other members serve as stretchers for raw skins, — flayed from their companions, or from themselves, lying all discoloured, yet in all colours, beneath. By this means the skins are stretched out to dry. A few live animals are in the yard. There is one horse — waiting for his turn — as the ox-party come in; his knees are bent, his head is bowed towards the slushy ground, his dripping mane falling over his face, and almost reaching with its lank end to the dark muddled gore in which his fore hoofs are planted. A strange, ghastly, rattling sound, apparently from the adjoining premises, is kept up without intermission; a sort of inconceivably rapid devil's-tattoo, by way of accompaniment to the hideous scene.

Two dead horses are being skinned; but all the other animals — of the four-footed class we mean — are bullocks, in different stages of disease, and they are seven in number. These latter have not been condemned by the Inspector, but have been brought here to undergo a last effort for the purpose of being made saleable — washed and scrubbed, so as to have the chance of finding a purchaser by torchlight at some very low price; and failing in this, to be killed before they die, or cut up as soon after they die as possible. They were all distinguished by slang terms according to the nature and stage of their diseases. The two best of these

bad bullocks are designated as "choppers;" the three next, whose hides are torn in several places, are called "rough-uns;" while those who are in a drooping and reeking condition, with literally a death-sweat all over them, are playfully called "wet-uns." To this latter class belongs our poor ox, who is now brought in, and formally introduced by the Inspector, as diseased, and *condemned*. The others he does not see — or, at least, does not notice — his business being with the ox, who was the last comer. Having thus performed his duty, the Inspector retires!

But what is this ceaseless rattling tattoo that is kept up in the adjoining premises? The walls vibrate with it! Machinery of some kind? Yes — it is a chopping machine; and here you behold the "choppers," both horses and diseased bullocks, who will shortly be in a fit state for promotion, and will then be taken piecemeal next door. Ay, it is so, in sober and dreadful seriousness. Here, in this Sharp's Alley, you behold the largest horse-slaughter-house in the city; and here, next door, you will find the largest sausage manufactory in London. The two establishments thus conveniently situated, belong to near relations — brothers, we believe, or brothers-in-law.

Now, while the best of the diseased bullocks or "choppers" are taken to the sausage machine, to be advantageously mixed with the choppings of horse-flesh (to which

latter ingredient the angry redness of so many "cured" sausages, *saveloys*, and all the class of *polonies* is attributable), who shall venture to deny that, in the callousness of old habits, and the boldness derived from utter impunity and profitable success, a very considerable addition is often made to the stock of the "choppers," from many of the "rough-uns," and from some of the more sound parts of the miserable "wet-uns"? Verily this thing may be — 'tis apt, and of great credit," to the City of London.

But a few words must be said of the "closing scene" of our poor condemned ox. We would, most willingly, have passed this over, leaving it to the imagination of the reader; but as no imagination would be at all likely to approach the fact, we hope we shall be rendering a service to common humanity in doing some violence to our own, and the readers' feelings, by exposing such scenes to the gaze of day.

Owing to some press of business, the ox was driven to a neighbouring slaughter-house in the Alley. He was led to the fatal spot, sufficiently indicated, even amidst all the rest of the sanguinary floor, by its frightful condition. They placed him in the usual way; the slaughterman approached with his pole-axe, and swinging it round in a half-jocose and reckless manner, to hide his want of practice and skill, he struck the ox a blow on one side of his head, which only made him

sink with a groan on his knees, and sway over on one side. In this attitude he lay groaning, while a torrent of blood gushed out of his mouth. He could not be made to rise again to receive the stroke of death or further torment. They kicked him with the utmost violence in the ribs and on the cheek with their iron-nailed shoes, but to no purpose. They then jumped upon him; he only continued to groan. They wrenched his already-broken tail till they broke it again, higher up, in two places. He strove to rise, but sank down as before. Finally they had recourse to the following torture: they closed his nostrils with wet cloths, held tightly up by both hands, so that no breath could escape, and they then poured a bucketful of dirty slaughter-house water into his mouth and down his throat, till with the madness of suffocation the wretched animal was roused to a momentary struggle for life, and with a violent fling of the head, which scattered all his torturers, and all their apparatus of wet rags and buckets, he rose frantically upon his legs. The same slaughterman now advanced once more with his pole-axe, and dealt a blow, but again missed his mark, striking only the side of the head. A third blow was more deliberately levelled at him, and this the ox, by an instinct of nature, evaded by a side movement as the axe descended. The slaughterman, enraged beyond measure, and yet more so by the jeers of his companions, now re-

peated his blows in quick succession, not one of which was effective, but only produced a great rising tumour. The elasticity of this tumour which defeated a death-blow, added to the exhaustion of the slaughterman's strength, caused this scene of barbarous butchery to be protracted to the utmost, and the groaning and writhing ox did not fall prostrate till he had received as many as fifteen blows. What followed cannot be written.

It is proper to add that scenes like these, resulting from want of skill in the slaughterman, are by no means so common in Smithfield, as in some other markets — Whitechapel more especially. But they occur occasionally in an equal or less degree, in every market of the metropolis.

The two haggard, wolf-eyed fellows who had prowled after the ox, and his Inspector, now step forward and purchase the bruised and diseased corpse of the slaughtered (murdered) animal, and carry it away to be sold to the poor, in small lots by gas-light, on Saturday nights, or in the form of soup; and to the rich, in the disguise of a well-seasoned English German-sausage, or other delicious preserved meat! So much for the Inspector, and the amount of duty he so ably performed!

We make the following extract from a pamphlet recently published, entitled, "An Enquiry into the present state of the Smithfield Cattle Market, and the Dead Meat Markets of the Metropolis."

"The wet-uns are very far gone in disease, and are so bad that those who have to touch them, carefully cover their hands to avoid immediate contact with such foul substances, naturally fearing the communication of poison. A servant of a respectable master butcher, about a twelvemonth ago, slightly scratched his finger with a bone of one of these diseased animals; the consequence was that he was obliged to go to the hospital, where he was for upwards of six weeks, and the surgeons all agreed that it was occasioned by the poison from the diseased bone. It is also a fact, that if the hands at any time come in contact with this meat, they are frequently so affected by the strong smell of the medicine which had been given to the animal when alive, that it is impossible for a considerable time to get rid of it; and yet, it will scarcely be believed, none of these poisonous substances are thrown away — all goes in some shape or form into the craving stomachs of the hungry poor, or is served up as a dainty for the higher classes. Even cows which die in calving, and still-born calves, are all brought to market and sold. Let these facts be gainsayed; we defy contradiction."

We must by no means overlook the adventures and sufferings of sheep; nor the unwholesome condition to which great numbers of them are reduced before they are sold as human food.

A sheep is scudding and bounding over a common, in the morning, with the dew glistening on her fleece. She is full of enjoyment, and knows no care in life. In the evening of the same day, she is slowly moving along a muddy lane, among a large flock; fatigued, her wool matted with dust and slush, her mouth parched with thirst, and one ear torn to a red rag by the dog. He was sent to do it by the shepherd, because she had lagged a little behind, to gaze through a gap in the hedge at a

duck-pond in the field. She has been in a constant state of fright, confusion, and apprehension, ever since. At every shout of the shepherd's voice, or that of his boy, and at every bark of the dog, or sound of the rapid pattering of his feet as he rushes by, she has expected to be again seized, and perhaps torn to pieces. As for the passage of the dog over her back, in one of his rushes along the backs of the flock, as they huddle densely together near some crooked corner or cross-way — in utter confusion as to what they are wanted to do — what they themselves want to do — what is best to do — or what in the world is about to be done — no word of man, or bleat of sheep, can convey any adequate impression of the fright it causes her. On one of these occasions, when going through a narrow turnpike, the dog is sent over their backs to worry the leaders who are going the wrong way, and in her spring forward to escape the touch of his devilish foot, she lacerated her side against a nail in the gatepost, making a long wound.

The sudden pain of this causes her to leap out of the rank, up a bank; and seeing a green field beneath, the instinct of nature makes her leap down, and scour away. In a moment, the dog — the fury — is after her. She puts forth all her strength, all her speed — the wind is filled with the horrors of his voice — of the redoubling sound of his feet — he gains upon her — she springs aside

—leaps up banks — overhurdles — through hedges — but he is close upon her; — without knowing it, she has made a circle, and is again nearing the flock, which she reaches just as he springs upon her shoulders and tears her again on the head, and his teeth lacerate anew her coagulated ear. She eventually arrives at the railway station, and is crushed into one of the market waggons; and in this state of exhaustion, fever, and burning thirst, remains for several hours, until she arrives in the suburbs of Smithfield. What she suffers in this place has been already narrated, till finally she is sold, and driven off to be slaughtered. The den where this last horror is perpetrated (for in what other terms can we designate all these unnecessary brutalities?) is usually a dark and loathsome cellar. A slanting board is sometimes placed, down which the sheep are forced. But very often there is no such means of descent, and our poor jaded, footsore, wounded sheep — all foul and fevered, and no longer fit food for man — is seized in the half-naked blood-boltered arms of a fellow in a greasy red nightcap, and flung down the cellar, both her forelegs being broken by the fall. She is instantly clutched by the ruffians below — dragged to a broad and dripping bench — flung upon it, on her back — and then the pallid face and patient eye looks upward! — and is understood.

And shall not we also — the

denizens of a Christian land — understand it? Shall we not say — “Yes, poor victim of man’s necessities of food, we know that your death is one of the means whereby we continue to exist — one of the means whereby our generations roll onward in their course to some higher states of knowledge and civilisation — one of the means whereby we gain time to fill, to expand, and to refine the soul, and thus to make it more fitting for its future abode. But, knowing this, we yet must recognise in you, a fellow-creature of the earth, dwelling in our sight, and often close at our side, and trusting us — a creature ever harmless, and ever useful to us, both for food and clothing; nor do we deserve the good with which you supply us, nor even the proud name of Man, if we do not, at the same time, recognise your rightful claim to our humane considerations.

In the course of last year, there were sold in Smithfield Market, the enormous number of two hundred and thirty-six thousand cattle; and one million, four hundred and seventeen thousand sheep. A practical authority has curiously calculated the number of serious and extensive bruises, caused by sheer brutality, rather than any accidents, in the course of a year. He finds that the amount could not be less than five hundred and twelve thousand. These are only the body-bruises, and do not include any of the various cruelties of blows and cuts on the nose, hocks, horns, tails,

ears, legs, &c. Of course, this fevered and bruised flesh rapidly decomposes, and is no longer fit for human food. The flesh of many an animal out of Smithfield, killed on Monday, has become diseased meat by Tuesday evening — a fact too well known. The loss on bruised meat in the year has been calculated, by a practical man, at three shillings a head on every bullock, and sixpence on every sheep, making a total loss of Sixty-Three Thousand Pounds per annum. This loss, it is to be understood, is independent of the quantity of bruised and diseased meat, which *ought* to be lost, but is sold at various markets, as human food. It is also independent of the numbers of diseased calves and pigs brought to market every week, and sold. Very much of this diseased meat is sold publicly — in Newgate Market, and Tyler's Market more especially — and at any rate there is a special and regular trade carried on in it. One soup establishment, for the working classes, is said to carry on a business amounting to between four hundred and five hundred pounds weekly, in diseased meat. It is also used by sausage, polony, and saveloy makers; for meat pies, and à-la-mode beefshops; and is very extensively by many of the concocters of preserved meats for home and foreign consumption. It is said that one of the Arctic Expeditions failed, chiefly, in consequence of the preserved meats failing them. They would not keep. Is it any

wonder that they would not keep? What they were made of — wholly, or in part — has been sufficiently shown.

"In Newgate Market," says the writer previously quoted, "the most disgraceful trade is carried on in diseased meat; as a proof of which, we assert that one person has been known to purchase from one hundred and twenty, to one hundred and thirty diseased carcasses of beasts weekly; and when it is known that there are from twenty to thirty persons, at the least, engaged in this nefarious practice in this market alone, some idea may be formed of its extent.

"The numbers of diseased sheep from *variola ovina*, of small-pox, sent to this market, are alarmingly on the increase, and it is much to be feared that this complaint is naturalised among our English flocks. It is very much propagated in the metropolis. It is an acknowledged fact that upwards of one hundred sheep in this state were weekly, and for a considerable period, consigned for sale from one owner, who had purchased largely from abroad, and this took place at the early part of the present year (1848), and was one of the causes of the inquiry in Parliament, and the subsequent act.

"An Inspector is appointed to this market with full powers, acting under a deputation from the Lord Mayor; but the duties of the office must be of a very difficult nature, and probably *interfere materially with the other avocations* of the Inspector as we find but little evidence of his activity. Compare our statement above with the return laid before the Board of Trade, and it will appear that of fifty diseased carcasses not one on an average is seized.

"Close adjoining to Newgate Market, is Tyler's Market, it is only separated by Warwick Lane. This market is said to be private property, and that no Inspector has ever been appointed. Every description of diseased meat is sold here in the most undisguised manner: it is *celebrated for diseased pork*. It has been stated by a practical man, one well acquainted with the facts, and fully capable of forming a correct opinion, that nearly one half of the pigs sold in this market

during the pork season of 1847, ending March, 1848, was diseased and unfit for human food; and of all other diseased animals, what has been said of Newgate applies with far greater force to this market. In Leadenhall Market diseased meat is also sold, though not to the same extent. Whitechapel Market is situate to the south of the main or high street bearing the above name. It is rather difficult to describe the trade carried on here. The situation of the shops — *long, dark, and narrow, with the slaughter-houses behind* — is well adapted for carrying on the disgraceful practices in either a wholesale or retail manner to a very great extent. Some of the very worst description of diseased animals brought to Smithfield alive are here slaughtered, and large quantities of meat from the country, totally unfit for food, arrive in every stage of disease, and are sold by the pound and the stone, to a fearful extent. The following are the names of the other meat markets, to all of which some diseased animals and meat find their way, — and to *none* of them is any Inspector appointed: —

“Clare Market, retail; Newport, wholesale and retail; St. George’s, retail; Oxford, retail; Portman, retail; Brook’s, retail; Sheppard’s, retail; Boro’, retail; Carnaby, retail; Spitalfields, retail; Finsbury, retail. At all of these markets the meat is exposed for sale on Saturday evenings, under the glare of projecting gas burners; and the poor, who receive their wages on that day, and are the principal customers, are deceived by its appearance in this light; their object is of course to obtain the cheapest and the most economical joints; the meat without fat, which is generally most diseased, is selected by them, being considered the most profitable, though the fact is that this species of meat has been proved to be the cause of cancerous diseases, and diseases of the chest and lungs.”

The above was attested by one of the witnesses before the Committee of 1828. To think of these abominations having gone on regularly ever since! Why, it looks as though our legislators had received a communication from one

of the Inspectors, assuring honourable gentlemen that “it was all nonsense, all this talk about diseased meat! If the meat was now and then a little queer — though *he* had never seen such a thing — none of the poor were any the worse for eating it!” But we will answer for one thing; — the Inspector never breathed a word about the *preserved meats* which so frequently present themselves with a modest air in purple and white china as delicacies for rich men’s tables!

The *foreign stock*, and the circumstances under which they arrive, must not be passed over. They are confined during four or five, or even six days, in the dark and stifling hold of the vessel, and it frequently occurs that in all this time there is scarcely any food given them (we are assured, on good authority, that there is often *none*) nor one drop of water. The condition in which they arrive may be conjectured. Besides the extensive preparations for the Monday’s market, which are made by the drovers and salesmen of the home stock during Sunday, the desecration of the “day of rest” is immensely increased by the supply of foreign stock, which arrives at the railway at the same time. Foreign vessels, (we are quoting from evidence before a Committee) bringing cattle, endeavour to arrive here on Sunday as early as possible, in order that the salesman may see the stock before the animals are brought into the market. There

is also a very large supply of calves from Holland, which are all carted from Blackwall; and the confusion and uproar there, and at Brewer's Quay on a Sunday morning, passes all belief. Great quantities of cattle are also sent on Sunday in order to avoid the expense of *lirage*, or standing-room. About two thousand men and boys are employed in this real Sunday desecration. Need we say, it is of the most shocking and cruel nature? *Here* is something really worthy of the storm that is so much wasted on minor matters in this much-vexed question.

skipping, gets over very little ground."

"It is a bad beast altogether," said the tiger. "He cannot roar, he cannot run, he can do nothing — and what wonder? I killed a man yesterday, and, in politeness to the new comer, offered him a bit; upon which he had the impudence to look disgusted, and say, 'No, Sir, I eat nothing but grass.'"

So the beasts criticised the Lamb, each in his own way; and yet it was a good Lamb, nevertheless.

CLASS OPINIONS.

A FABLE.

A LAMB strayed for the first time into the woods, and excited much discussion among other animals. In a mixed company, one day, when he became the subject of a friendly gossip, the goat praised him.

"Pooh!" said the lion, "this is too absurd. The beast is a pretty beast enough, but did you hear him roar? I heard him roar, and, by the manes of my fathers, when he roars he does nothing but cry *ba-a-a!*" And the lion bleated his best in mockery, but bleated far from well.

"Nay," said the deer, "I do not think so badly of his voice. I liked him well enough until I saw him leap. He kicks with his hind legs in running, and, with all his

THE REGISTRAR-GENERAL ON "LIFE" IN LONDON.

THE Modern Babylon, so great in other things, has a giant's appetite for mortality. On an average, a thousand persons die in London weekly, and are, as a rule, buried under the ground on which they fall. In old days there was no general record of the character and locality of this great concentrated mortality; but since the establishment of our present system of registration of births, marriages, and deaths, we are able to test not only how many people die, but where they die and what they die of; and are able to tell moreover, to a considerable extent, how far the mortality may be ascribed to inevitable and how far to removable causes. We can now, in fact, almost say, how many die by the folly of man and how many by the law of nature.

The volumes in which this information is given are by no means attractive at a first glance. They appear under the authority of a government office, and contain column after column and page after page forbidding-looking figures, printed in the smallest and closest of type. Yet these account-books, in which the business done by the great destroyer is posted up from day to day, and year to year, contain some highly curious and important facts.

The average of a thousand deaths a week in London is by no means evenly distributed over the year, or over all parts of the metropolis. Each season and each parish has its peculiarities. Nor is mortality spread evenly over the various years of life, for the grim tyrant has a special appetite for humanity at particular ages.

We have already, in some words about weather wisdom, spoken of certain diagrams in which the changes of our English seasons have been delineated, and in which the characteristics of succeeding years are shown by curved lines. At the Registrar-General's sanctum—a quiet office in the quietest part of Somerset House—Mr. Farr has reduced those curves to circles, and the results display themselves in the shape of coloured diagrams, showing the varying temperature of years, and the degree in which temperature influences mortality. The mean temperature of the year arrives in spring about the 115th day, and in autumn about the 293rd day of

the year. The coldest period is the first three weeks in January, the hottest days being from about the 200th to the 220th of the year. In the diagrams that exhibit these facts, certain spaces represent each one hundred deaths, and we soon see how much more favourable to life in England warm weather is than cold. In hot countries the reverse is the rule, hot seasons being fatal seasons, because excess at either end of the scale it is which does the mischief. In England the plague and other epidemics, which made such havoc amongst our forefathers were brought to killing intensity, in unusually hot seasons. But deficient as our sanitary regulations now are, they have been so greatly improved within the last century or two, that summer is no longer our period of greatest average mortality, unless we suffer from some terrible visitant like cholera, and then, of course, all ordinary calculations are set at naught. Moderation suits all human beings. Our excess of heat or of cold raises the mortality; moderate warmth being more favourable, however, than moderate cold.

Mortality in the Metropolis seems regulated by a variety of circumstances, the principal being the elevation of each district above the level of the river Thames; the number of persons who live in the same house; the size and character of the house as regards ventilation and cleanliness; the state of the sewerage; the number of paupers in the

neighbourhood; and the abundant and good, or scanty and bad, supply of water. Each London parish has its rank and value in the registrar's records of health and death; and the figures are so exact, that there is no evading the verdict they pronounce. At first thought, one might be inclined to expect that all the health would be found where all the wealth and fashion are congregated. But it is not so. As a rule, those districts stand well whose inhabitants are most blessed with the good things of this life, but, running through the catalogue as arranged in the order of their salubrity, we find some localities above the average of health—nay, one at the very top—which fashion knows nothing of.

In these statements of the registrar, the different districts of the Metropolis are placed in a list according to their healthiness, those in which the fewest persons die in a year out of a given equal number, standing first, followed by those next in sanitary order, until we come down to those which are but just above the average for all London. Passing that Rubicon, we see the names of those parishes in which death gets more than his proper proportion of victims every year; and then, one after another, down, down the list, until we reach its lowest depths, in those places where filth and fever reign paramount, and where such a destroyer as Cholera finds hundreds of victims already weakened by previous unhealthy influences, and

ready to fall a rapid and easy prey.

Let us go through this graduated scale, that shows how health and disease struggle for the mastery, and how death turns the balance.

First on the list stands Lewisham, a large parish stretching from Blackheath across the open hilly fields towards Norwood, and including the hamlet of Sydenham. Its rural character, scattered population, and good water, explain its pre-eminence on the sanitary scale. The second name on the list carries us at once from a green suburban parish to one of the centres of fashion and aristocracy,—to St. George, Hanover Square. The presence of this parish, so high up on the scale, is due to several circumstances; and its claims to such prominence are more artificial than those of its rural competitor for the palm of healthfulness. The scale is made out from the census of 1841, which was taken during the height of the London season, when St. George's was of course much fuller than it is on the general average of the year. Its population, too, is to a great extent composed of servants "in place," and, therefore, generally young and in good health, and who, when dangerously sick, are sent to the hospitals, or to the country to die. The masters and mistresses of St. George's, also, are so circumstanced, that when in bad health they can try the sea-air, or retire to country seats. All these facts

tend to lessen the mortality of the district, and thus tend to place it high up on the sanitary scale. Its advantages are, an average elevation of forty-nine feet above the high-water mark of the Thames; its neighbourhood to the parks; its wide open streets; a supply of water drawn from a Company whose system of filtration is very good; a comparatively thin population, compared with its extent, there being, in this parish, only sixty-six persons to an acre; and the size and character of its houses, which return an average rental of 153*l.* a year.

From the fashionable "west end" we have to travel to a suburban spot for the third place in rank on the health-scale. It is the sub-district of Hampstead. All who have been upon its breezy heath, with its elevation three or four hundred feet above the river, and its open view of the surrounding country, will readily understand why Hampstead should rank high in salubrity — though its average of rental may be low, and though more persons (as they do) live in each house than in the houses of Bermondsey and Rotherhithe.

Fourth on the list comes Hackney, which has only thirteen persons to an acre. This advantage will be seen more strongly, when we know that Hampstead has but six, and Lewisham, but two; whilst East London has two hundred and eighty, and Southwark, one hundred and sixty-five persons per acre. Hackney also has water from the New River, a compara-

tively pure source; and, though its houses are small, with a rental of but 35*l.*, the number of occupants to each is but seven.

For the fifth in order of salubrity we have again to cross the Thames. It is Camberwell. This parish lies very low, being only four feet above the water mark; but, then, it is fringed on one side by the open country; is sheltered from cold winds; is thinly peopled, having only twelve persons an acre, and only six occupants to a house. Its drainage is, almost necessarily, bad, but its neighbourhood to the green fields compensates for many sanitary evils.

Wandsworth, with a burden of poor-rates almost equal in poundage to that inflicted upon Southwark and Lambeth comes next. The recommendations of Wandsworth are, a population of only four to an acre. This indication of ample open spaces explains the general healthiness of the parish. Its position and bad drainage have rendered it liable to very heavy loss from epidemics. Cholera found a larger proportion of victims in Wandsworth than in the densest peopled parish on the north of the river.

"Merry Islington" ranks only seventh in spite of its high and dry position, and its New River water, and its neighbouring fields. Its elevation is eighty-eight feet above the river; its density of population, twenty-five to an acre; its average rental 35*l.*; its annual deaths, one in fifty.

Kensington and Chelsea follow

next, and with them are included Brompton, Hammersmith, and Fulham. They all lie low, but are in pleasant company with fields and open spaces; their people are well to do in the world, and a large portion drink good water.

The City of London district — that is, the portion of the city round about the Mansion House, and including the houses and warehouses of the rich traders, who cluster near the Lord Mayor's chosen dwelling-place — comes next in order. This is explained by the elevation of the ground, which is thirty-eight feet above the river; by the value of the property (average rental 117*l.*) which excludes the poor; by the fact that the Lord Mayor and his neighbours do not drink Thames water; and that their wealth enables them to live well, and to obtain the best medical aid, — both for rich and poor. The most affluent also reside out of town, and many of their old people are drafted off in their old age to alms-houses, and to country unions. The mortality of this part of the city is two hundred and fourteen a year out of ten thousand living.

Next after the neighbourhood of the civic ruler, we have the locality which has been chosen for the palace of the sovereign — St. James's. The population of this parish is dense, — being two hundred and nine to an acre, though its rentals are high. The palace stands in by no means the best portion of the district, but the

saving points are the parks and the absence of Thames water.

St. Pancras follows St. James's, its recommendations being an elevation of eighty feet above the river, and a population not one-third so closely packed as that of the parish occupied by the palace. Its density is sixty persons to an acre. Pancras, however, has many poor, and consequently heavy rates.

Marylebone, its neighbour, claims to follow Pancras, with a greater elevation and a better class of houses, yet with bad drainage and a heavier mortality. In Marylebone two hundred and twenty-two persons die in a year out of ten thousand. The population is more dense than in the poorer district of Pancras, but the near neighbourhood of Regent's Park and open country about Primrose Hill has, of course, a favourable influence.

We have now to re-cross the river for the thirteenth place upon this London Sanitary Scale. It is Newington, a suburban parish, with a level two feet below the water mark, and with bad water, yet having fewer deaths than more noted and more wealthy quarters. Like Wandsworth, however, it suffered severely from Cholera, as its swampy position would lead one to expect.

The district round the palace of the Archbishop — Lambeth — follows next in order. It is raised but a very few feet above the high water level; its rents are low, its poor rates high, its nuisances

many; and its water supply bad. But it has the air-draught from the river on one side, and it is not very far from the fields on the other; and more than all, it has but thirty-nine persons to an acre, and so it escapes with fewer deaths in a year than its unfavourable position would lead one to anticipate. It is, however, another of those spots where Cholera made great havoc.

From what may be called one river side extremity of South London, we skip over the central water-side parishes, and go to the opposite extremity of the Metropolis to find at Greenwich our next healthiest district. Like Lambeth, this place lies low, is badly drained, and has a poor class of houses, and consequently of people. The secret of its position on the scale of health is to be found in the fact that the population is not dense, being only twenty-one to an acre; that it has a fine park for a playground, and is in near neighbourhood to Blackheath, and thence to the open and healthy hills and fields of Kent.

Now we must return again to the centre of London for its next most healthy parish. It is St. Martin's-in-the-Fields; but having, it is almost needless to say, no rural character, except by name. Trafalgar Square, with its fountains, is almost its only enjoyable open space. The density of population is not over great for such a position; the rental high; the deaths two hundred and forty to ten thousand living each year.

Away east again for our next and last parish that stands above the general average of London. Stepney is the place, with its multitude of small houses at low rentals. It has its water from the river Lea, and its inhabitants have not very far to go when they wish for a ramble in the fields. Its yearly contribution to our total mortality is two hundred and forty-two out of ten thousand souls.

And here a dark line has to be drawn; for Stepney is close down upon the average mortality of all London. Each parish already named pays less than the average tribute to death — those presently to be enumerated pay more. The contributions vary from Clerkenwell, which is the least unhealthy on the black list to Whitechapel, which is the most unhealthy. This last parish indeed is the worst in all the Metropolis. Between the two extremes of insalubrity, the districts range in the following order: Clerkenwell, brought down in the scale by its nests of poverty, and doubtless, by its huge over-gorged grave-yard. Bethnal Green, with its host of small houses, and average rental of only 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ l. The Strand — the great thoroughfare of fine shops — with a back neighbourhood of filthy alleys and river-side abominations. Shoreditch, with its stock of poor people and old clothes. Westminster — regal, historical Westminster — raised but two feet above the water level, and famous alike for its abbey, its palace, and its rookeries. Bermondsey, just

level with the water line, and poisoned by open drains and unsavoury factories. Rotherhithe, damp and foggy. St. Giles's, another spot renowned for vice, poverty, and dirt. St. George's, Southwark, low, poor, and densely crowded. Next come the two portions of the City of London, technically described as East London and West London, being in fact those parts beyond the centre surrounding the Mansion House — the portions indeed especially indulged with the frowsiness of Cripplegate and the choked-up smells of Leadenhall; the abominations of Smithfield; the exhalations of the Fleet ditch; the fever-engendering closeness of the courts off Fleet Street; and the smoky, ill-smelling sinuosities of Whitefriars. Next below these "City of London districts" we have Holborn, with a density of two hundred and thirty-seven to an acre, and a yearly mortality of two hundred and sixty-six to ten thousand living. Then St. George's in the East, with a population far less closely packed than that of Holborn, yet sending two hundred and eighty-nine souls to judgment every year out of ten thousand living. Next St. Saviour's and St. Olave's the two other Southwark parishes who drink Thames water taken from the stream near their own bridge, and therefore below the Fleet ditch. St. Luke's, the locality of another rookery. And, lastly, the zero of this register, Whitechapel — with its shambles, its poverty, its vice, and its

heavy quota of two hundred and ninety deaths a year out of ten thousand living.

This glance at the results displayed in the registrar's thick volume of figures, published last year, gives us not only an idea of the curious information to be gleaned from the labours of Mr. Farr and his brother officers, but shows also how unevenly death visits the different portions of our huge city. If from our family of two millions the destroyer takes a thousand souls a week to their final account, the first and most certain to fall victims are those who, from ignorance, or recklessness, or poverty, outrage the natural laws by which alone health and life can be preserved.

A comparison between the chances of death which the Londoner runs as compared with those suffered by his fellow countrymen in other districts of England, might be put familiarly somewhat after this fashion. If a man's acquaintances were fixed at fifty-two in number, and they lived in scattered places over England, he would annually lose one by death in forty-five. If they lived in the south-eastern counties, the loss would be at the lower rate of one in fifty-two. If they all lived in London, he would lose one out of thirty-nine.

This additional mortality is the penalty now being, day by day, inflicted upon sinners against sanitary laws in the English Metropolis.

BED.

"Oh, Sleep! it is a gentle thing.
Beloved from pole to pole!"

WAS the heart's cry of the Ancient Mariner at the recollection of the blessed moment when the fearful curse of life in death fell off him, and the heavenly sleep first "slid into his soul." "Blessings on sleep!" said honest Sancho Panza: "it wraps one all round like a mantle!" — a mantle for the weary human frame, lined softly, as with the down of the eider-duck, and redolent of the soothing odours of the poppy. The fabled Cave of Sleep was in the Land of Darkness. No ray of the sun, or moon, or stars, ever broke upon that night without a dawn. The breath of somniferous flowers floated in on the still air from the grotto's mouth. Black curtains hung round the ever-sleeping god; the Dreams stood around his couch; Silence kept watch at the portals. Take the winged Dreams from the picture, and what is left? The sleep of matter.

The dreams that come floating through our sleep, and fill the dormitory with visions of love or terror — what are they? Random freaks of the fancy? Or is sleep but one long dream, of which we see only fragments, and remember still less? Who shall explain the mystery of that loosening of the soul and body, of which night after night whispers to us, but which day after day is unthought of? Reverie, sleep, trance — such are the

stages between the world of man and the world of spirits. Dreaming but deepens as we advance. Reverie deepens into the dreams of sleep — sleep into trance — trance borders on death. As the soul retires from the outer senses, as it escapes from the trammels of the flesh, it lives with increased power within. Spirit grows more spirit-like as matter slumbers. We can follow the development up to the last stage. What is beyond?

"And in that *sleep of death*, what dreams may come!"

says Hamlet — pausing on the brink of eternity, and vainly striving to scan the inscrutable. Trance is an awful counterpart of sleep and death — mysterious in itself, appalling in its hazards. Day after day noise has been hushed in the dormitory — month after month it has seen a human frame grow weaker and weaker, wanner, more deathlike, till the hues of the grave coloured the face of the living. And now he lies, motionless, pulseless, breathless. It is not sleep — is it death?

Leigh Hunt is said to have perpetrated a very bad pun connected with the dormitory, and which made Charles Lamb laugh immoderately. Going home together late one night, the latter repeated the well-known proverb, "A home's a home, however homely." "Aye," added Hunt, "and a bed's a bed however *bedly*." It is a strange thing, a bed. Somebody has called it a bundle of paradoxes: we go to it reluctantly, and

leave it with regret. Once within the downy precincts of the four posts, how loth we are to make our exodus into the wilderness of life. We are as enamoured of our curtained dwelling as if it were the Land of Goshen or the Cave of Circe. And how many fervent vows have those dumb posts heard broken! every fresh perjury rising to join its cloud of hovering fellows, each morning weighing heavier and heavier, on our sluggish eyelids. A caustic proverb says; — we are all “good risers at night;” but woe’s me for our agility in the morning. It is a failing of our species, ever ready to break out in all of us, and in some only vanquished after a struggle painful as the sundering of bone and marrow. The Great Frederic of Prussia found it easier, in after life, to rout the French and Austrians, than in youth to resist the seductions of sleep. After many single-handed attempts at reformation, he had at last to call to his assistance an old domestic, whom he charged, on pain of dismissal, to pull him out of bed every morning at two o’clock. The plan succeeded, as it deserved to succeed. All men of action are impressed with the importance of early rising. “When you begin to turn in bed, it’s time to turn out,” says the old Duke; and we believe his practice has been in accordance with his precept. Literary men — among whom, as Bulwer says, a certain indolence seems almost constitutional — are not so clear upon this point: they are divided between

Night and Morning, though the best authorities seem in favour of the latter. Early rising is the best *elixir vitæ*: it is the only lengthener of life that man has ever devised. By its aid the great Buffon was able to spend half a century — an ordinary lifetime — at his desk; and yet had time to be the most modish of all the philosophers who then graced the gay Metropolis of France.

Sleep is a treasure and a pleasure; and, as you love it, guide it warily. Over-indulgence is ever suicidal, and destroys the pleasure it means to gratify. The natural times for our lying down and rising up are plain enough. Nature teaches us, and unsophisticated mankind followed her. Singing birds and opening flowers hail the sunrise, and the hush of groves and the closed eyelids of the parterre mark his setting. But “man hath sought out many inventions.” We prolong our days into the depths of night, and our nights into the splendour of day. It is a strange result of civilisation! It is not merely occasioned by that thirst for varied amusement which characterises an advanced stage of society — it is not that theatres, balls, dancing, masquerades, require an artificial light, for all these are or have been equally enjoyed elsewhere beneath the eye of day. What is the cause, we really are not philosopher enough to say; but the prevalence of the habit must have given no little pungency to honest Benjamin Franklin’s joke, when, one sum-

mer, he announced to the Parisians as a great discovery — that the sun rose each morning at four o'clock; and that, whereas, they burnt no end of candles by sitting up at night, they might rise in the morning and have light for nothing. Franklin's "discovery," we dare say, produced a laugh at the time, and things went on as before. Indeed so universal is this artificial division of day and night, and so interwoven with it are the social habits, that we shudder at the very idea of returning to the natural order of things. A Robespierre could not carry through so stupendous a revolution. Nothing less than an avatar of Siva the Destroyer — Siva with his hundred arms, turning off as many gas-pipes, and replenishing his neck-lace of human skulls by decapitating the leading conservatives — could have any chance of success; and, ten to one, with our gassy splendours, and seducing glitter, we should convert that pagan devil ere half his work was done.

But of all the inventions which perverse ingenuity has sought out, the most incongruous, the most heretical against both nature and art, is Reading in Bed. Turning rest into labour, learning into ridicule. A man had better be up. He is spoiling two most excellent things by attempting to join them. Study and sleep — how incongruous! It is an idle coupling of opposites, and shocks a sensible man as much as if he were to meet in the woods the apparition of a

winged elephant. Only fancy an elderly or middle-aged man (for youth is generally orthodox on this point,) sitting up in bed, spectacles on his nose, a Kilmarnock on his head, and his flannel jacket round his shivering shoulders, — doing what? Reading? It may be so — but he winks so often, possibly from the glare of the candle, and the glasses now and then slip so far down on his nose, and his hand now and then holds the volume so unsteadily, that if he himself didn't assure us to the contrary, we should suppose him half asleep. We are sure it must be a great relief to him when the neglected book at last tumbles out of bed, to such a distance that he cannot recover it.

Nevertheless, we have heard this extraordinary custom excused on the no less extraordinary ground of its being a soporific. For those who require such things, Marryat gives a much simpler recipe — namely, to mentally repeat any scraps of poetry you can recollect; if your own, so much the better. The monks of old, in a similar emergency, used to repeat the seven Penitential Psalms. Either of these plans, we doubt not, will be found equally efficacious, if one is able to use them — if anxiety of mind does not divert him from his task, or the lassitude of illness disable him for attempting it. Sleep, alas! is at times fickle and coy; and, like most sublunary friends, forsakes us when most wanted. Reading in that repertory of many curious things, the "Book

of the Farm," we one day met with the statement that "a pillow of hops will ensure sleep to a patient in a delirious fever when every other expedient fails." We made a note of it. Heaven forbid that the recipe should ever be needed for us or ours! but the words struck a chord of sympathy in our heart with such poor sufferers, and we saddened with the dread of that awful visitation. The fever of delirium! when incoherent words wander on the lips of genius; when the sufferer stares strangely and vacantly on his ministering friends, or starts with freezing horror from the arms of familiar love! Ah! what a dread tenant has the dormitory then. No food taken for the body, no sleep for the brain! a human being surging with diabolic strength against his keepers — a human frame gifted with superhuman vigour only the more rapidly to destroy itself! Less fearful to the eye, but more harrowing to the soul, is the dormitory whose walls enclose the sleepless victim of Remorse. No poppies or mandragora for him! His malady ends only with the fever of life. Ends? Grief, anxiety, "the thousand several ills that flesh is heir to," pass away before the lapse of time or the soothings of love, and sleep once more folds its dove-like wings above the couch.

"If there be a regal solitude," says Charles Lamb, "it is a bed. How the patient lords it there; what caprices he acts without control! How king-like he sways his

pillow, — tumbling and tossing, and shifting and lowering, and thumping, and flattening, and moulding it to the ever-varying requisitions of his throbbing temples. He changes *sides* oftener than a politician. Now helies full-length, then half-length, obliquely, transversely, head and feet quite across the bed; and none accuses him of tergiversation. Within the four curtains he is absolute. They are his *Mare Clausum*. How sickness enlarges the dimensions of a man's self to himself! He is his own exclusive object. Supreme selfishness is inculcated on him as his only duty. 'Tis the two Tables of the Law to him. He has nothing to think of but how to get well. What passes out of doors or within them, so he hear not the jarring of them, affects him not."

In this climate a sight of the sun is prized; but we love to see it most from bed. A dormitory fronting the east, therefore, so that the early sunbeams may rouse us to the dewy beauties of morning, we love. Let there also be festooned roses without the window, that on opening it the perfume may pervade the realms of bed. Our night-bower should be simple — neat as a fairy's cell, and ever perfumed with the sweet air of heaven. It is not a place for showy things, or costly. As fire is the presiding genius in other rooms, so let water, symbol of purity, be in the ascendant here; water, fresh and unturbid as the thoughts that here make their home — water, to wash away the dust and sweat of a weary

world. Let no *fracas* disturb the quiet of the dormitory. We go there for repose. Our tasks and our cares are left outside, only to be put on again with our hat and shoes in the morning. It is an asylum from the bustle of life — it is the inner shrine of our household gods — and should be respected accordingly. We never entered during the ordinary process of bed-making — pillows tossed here, blankets and sheets pitched hither and thither in wildest confusion, chairs and pitchers in the middle of the floor, feathers and dust everywhere — without a jarring sense that sacrilege was going on, and that the *genius loci* had departed. Rude hands were profaning the home of our slumbers!

A sense of security pervades the dormitory. A healthy man in bed is free from everything but dreams, and once in a lifetime, or after adjudging the Cheese Premium at an Agricultural Show — the nightmare. We once heard a worthy gentleman, blessed with a very large family of daughters, declare he had no peace in his house except in bed. There we feel as if in a City of Refuge, secure alike from the brawls of earth and the storms of heaven. Lightning, say old ladies, won't come through blankets. Even tigers, says Humboldt, "will not attack a man in his hammock." Hitting a man when he's down is stigmatised as villainous all the world over; and lions will rather sit with an empty stomach for hours than touch a man before

he awakes. Tricks upon a sleeper! Oh, villainous! Every perpetrator of such unutterable treachery should be put beyond the pale of society. The First of April should have no place in the calendar of the dormitory. We would have the maxim "Let sleeping dogs lie," extended to the human race. And an angry dog, certainly, is a man roused needlessly from his slumbers. What an outcry we Northmen raised against the introduction of Greenwich time, which defrauded us of fifteen minutes' sleep in the morning; and how indiscriminate the oburgations lavished upon printers' devils! Of all sinners against the nocturnal comfort of literary men, these imps are the foremost; and possibly it was from their malpractices in such matters that they first acquired their diabolic cognomen.

The nightcap is not an elegant head-dress, but its comfort is undeniable. It is a diadem of night; and what tranquillity follows our self-coronation! It is priceless as the invisible cap of Fortunatus; and, viewless beneath its folds, our cares cannot find us out. It is graceless. Well; what then? It is not meant for the garish eye of day, nor for the quizzing-glass of our fellow-men, or of the ridiculing race of women; neither does it outrage any taste for the beautiful in the happy sleeper himself. We speak as bachelors, to whom the pleasures of a manifold existence are unknown. Possibly the æsthetics of night are not uncared for when a man has another self to

please, and when a pair of lovely eyes are fixed admiringly on his upperstory; but such is the selfishness of human nature, that we suspect this abnegation of comfort will not long survive the honeymoon. The French, ever enamoured of effect, and who, we verily believe, even *sleep "posé,"* sometimes substitute the many-coloured silken handkerchief for the graceless "*bonnet-de-nuit*." But all such substitutes are less comfortable and more troublesome; and of all irritating things, the most irritating is a complex operation in undressing. *Æsthetics* at night, and for the weary! No, no. The weary man frets at every extra button or superfluous knot, he counts impatiently every second that keeps him from his couch, and flies to the arms of sleep as to those of his mistress. Nevertheless, French novelette writers make a great outcry against nightcaps. We remember an instance. A husband — rather a good-looking fellow — suspects that his wife is beginning to have too tender thoughts towards a glossy-ringletted Lothario who is then staying with them. So, having accidentally discovered that Lothario slept in a huge peeked nightcowl, and knowing that ridicule would prove the most effectual disenchanter, he fastened a string to his guest's bell, and passed it into his own room.

At the dead of night, when all were fast asleep, suddenly Lothario's bell rang furiously. Up started the lady — "their guest

must be ill;" — and accompanied by her husband, elegantly coiffed in a turbaned silk handkerchief, she entered the room whence the alarm had sounded. They find Lothario sitting up in bed — his cowl rising pyramid-fashion, a fool's cap all but the bells — bewildered and in ludicrous consternation at being surprised thus by the fair Angelica; and, unable to conceal his chagrin, he completes his discomfiture by bursting out in wrathful abuse of his laughing host for so betraying his weakness for nightcaps.

The Poetry of the Dormitory! It is an inviting but too delicate a subject for our rough hands. Do not the very words call up a vision? By the light of the stars we see a lovely head resting on a downy pillow; the bloom of the rose is on that young cheek, and the half-parted lips murmur as in a dream: "Edward!" Love is lying like light at her heart, and its fairy wand is showing her visions. May her dreams be happy! "Edward!" Was it a sigh that followed that gentle invocation? What would the youth give to hear that murmur, — to gaze like yonder stars on his slumbering love. Hush! are the morning-stars singing together — a lullaby to soothe the dreamer? A low dulcet strain floats in through the window; and soon, mingling with the breathings of the lute, the voice of youth. The harmony penetrates through the slumbering senses to the dreamer's heart; and ere the golden curls are lifted from the pillow, she is

conscious of all. The serenade begins anew. What does she hear?

"Stars of the summer night!
Far in yon azure deeps,
Hide, hide your golden light!
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!"

Dreams of the summer night!
Tell her her lover keeps
Watch! while in slumbers light
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!"*

THE OLD LADY IN THREADNEEDLE STREET.

PERHAPS there is no Old Lady who has attained to such great distinction in the world, as this highly respectable female. Even the Old Lady who lived on a hill, and who, if she's not gone, lives there still; or that other Old Lady who lived in a shoe, and had so many children she didn't know what to do — are unknown to fame, compared with the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street. In all parts of the civilised earth the imaginations of men, women, and children figure this tremendous Old Lady of Threadneedle Street in some rich shape or other. Throughout the length and breadth of England, old ladies dote upon her; young ladies smile upon her; old gentlemen make much of her, young gentlemen woo her; everybody courts the smiles, and dreads the coldness, of the powerful Old Lady in

Threadneedle Street. Even prelates have been said to be fond of her; and Ministers of State to have been unable to resist her attractions. She is next to omnipotent in the three great events of human life. In spite of the old saw, far fewer marriages are made in Heaven, than with an eye to Threadneedle Street. To be born in the good graces of the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street, is to be born to fortune: to die in her good books, is to leave a far better inheritance, as the world goes, than "the grinning honour that Sir Walter hath," in Westminster Abbey. And there she is, for ever in Threadneedle Street, another name for wealth and thrift, threading her golden-eyed needle all the year round.

This Old Lady, when she first set up, carried on business in Grocers' Hall, Poultry; but in 1782 she quarrelled with her landlords about a renewal of her lease, and built a mansion of her own in Threadneedle Street. She reared her new abode on the site of the house and garden of a former director of her affairs, Sir John Houblon. This was a modest structure, somewhat dignified by having a statue of William the Third placed before it; but not the more imposing from being at the end of an arched court, densely surrounded with habitations, and abutting on the churchyard of St. Christopher le Stocks.

But now, behold her, a prosperous gentle-woman in the hundred and fifty-seventh year of her age;

* The first and last stanzas of a Serenade of Longfellow's.

"the oldest inhabitant" of Threadneedle Street! There never was such an insatiable Old Lady for business. She has gradually enlarged her premises, until she has spread them over four acres; confiscating to her own use not only the parish church of St. Christopher, but the greater part of the parish itself.

We count it among the great events of our young existence, that we had, some days since, the honour of visiting the Old Lady. It was not without an emotion of awe that we passed her Porter's Lodge. The porter himself, blazoned in royal scarlet, and massively embellished with gold lace, is an adumbration of her dignity and wealth. His cocked hat advertises her stable antiquity as plainly as if she had written up, in imitation of some of her lesser neighbours, "established in 1694." This foreshadowing became reality when we passed through the Hall — the tellers' hall. A sensation of unbounded riches permeated every sense, except, alas! that of touch. The music of golden thousands clattered in the ear, as they jingled on counters until its last echoes were strangled in the puckers of tightened money-bags, or died under the clasps of purses. Wherever the eye turned, it rested on money; money of every possible variety; money in all shapes; money of all colours. There was yellow money, white money, brown money; gold money, silver money, copper money; paper money, pen and ink money.

Money was wheeled about in trucks; money was carried about in bags; money was scavenged about with shovels. Thousands of sovereigns were jerked hither and thither from hand to hand — grave games of pitch and toss were played with staid solemnity; piles of bank notes — competent to buy whole German dukedoms and Italian principalities — hustled to and fro with as much indifference as if they were (as they had been) old rags.

This Hall of the Old Lady's overpowered us with a sense of wealth; oppressed us with a golden dream of Riches. From this vision an instinctive appeal to our own pockets, and a few miserable shillings, awakened us to Reality. When thus aroused we were in one of the Old Lady's snug, elegant, waiting-rooms, which is luxuriously Turkey-carpeted and adorned with two excellent portraits of two ancient cashiers; regarding one of whom the public were warned: —

"Sham Abraham you may,
I've often heard say:

But you mustn't sham 'Abraham Newland.'"

There are several conference-rooms for gentlemen who require a little private conversation with the Old Lady — perhaps on the subject of discounts.

It is no light thing to send in one's card to the Foster-Mother of British commerce; the Soul of the State; "the Sun," according to Sir Francis Baring, around which the agriculture, trade, and finance

of this country revolves; the mighty heart of active capital, through whose arteries and veins flows the entire circulating medium of this great country. It was not, therefore, without agitation that we were ushered from the waiting-room, into that celebrated private apartment of the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street — the Parlour — the Bank Parlour, the inmost mystery — the *cella* of the great Temple of Riches.

The ordinary associations called up by the notion of an old lady's comfortable parlour, were not fulfilled by this visit. There is no domestic snugness, no easy chair, no cat, no parrot, no japanned bellows, no portrait of the Princess Charlotte and Prince Leopold in the Royal Box at Drury Lane Theatre; no kettle-holder, no worsted rug for the urn, no brass footman for the buttered toast, in the parlour in Threadneedle Street. On the contrary, the room is extensive — supported by pillars; is of grand and true proportions; and embellished with architectural ornaments in the best taste. It has a long table for the confidential managers of the Old Lady's affairs (she calls these gentlemen her Directors) to sit at; and usually, a side table fittingly supplied with a ready-laid lunch.

The Old Lady's "Drawing" Room is as unlike — but then she is such a peculiar Old Lady! — any ordinary Drawing-room as need be. It has hardly any furniture, but desks, stools, and books. It is of immense proportions, and

has no carpet. The vast amount of visitors the Old Lady receives between nine and four every day, would make lattice-work in one forenoon of the stoutest carpet ever manufactured. Everybody who comes into the Old Lady's Drawing-room delivers his credentials to her gentlemen-ushers, who are quick in examining the same, and exact in the observance of all points of form. So highly-prized, however, is a presentation (on any grand scale) to the Old Lady's Drawing-room, notwithstanding its plainness, that there is no instance of a Drawing-room at Court being more sought after. Indeed, it has become a kind of proverb that the way to Court often lies through the Old Lady's apartments, and some suppose that the Court Sticks are of gold and silver in compliment to her.

As to the individual appearance of the Old Lady herself, we are authorised to state that the portrait of a Lady (accompanied by eleven balls on a sprig, and a beehive) which appears in the upper left-hand corner of all the Bank of England Notes, is not the portrait of *the* Lady. She invariably wears a cap of silver paper, with her yellow hair gathered carefully underneath. When she carries any defensive or offensive weapon, it is not a lance, but a pen; and her modesty would on no account permit her to appear in such loose drapery as is worn by the party in question — who we understand is depicted as a warning to the youthful merchants of this country

to avoid the fate of George Barnwell.

In truth, like the Delphian mystery, SHE of Threadneedle Street is invisible, and delivers her oracles through her high priests: and, as Herodotus got his information from the priests in Egypt, so did we learn all we know about the Bank from the great officers of the Myth of Threadneedle Street. All of them are remarkable for great intelligence and good humour, particularly one MR. MATTHEW MARSHALL; for whom the Old Lady is supposed to have a sneaking kindness, as she is continually promising to pay him the most stupendous amounts of money. From what these gentlemen told us, we are prepared unhesitatingly to affirm in the teeth of the assertions of Plutarch, and Pliny, and Justin, that although Cræsus might have been well enough to do in the world in his day, he was but a pettifogger compared with the Great Lady of St. Christopher le Stocks. The Lydian king never employed nine hundred clerks, or accommodated eight hundred of them under one roof; and if he could have done either, he would have been utterly unable to muster one hundred and thirty thousand pounds a year to pay them. He never had bullion in his cellars, at any one time, to the value of sixteen millions and a half sterling, as our Old Lady has lately averaged; nor "other securities" — much more marketable than the precious stones Cræsus showed to Solon — to the amount

of thirty millions. Besides, *all* his capital was "dead weight;" that in Threadneedle Street is active, and is represented by an average paper currency of twenty millions per annum.

After this statement of facts, we trust that modern poets when they want a hyperbole for wealth will cease to cite Cræsus, and draw their future inspirations from the shrine and cellars of the Temple opposite the Auction Mart; or, as the late Mr. George Robins designated it when professionally occupied, "The Great House over the way."

When we withdrew from the inmost fane of this Temple, we were ushered by the priest, who superintends the manufacture of the mysterious Deity's oracles, into those recesses of her Temple in which these are made. Here we perceived, that, besides carrying on the ordinary operations of banking, the Old Lady is an extensive printer, engraver, book-binder, and publisher. She maintains a steam-engine to drive letter-press and copper-plate printing machines, besides the other machinery which is employed in various operations, from making thousand pound notes to weighing single sovereigns. It is not until you see three steam-printing machines — such as we use for this publication — and hear that they are constantly revolving, to produce, at so many thousand sheets per hour, the printed forms necessary for the accurate account-keeping of this great Central Es-

establishment and its twelve provincial branches, that you are fully impressed with the magnitude of the Old Lady's transactions. In this one department no fewer than three hundred account-books are printed, ruled, bound, and used every week. During that short time they are filled with MS. by the eight hundred subordinates and their chiefs. By way of contrast we saw the single ledger which sufficed to post up the daily transactions of the Old Lady on her first establishment in business. It is no bigger than that of a small tradesman's, and served to contain a record of the year's accounts. Until within the last few years, visitors to the Bullion Office were shown the old box into which the books of the Bank were put every night for safety during the Old Lady's early career. This receptacle is no bigger than a seaman's chest. A spacious fireproof room is now nightly filled with each day's accounts, and they descend to it by means of a great hydraulic trap in the Drawing Office; the mountain of calculation when collected being too huge to be moved by human agency.

These works are, of course, only produced for private reference; but the Old Lady's publishing business is as extensive as it is profitable and peculiar. Although her works are the reverse of heavy or erudite—being "flimsy" to a proverb—yet the eagerness with which they are sought by the public, surpasses that displayed for the productions of the greatest

geniuses who ever enlightened the world: she is, therefore, called upon to print enormous numbers of each edition,—generally one hundred thousand copies; and reprints of equally large impressions are demanded, six or seven times a year. She is protected by a stringent copyright; in virtue of which, piracy is felony, and was, until 1831, punished with death. The very paper is copyright, and to imitate even that entails transportation. Indeed its merits entitle it to every protection, for it is a very superior article. It is so thin that each sheet, before it is sized, weighs only eighteen grains; and so strong, that, when sized and doubled, a single sheet is capable of suspending a weight of fifty-six pounds.

The literature of these popular prints is concise to terseness. A certain individual, duly accredited by the Old Lady, whose autograph appears in one corner, promises to pay to the before-mentioned Mr. Matthew Marshall, or bearer on demand, a certain sum, for the Governor and Company of the Bank of England. There is a date and a number; for the Old Lady's sheets are published in Numbers; but, unlike other periodicals, no two copies of her's are alike. Each has a set of numerals, shown on no other. — It must not be supposed from the utter absence of rhetoric in this Great Woman's literature, that it is devoid of ornament. On the contrary, it is illustrated by eminent artists: the illustrations consisting of the

waves of a watermark made in the paper; a large black blot, with the statement in white letters of the sum which is promised to be paid; and the portrait referred to in a former part of this account of the Wonderful Old Lady.

She makes it a practice to print thirty thousand copies of these works daily. Everything possible is done by machinery, — engraving, printing, numbering; but we refrain from entering into further details of this portion of the Old Lady's Household here, as we are preparing a review of her valuable works, which shall shortly appear, in the form of a History of a Bank-note. The publication department is so admirably conducted, that a record of each individual piece of paper launched on the ocean of public favour is kept, and its history traced till its return; for another peculiarity of the Old Lady's establishment is, that every impression put forth comes back — with few exceptions — in process of time to her shelves; where it is kept for ten years, and then burnt. This great house is, therefore, a huge circulating library. The daily average number of notes brought back into the Old Lady's lap — examined to detect forgeries; defaced; entered upon the record made when they were issued; and so stored away that they can be reproduced at any given half-hour for ten years to come, — is twenty-five thousands. On the day of our visit, there came in twenty-eight thousand and seventy-four of her picturesque

pieces of paper, representing one million, one thousand, two hundred and seventy pounds sterling, to be dealt with as above, preparatory to their decennial slumber on her library shelves.

The apartment in which the notes are kept *previous* to issue, is the Old Lady's Store-room. There is no jam, there are no pickles, no preserves, no gallipots, no stone-ware jars, no spices, no anything of that sort, in the Store-room of the Wonderful Old Lady. You might die of hunger in it. Your sweet tooth would decay and tumble out, before it could find the least gratification in the Old Lady's Store-room. There was a mouse found there once, but it was dead, and nothing but skin and bone. It is a grim room, fitted up all round with great iron-safes. They look as if they might be the Old Lady's ovens, never heated. But they are very warm, in the City sense; for when the Old Lady's two store-keepers have, each with his own key, unlocked his own one of the double locks attached to each, and opened the door, Mr. Matthew Marshall gives you to hold a little bundle of paper, value two millions sterling; and, clutching it with a strange tingling, you feel disposed to knock Mr. Matthew Marshall down, and, like a patriotic Frenchman, to descend into the streets.

No tyro need be told that these notes are representatives of weightier value, and were invented partly to supersede the necessity of carrying about ponderous parcels

of precious metal. Hence — to treat of it soberly — four paper parcels taken out, and placed in our hands — consisting of four reams of Bank notes ready for issue, and not much more bulky than a thick octavo volume — though they represent gold of the weight of *two tons*, and of the value of two millions of pounds sterling, yet weigh not quite one pound avoirdupois each, or nearly four pounds together. The value in gold of what we could convey away in a couple of side pockets (if simply permitted by the dear Old Lady in Threadneedle Street, without proceeding to extremities upon the person of the Chief Cashier) would have required, but for her admirable publications, two of Barclay and Perkins's strongest horses to draw.*

We have already made mention of the Old Lady's Lodge, Hall, Parlour, Store-room, and Drawing-room. Her Cellars are not less curious. In these she keeps neither wine, nor beer, nor wood, nor coal. They are devoted solely to the reception of the precious metals. They are like the caves of Treasures in the Arabian Nights; the common Lamp that shows them becomes a Wonderful Lamp in Mr. Marshall's hands, and Mr. Marshall becomes a Genie. Yet only by the power of association; for they are very respectable arched cellars that would make

dry skittle-grounds, and have nothing rare about them but their glittering contents. One vault is full of what might be barrels of oysters—if it were not the Russian Loan. Another is rich here and there with piles of gold bars, set cross-wise, like sandwiches at supper, or rich biscuits in a confectioner's shop. Another has a moonlight air from the presence of so much silver. Dusky avenues branch off, where gold and silver amicably bide their time in cool retreats, not looking at all mischievous here, or anxious to play the Devil with our souls. Oh for such cellars at home! "Look out for your young master half a dozen bars of the ten bin." "Let me have a wedge of the old crusted." "Another Million before we part — only one Million more, to finish with!" The Temperance Cause would make but slow way, as to such cellars, we have a shrewd suspicion!

Beauty of colour is here associated with worth. One of these brilliant bars of gold weighs sixteen pounds troy, and its value is eight hundred pounds sterling. A pile of these, lying in a dark corner — like neglected cheese, or bars of yellow soap — and which might be contained in an ordinary tea-chest, is worth two hundred and ten thousand pounds. Fortune herself transmuted into metal seems to repose at our feet. Yet this is only an *eightieth* part of the wealth contained in the Old Lady's cellars.

The future history of this metal

* One thousand sovereigns weigh twenty-one pounds, and five hundred and twelve Bank-notes weigh exactly one pound.

is explained in three sentences; it is coined at the Mint, distributed to the public, worn by friction (or "sweated" by Jews) till it becomes light. What happens to it then we shall see.

By a seldom failing law of monetary attraction nearly every species of cash, "hard" or soft, metallic or paper, finds its way some time or other back to the extraordinary Old Lady of Threadneedle Street. All the sovereigns returned from the banking-houses are consigned to a secluded cellar; and, when you enter it, you will possibly fancy yourself on the premises of a clock-maker who works by steam. Your attention is speedily concentrated to a small brass box not larger than an eight-day pendule, the works of which are impelled by steam. This is a self-acting weighing machine, which with unerring precision tells which sovereigns are of standard weight, and which are light, and of its own accord separates the one from the other. Imagine a long trough or spout — half a tube that has been split into two sections — of such a semicircumference as holds sovereigns edge-ways, and of sufficient length to allow of two hundred of them to rest in that position one against another. This trough thus charged is fixed slopingly upon the machine over a little table as big as that of an ordinary sovereigns-balance. The coin nearest to the Lilliputian platform drops upon it, being pushed forward by the weight of those behind. Its own weight

presses the table down; but how far down? Upon that hangs the whole merit and discriminating power of the machine. At the back, and on each side of this small table, two little hammers move by steam backwards and forwards at different elevations. If the sovereign be full weight, down sinks the table too low for the higher hammer to hit it; but the lower one strikes the edge, and off the sovereign tumbles into a receiver to the left. The table pops up again, receives, perhaps, a light sovereign, and the higher hammer having always first strike, knocks it into a receiver to the right, time enough to escape its colleague, which, when it comes forward, has nothing to hit, and returns to allow the table to be elevated again. In this way the reputation of thirty-three sovereigns is established or destroyed every minute. The light weights are taken to a clipping machine, slit at the rate of two hundred a minute, weighed in a lump, the balance of deficiency charged to the banker from whom they were received, and sent to the Mint to be re-coined. Those which have passed muster are re-issued to the public. The inventor of this beautiful little detector was Mr. Cotton, a former governor. The comparatively few sovereigns brought in by the general public are weighed in ordinary scales by the tellers. The average loss upon each light coin, on an average of thirty-five thousands taken in 1843, was two pence three farthings.

The business of the "Great House" is divided into two branches; the issue and the banking department. The latter has increased so rapidly of late years, that the last addition the Old Lady was constrained to make to her house was the immense Drawing-room aforesaid, for her customers and their payees to draw cash on checks and to make deposits. Under this noble apartment is the Strong Room, containing private property, supposed to be of enormous value. It is placed there for safety by the constituents of the Bank, and is concealed in tin boxes, on which the owners' names are legibly painted. The descent into this stronghold — by means of the hydraulic trap we have spoken of — is so eminently theatrical, that we believe the Head of the Department, on going down with the books, is invariably required to strike an attitude, and to laugh in three sepulchral syllables; while the various clerks above express surprise and consternation.

Besides private customers, everybody knows that our Old Lady does all the banking business for the British Government. She pays the interest to each Stock-holder in the National Debt, receives certain portions of the revenue, &c. A separate set of offices is necessary, to keep all such accounts, and these Stock Offices contain the most varied and extensive collection of autographs extant. Those whom Fortune entitles to dividends, must, by themselves or by

their agents, sign the Stock books. The last signature of Haendel, the composer, and that upon which Henry Fauntleroy was condemned and executed, are among the foremost of these lions. Here, standing in a great long building of divers stories, looking dimly upward through iron gratings, and dimly downward through iron gratings, and into musty chambers diverging into the walls on either hand, you may muse upon the National Debt. All the sheep that ever came out of Northamptonshire, seem to have yielded up their skins to furnish the registers in which its accounts are kept. Sweating and wasting in this vast silent library, like manuscripts in a mouldy old convent, are the records of the Dividends that are, and have been, and of the Dividends unclaimed. Some men would sell their fathers into slavery, to have the rummaging of these old volumes. Some, who would let the Tree of Knowledge wither while they lay contemptuously at its feet, would bestir themselves to pluck at these leaves, like shipwrecked mariners. These are the books to profit by. This is the place for X. Y. Z. to hear of something to his advantage in. This is the land of Mr. Joseph Ady's dreams. This is the dusty fountain whence those wondrous paragraphs occasionally flow into the papers, disclosing how a labouring thatcher has come into a hundred thousand pounds — a long, long way to come — and gone out of his wits — not half so far to go.

Oh, wonderful Old Lady! threading the needle with the golden eye all through the labyrinth of the National Debt, and hiding it in such dry hay-stacks as are rotting here!

With all her wealth, and all her power, and all her business, and all her responsibilities, she is not a purse-proud Old Lady; but a dear, kind, liberal, benevolent Old Lady; so particularly considerate to her servants, that the meanest of them never speaks of her otherwise than with affection. Though her domestic rules are uncommonly strict; though she is very severe upon "mistakes," be they ever so unintentional; though till lately she made her in-door servants keep good hours, and would not allow a lock to be turned or a bolt to be drawn after eleven at night, even to admit her dearly beloved Matthew Marshall himself — yet she exercises a truly tender and maternal care over her family of eight hundred strong. To benefit the junior branches, she has recently set aside a spacious room, and the sum of five hundred pounds, to form a library. With this handsome capital at starting, and eight shillings a year subscribed by the youngsters, an excellent collection of books will soon be formed. Here, from three till eight o'clock every lawful day, the subscribers can assemble for recreation or study; or, if they prefer it, they can take books to their homes. A member of the Committee of Management attends in turn during the specified hours

— a self-imposed duty, in the highest degree creditable to, but no more than is to be expected from, the stewards of a Good Mistress; who, when any of her servants become superannuated, soothes declining age with a pension. The last published return states the number of pensioners at one hundred and ninety three; each of whom received on an average 161*l.*, or an aggregate of upwards of 31,000*l.* per annum.

Her kindness is not unrequited. Whenever anything ails her, the assiduous attention of her people is only equalled by her own bounty to them. When dangerously ill of the Panic in 1825, and the outflow of her circulating medium was so violent that she was in danger of bleeding to death, some of her upper servants never left her for a fortnight. At the crisis of her disorder, on a memorable Saturday night (December the seventeenth) her Deputy-Governor—who even then had not seen his own children for a week — reached Downing Street "reeling with fatigue," and was just able to call out to the King's Ministers — then anxiously deliberating on the dear Old Lady's case — that she was out of danger! Another of her managing men lost his life in his anxiety for her safety, during the burning of the Royal Exchange, in January, 1838. When the fire broke out, the cold was intense; and although he had but just recovered from an attack of the gout, he rushed to the rescue

of his beloved Old Mistress, saw everything done that could be done for her safety, and died from his exertions. Although the Old Lady is now more hale and hearty than ever, two of the Senior Clerks sit up in turn every night, to watch over her; in which duty they are assisted by a company of Foot Guards.

The kind Old Lady of Threadneedle Street has, in short, managed to attach her dependants to her by the strongest of ties — that of love. So pleased are some with her service, that when even temporarily resting from it, they feel miserable. A late Chief Cashier never solicited but one holiday, and that for only a fortnight. In three days he returned expressing his extreme disgust with every sort of recreation but that afforded him by the Old Lady's business. The last words of another old servant when on his death-bed, were, "Oh, that I could only die on the Bank steps!"

THE SERF OF POBEREZE.

THE materials for the following tale were furnished to the writer while travelling last year near the spot on which the events it narrates took place. It is intended to convey a notion of some of the phases of Polish, or rather Russian serfdom (for, as truly explained by one of the characters in a succeeding page, it is Russian), and of the catastrophes it has occasioned, not only in Catherine's

time, but occasionally at the present. The Polish nobles — themselves in slavery — earnestly desire the emancipation of their serfs, which Russian domination forbids.

The small town of Pobereze stands at the foot of a stony mountain, watered by numerous springs in the district, of Podolia, in Poland. It consists of a mass of miserable cabins, with a Catholic chapel and two Greek churches in the midst, the latter distinguished by their gilded towers. On one side of the market-place stands the only inn, and on the opposite side are several shops, from whose doors and windows look out several dirtily dressed Jews. At a little distance, on a hill covered with vines and fruit-trees, stands the Palace, which does not, perhaps, exactly merit such an appellation, but who would dare to call otherwise the dwelling of the lord of the domain?

On the morning when our tale opens, there had issued from this palace the common enough command to the superintendent of the estate, to furnish the master with a couple of strong boys, for service in the stables, and a young girl, to be employed in the wardrobe. Accordingly, a number of the best-looking young peasants of Olgogrod assembled in the broad avenue leading to the palace. Some were accompanied by their sorrowful and weeping parents, in all of whose hearts, however, rose the faint and whispered

hope, "Perhaps it will not be *my* child they will choose!"

Being brought into the courtyard of the palace, the Count Roszynski, with the several members of his family, had come out to pass in review his growing subjects. He was a small and insignificant-looking man, about fifty years of age, with deep-set eyes and overhanging brows. His wife, who was nearly of the same age, was immensely stout, with a vulgar face and a loud disagreeable voice. She made herself ridiculous in endeavouring to imitate the manners and bearing of the aristocracy, into whose sphere she and her husband were determined to force themselves, in spite of the humbleness of their origin. The father of the "Right Honourable" Count Roszynski was a valet, who, having been a great favourite with his master, amassed sufficient money to enable his son, who inherited it, to purchase the extensive estate of Olgogrod, and with it the sole proprietorship of 1600 human beings. Over them he had complete control; and, when madened by oppression, if they dared resent, woe unto them! They could be thrust into a noisome dungeon, and chained by one hand from the light of day for years, until their very existence was forgotten by all except the jailer who brought daily their pitcher of water and morsel of dry bread.

Some of the old peasants say that Sava, father of the young peasant girl, who stands by the side of an old woman, at the head of

her companions in the court-yard, is immured in one of these subterranean jails. Sava was always about the Count, who, it was said, had brought him from some distant land, with his little motherless child. Sava placed her under the care of an old man and woman, who had the charge of the bees in a forest near the palace, where he came occasionally to visit her. But once, six long months passed, and he did not come! In vain Anielka wept, in vain she cried, "Where is my father?" — No father appeared. At last it was said that Sava had been sent to a long distance with a large sum of money, and had been killed by robbers. In the ninth year of one's life the most poignant grief is quickly effaced, and after six months Anielka ceased to grieve. The old people were very kind to her, and loved her as if she were their own child. That Anielka might be chosen to serve in the palace never entered their head, for who would be so barbarous as to take the child away from an old woman of seventy and her aged husband?

To-day was the first time in her life that she had been so far from home. She looked curiously on all she saw, — particularly on a young lady about her own age, beautifully dressed, and a youth of eighteen, who had apparently just returned from a ride on horseback, as he held a whip in his hand, whilst walking up and down examining the boys who were placed in a row before him. He

chose two amongst them, and the boys were led away to the stables.

"And I choose this young girl," said Constantia Roszynski, indicating Anielka; "she is the prettiest of them all. I do not like ugly faces about me."

When Constantia returned to the drawing-room, she gave orders for Anielka to be taken to her apartments, and placed under the tutelage of Mademoiselle Dufour, a French maid, recently arrived from the first milliner's shop in Odessa. Poor girl! when they separated her from her adopted mother, and began leading her towards the palace, she rushed, with a shriek of agony, from them, and grasped her old protectress tightly in her arms! They were torn violently asunder, and the Count Roszynski quietly asked, "Is it her daughter, or her granddaughter?"

"Neither, my lord, — only an adopted child."

"But who will lead the old woman home, as she is blind?"

"I will, my lord," replied one of his servants, bowing to the ground; "I will let her walk by the side of my horse, and when she is in her cabin she will have her old husband, — they must take care of each other."

So saying, he moved away with the rest of the peasants and domestics. But the poor old woman had to be dragged along by two men; for in the midst of her shrieks and tears she had fallen to the ground, almost without life.

And Anielka? They did not allow her to weep long. She had now to sit all day in the corner of a room to sew. She was expected to do everything well from the first; and if she did not, she was kept without food or cruelly punished. Morning and evening she had to help Mdlle. Dufour to dress and undress her mistress. But Constantia, although she looked with hauteur on everybody beneath her, and expected to be slavishly obeyed, was tolerably kind to the poor orphan. Her true torment began, when, on leaving her young lady's room, she had to assist Mdlle. Dufour. Notwithstanding that she tried sincerely to do her best, she was never able to satisfy her, or to draw from her aught but harsh reproaches.

Thus two months passed.

One day Mdlle. Dufour went very early to confession, and Anielka was seized with an eager longing to gaze once more in peace and freedom on the beautiful blue sky and green trees, as she used to do when the first rays of the rising sun streamed in at the window of the little forest cabin. She ran into the garden. Enchanted by the sight of so many beautiful flowers, she went farther and farther along the smooth and winding walks, till she entered the forest. She who had been so long away from her beloved trees, roamed where they were thickest. Here she gazes boldly around. She sees no one! She is alone! A little farther on she meets with

a rivulet which flows through the forest. Here she remembers that she has not yet prayed. She kneels down, and with hands clasped and eyes upturned she begins to sing in a sweet voice the Hymn to the Virgin.

As she went on she sang louder and with increased fervour. Her breast heaved with emotion, her eyes shone with unusual brilliancy; but when the hymn was finished she lowered her head, tears began to fall over her cheeks, until at last she sobbed aloud. She might have remained long in this condition, had not some one come behind her, saying, "Do not cry, my poor girl; it is better to sing than to weep." The intruder raised her head, wiped her eyes with his handkerchief, and kissed her on the forehead.

It was the Count's son, Leon!

"You must not cry," he continued; "be calm, and when the filipony (pedlars) come, buy yourself a pretty handkerchief." He then gave her a rouble and walked away. Anielka, after concealing the coin in her corset, ran quickly back to the palace.

Fortunately, Mdlle. Dufour had not yet returned, and Anielka seated herself in her accustomed corner. She often took out the rouble to gaze fondly upon it, and set to work to make a little purse, which, having fastened to a ribbon, she hung round her neck. She did not dream of spending it, for it would have deeply grieved her to part with the gift of the only

person in the whole house who had looked kindly on her.

From this time Anielka remained always in her young mistress's room; she was better dressed, and Mdlle. Dufour ceased to persecute her. To what did she owe this sudden change? Perhaps to a remonstrance from Leon. Constantia ordered Anielka to sit beside her whilst taking her lessons from her music-masters, and on her going to the drawing-room, she was left in her apartments alone. Being thus more kindly treated, Anielka lost by degrees her timidity; and when her young mistress, whilst occupied over some embroidery, would tell her to sing, she did so boldly and with a steady voice. A greater favour awaited her. Constantia, when unoccupied, began teaching Anielka to read in Polish; and Mdlle. Dufour thought it politic to follow the example of her mistress, and began to teach her French.

Meanwhile, a new kind of torment commenced. Having easily learnt the two languages, Anielka acquired an irresistible passion for reading. Books had for her the charm of the forbidden fruit, for she could only read by stealth at night, or when her mistress went visiting in the neighbourhood. The kindness hitherto shown her, for a time, began to relax. Leon had set off on a tour, accompanied by his old tutor, and a bosom friend as young, as gay, and as thoughtless as himself.

So passed the two years of Le-

on's absence. When he returned, Anielka was seventeen, and had become tall and handsome. No one who had not seen her during this time, would have recognised her. Of this number was Leon. In the midst of perpetual gaiety and change, it was not possible he could have remembered a poor peasant girl; but in Anielka's memory he had remained as a superior being, as her benefactor, as the only one who had spoken kindly to her, when poor, neglected, forlorn! When in some French romance she met with a young man of twenty, of a noble character and handsome appearance, she bestowed on him the name of Leon. The recollection of the kiss he had given her ever brought a burning blush to her cheek, and made her sigh deeply.

One day Leon came to his sister's room. Anielka was there, seated in a corner at work. Leon himself had considerably changed; from a boy he had grown into a man. "I suppose Constantia," he said, "you have been told what a good boy I am, and with what docility I shall submit myself to the matrimonial yoke, which the Count and Countess have provided for me?" and he began whistling, and danced some steps of the Mazurka.

"Perhaps you will be refused," said Constantia coldly.

"Refused! Oh, no. The old Prince has already given his consent, and as for his daughter, she is desperately in love with me. Look at these moustachios, could any-

thing be more irresistible?" and he glanced in the glass and twirled them round his fingers; then continuing in a graver tone, he said, "To tell the sober truth, I cannot say that I reciprocate. My intention is not at all to my taste. She is nearly thirty, and so thin that whenever I look at her, I am reminded of my old tutor's anatomical sketches. But, thanks to her Parisian dress-maker, she makes up a tolerably good figure, and looks well in a Cachemere. Of all things, you know, I wished for a wife with an imposing appearance, and I don't care about love. I find it's not fashionable, and only exists in the exalted imagination of poets."

"Surely people are in love with one another sometimes," said the sister.

"Sometimes," repeated Anielka, inaudibly. The dialogue had painfully affected her, and she knew not why. Her heart beat quickly, and her face was flushed, and made her look more lovely than ever.

"Perhaps. Of course we profess to adore every pretty woman," Leon added abruptly. "But, my dear sister, what a charming ladies' maid you have!" He approached the corner where Anielka sat, and bent on her a coarse familiar smile. Anielka, although a serf, was displeased, and returned it with a glance full of dignity. But when her eyes rested on the youth's handsome face, a feeling, which had been gradually and silently growing in her young and

inexperienced heart, predominated over her pride and displeasure. She wished ardently to recal herself to Leon's memory, and half unconsciously raised her hand to the little purse which always hung round her neck. She took from it the rouble he had given her.

"See!" shouted Leon, "what a droll girl; how proud she is of her riches! Why, girl, you are a woman of fortune, mistress of a whole rouble!"

"I hope she came by it honestly," said the old Countess, who at this moment entered.

At this insinuation, shame and indignation kept Anielka, for a time, silent. She replaced the money quickly in its purse, with the bitter thought that the few happy moments which had been so indelibly stamped upon her memory, had been utterly forgotten by Leon. To clear herself, she at last stammered out, seeing they all looked at her enquiringly, "Do you not remember, M. Leon, that you gave me this coin two years ago in the garden?"

"How odd!" exclaimed Leon, laughing, "do you expect me to remember all the pretty girls to whom I have given money? But I suppose you are right, or you would not have treasured up this unfortunate rouble as if it were a holy relic. You should not be a miser, child; money is made to be spent."

"Pray, put an end to these jokes," said Constantia impatiently; "I like this girl, and I will not have her teased. She understands

my ways better than any one, and often puts me in good humour with her beautiful voice."

"Sing something for me, pretty damsel," said Leon, "and I will give you another rouble, a new and shining one."

"Sing instantly," said Constantia imperiously.

At this command Anielka could no longer stifle her grief; she covered her face with her hands, and wept violently.

"Why do you cry?" asked her mistress impatiently; "I cannot bear it; I desire you to do as you are bid."

It might have been from the constant habit of slavish obedience, or a strong feeling of pride, but Anielka instantly ceased weeping. There was a moment's pause, during which the old Countess went grumbling out of the room. Anielka chose the Hymn to the Virgin she had warbled in the garden, and as she sung, she prayed fervently; — she prayed for peace, for deliverance from the acute emotions which had been aroused within her. Her earnestness gave an intensity of expression to the melody, which affected her listeners. They were silent for some moments after its conclusion. Leon walked up and down with his arms folded on his breast. Was it agitated with pity for the accomplished young slave? or by any other tender emotion? What followed will show.

"My dear Constantia," he said, suddenly stopping before his sister

and kissing her hand, "will you do me a favour?"

Constantia looked enquiringly in her brother's face without speaking.

"Give me this girl."

"Impossible!"

"I am quite in earnest," continued Leon, "I wish to offer her to my future wife. In the Prince her father's private chapel they are much in want of a solo soprano."

"I shall not give her to you," said Constantia.

"Not as a free gift, but in exchange. I will give you instead a charming young negro — so black. The women in St. Petersburg and in Paris raved about him; but I was inexorable; I half-refused him to my princess."

"No, no," replied Constantia; "I shall belong without this girl, I am so used to her."

"Nonsense! you can get peasant girls by the dozen; but a black page, with teeth whiter than ivory, and purer than pearls; a perfect original in his way; you surely cannot withstand. You will kill half the province with envy. A negro servant is the most fashionable thing going, and yours will be the first imported into the province."

This argument was irresistible. "Well," replied Constantia, "when do you think of taking her?"

"Immediately; to-day at five o'clock," said Leon; and he went merrily out of the room. This then was the result of his cogitation — of Anielka's Hymn to

the Virgin. Constantia ordered Anielka to prepare herself for the journey, with as little emotion as if she had exchanged away a lap-dog, or parted with a parrot.

She obeyed in silence. Her heart was full. She went into the garden that she might relieve herself by weeping unseen. With one hand supporting her burning head, and the other pressed tightly against her heart, to stifle her sobs, she wandered on mechanically till she found herself by the side of the river. She felt quickly for her purse, intending to throw the rouble into the water, but as quickly thrust it back again, for she could not bear to part with the treasure. She felt as if without it she would be still more an orphan. Weeping bitterly, she leaned against the tree which had once before witnessed her tears.

By degrees the stormy passion within her gave place to calm reflection. This day she was to go away; she was to dwell beneath another roof, to serve another mistress. Humiliation! always humiliation! But at least it would be some change in her life. As she thought of this, she returned hastily to the palace that she might not, on the last day of her servitude, incur the anger of her young mistress.

Scarcely was Anielka attired in her prettiest dress, when Constantia came to her with a little box, from which she took several gay-coloured ribbons, and decked her in them herself, that the serf might do her credit in the new

family. And when Anielka, bending down to her feet, thanked her, Constantia, with marvellous condescension, kissed her on her forehead. Even Leon cast an admiring glance upon her. His servant soon after came to conduct her to the carriage, and showing her where to seat herself, they rolled off quickly towards Radapol.

For the first time in her life Anielka rode in a carriage. Her head turned quite giddy, she could not look at the trees and fields as they flew past her; but by degrees she became more accustomed to it, and the fresh air enlivening her spirits, she performed the rest of the journey in a tolerably happy state of mind. At last they arrived in the spacious court-yard before the Palace of Radapol, the dwelling of a once rich and powerful Polish family, now partly in ruin. It was evident, even to Anielka, that the marriage was one for money on the one side, and for rank on the other.

Among other renovations at the castle, occasioned by the approaching marriage, the owner of it, Prince Pelazia, had obtained singers for the chapel, and had engaged Signor Justiniani, an Italian, as chapel-master. Immediately on Leon's arrival, Anielka was presented to him. He made her sing a scale, and pronounced her voice to be excellent.

Anielka found that, in Radapol, she was treated with a little more consideration than at Olgogrod,

although she had often to submit to the caprices of her new mistress, and she found less time to read. But to console herself, she gave all her attention to singing, which she practised several hours a day. Her naturally great capacity, under the guidance of the Italian, began to develop itself steadily. Besides sacred, he taught her operatic music. On one occasion Anielka sung an aria in so impassioned and masterly a style, that the enraptured Justiniani clapped his hands for joy, skipped about the room, and not finding words enough to praise her, exclaimed several times, "Prima Donna! Prima Donna!"

But the lessons were interrupted. The Princess's wedding-day was fixed upon, after which event she and Leon were to go to Florence, and Anielka was to accompany them. Alas! feelings which gave her poignant misery still clung to her. She despised herself for her weakness; but she loved Leon. The sentiment was too deeply implanted in her bosom to be eradicated; too strong to be resisted. It was the first love of a young and guileless heart, and had grown in silence and despair.

Anielka was most anxious to know something of her adopted parents. Once, after the old prince had heard her singing, he asked her with great kindness about her home. She replied, that she was an orphan, and had been taken by force from those who had so kindly supplied the place of parents. Her apparent attachment to the old

bee-keeper and his wife so pleased the prince, that he said, "You are a good child, Anielka, and to-morrow I will send you to visit them. You shall take them some presents."

Anielka, overpowered with gratitude, threw herself at the feet of the prince. She dreamed all night of the happiness that was in store for her, and the joy of the poor, forsaken, old people; and when the next morning she set off, she could scarcely restrain her impatience. At last they approached the cabin; she saw the forest, with its tall trees, and the meadows covered with flowers. She leaped from the carriage, that she might be nearer these trees and flowers, every one of which she seemed to recognise. The weather was beautiful. She breathed with avidity the pure air which, in imagination, brought to her the kisses and caresses of her poor father! Her foster-father was, doubtless, occupied with his bees; but his wife?

Anielka opened the door of the cabin; all was silent and deserted. The arm-chair on which the poor old woman used to sit, was overturned in a corner. Anielka was chilled by a fearful presentiment. She went with a slow step towards the bee-hives; there she saw a little boy tending the bees, whilst the old man was stretched on the ground beside him. The rays of the sun, falling on his pale and sickly face, showed that he was very ill. Anielka stooped down over him, and said, "It is I, it is

Anielka, your own Anielka, who always loves you."

The old man raised his head, gazed upon her with a ghastly smile, and took off his cap.

"And my good old mother, where is she?" Anielka asked.

"She is dead!" answered the old man, and falling back he began laughing idiotically. Anielka wept. She gazed earnestly on the worn frame, the pale and wrinkled cheeks, in which scarcely a sign of life could be perceived; it seemed to her that he had suddenly fallen asleep, and not wishing to disturb him, she went to the carriage for the presents. When she returned, she took his hand. It was cold. The poor old bee-keeper had breathed his last!

Anielka was carried almost senseless back to the carriage, which quickly returned with her to the castle. There she revived a little; but the recollection that she was now quite alone in the world, almost drove her to despair.

Her master's wedding and the journey to Florence were a dream to her. Though the strange sights of a strange city slowly restored her perceptions, they did not her cheerfulness. She felt as if she could no longer endure the misery of her life; she prayed to die.

"Why are you so unhappy?" said the Count Leon kindly to her, one day.

To have explained the cause of her wretchedness would have been death indeed.

"I am going to give you a treat," continued Leon. "A celebrated

singer is to appear to-night in the theatre. I will send you to hear her, and afterwards you shall sing to me what you remember of her performances."

Anielka went. It was a new era in her existence. Herself, by this time, an artist, she could forget her griefs, and enter with her whole soul into the beauties of the art she now heard practised in perfection for the first time. To music a chord responded in her breast which vibrated powerfully. During the performances she was at one moment pale and trembling, tears rushing into her eyes; at another, she was ready to throw herself at the feet of the cantatrice, in an ecstasy of admiration. "Prima donna," — by that name the public called on her to receive their applause, and it was the same, thought Anielka, that Justiniani had bestowed upon her. Could *she* also be a prima donna? What a glorious destiny! To be able to communicate one's own emotions to masses of entranced listeners; to awaken in them, by the power of the voice, grief, love, terror.

Strange thoughts continued to haunt her on her return home. She was unable to sleep. She formed desperate plans. At last she resolved to throw off the yoke of servitude, and the still more painful slavery of feelings which her pride disdained. Having learnt the address of the prima donna, she went early one morning to her house.

On entering she said, in French,

Household Words. II.

almost incoherently, so great was her agitation — "Madam, I am a poor serf belonging to a Polish family who have lately arrived in Florence. I have escaped from them; protect, shelter me. They say I can sing."

The Signora Teresina, a warm-hearted, passionate Italian, was interested by her artless earnestness. She said, "Poor child! you must have suffered much," — she took Anielka's hand in hers. "You say you can sing; let me hear you." Anielka seated herself on an ottoman. She clasped her hands over her knees, and tears fell into her lap. With plaintive pathos, and perfect truth of intonation, she prayed in song. The Hymn to the Virgin seemed to Teresina to be offered up by inspiration.

The Signora was astonished. "Where," she asked, in wonder, "were you taught?"

Anielka narrated her history, and when she had finished, the prima donna spoke so kindly to her that she felt as if she had known her for years. Anielka was Teresina's guest that day and the next. After the Opera, on the third day, the prima donna made her sit beside her, and said: —

"I think you are a very good girl, and you shall stay with me always."

The girl was almost beside herself with joy.

"We will never part. Do you consent, Anielka?"

"Do not call me Anielka. Give me instead some Italian name."

"Well, then, be Giovanna. The dearest friend I ever had — but whom I have lost — was named Giovanna," said the prima donna.

"Then, I will be another Giovanna to you."

Teresina then said, "I hesitated to receive you at first, for your sake as well as mine; but you are safe now. I learn that your master and mistress, after searching vainly for you, have returned to Poland."

From this time Anielka commenced an entirely new life. She took lessons in singing every day from the Signora, and got an engagement to appear in inferior characters at the theatre. She had now her own income, and her own servant — she, who had till then been obliged to serve herself. She acquired the Italian language rapidly, and soon passed for a native of the country.

So passed three years. New and varied impressions failed, however, to blot out the old ones. Anielka arrived at great perfection in her singing, and even began to surpass the prima donna, who was losing her voice from weakness of the chest. This sad discovery changed the cheerful temper of Teresina. She ceased to sing in public; for she could not endure to excite pity, where she had formerly commanded admiration.

She determined to retire. "You," she said to Anielka, "shall now assert your claim to the first rank in the vocal art. You will maintain it. You surpass me. Often, on hearing you sing, I have

scarcely been able to stifle a feeling of jealousy."

Anielka placed her hand on Teresina's shoulder, and kissed her.

"Yes," continued Teresina, regardless of everything but the bright future she was shaping for her friend. "We will go to Vienna — there you will be understood and appreciated. You shall sing at the Italian Opera, and I will be by your side — unknown, no longer sought, worshipped — but will glory in your triumphs. They will be a repetition of my own; for have I not taught you? Will they not be the result of my work?"

Though Anielka's ambition was fired, her heart was softened, and she wept violently.

Five months had scarcely elapsed, when a *furor* was created in Vienna by the first appearance, at the Italian Opera, of the Signora Giovanna. Her enormous salary at once afforded her the means of even extravagant expenditure. Her haughty treatment of male admirers only attracted new ones; but in the midst of her triumphs she thought often of the time when the poor orphan of Poberenze was cared for by nobody. This remembrance made her receive the flatteries of the crowd with an ironical smile; their fine speeches fell coldly on her ear, their eloquent looks made no impression on her heart: *that*, no change could alter, no temptation win.

In the flood of unexpected success a new misfortune overwhelmed her. Since their arrival

at Vienna, Teresina's health rapidly declined, and in the sixth months of Anielka's operatic reign she expired, leaving all her wealth, which was considerable, to her friend.

Once more Anielka was alone in the world. Despite all the honours and blandishments of her position, the old feeling of desolateness came upon her. The new shock destroyed her health. She was unable to appear on the stage. To sing was a painful effort; she grew indifferent to what passed around her. Her greatest consolation was in succouring the poor and friendless, and her generosity was most conspicuous to all young orphan girls without fortune. She had never ceased to love her native land, and seldom appeared in society, unless it was to meet her countrymen. If ever she sang, it was in Polish.

A year had elapsed since the death of the Signora Teresina when the Count Selka, a rich noble of Volkynia, at that time in Vienna, solicited her presence at a party. It was impossible to refuse the Count and his lady, from whom she had received great kindness. She went. When in their saloons, filled with all the fashion and aristocracy in Vienna, the name of Giovanna was announced, a general murmur was heard. She entered, pale and languid, and proceeded between the two rows made for her by the admiring assembly, to the seat of honour beside the mistress of the house.

Shortly after, the Count Selka led her to the piano. She sat down before it, and thinking, what she should sing, glanced round upon the assembly. She could not help feeling that the admiration which beamed from the faces around her was the work of her own merit, for had she neglected the great gift of nature—her voice, she could not have excited it. With a blushing cheek, and eyes sparkling with honest pride, she struck the piano with a firm hand, and from her seemingly weak and delicate chest poured forth a touching Polish melody, with a voice pure, sonorous, and plaintive. Tears were in many eyes, and the beating of every heart was quickened.

The song was finished, but the wondering silence was unbroken. Giovanna leaned exhausted on the arm of the chair, and cast down her eyes. On again raising them, she perceived a gentleman who gazed fixedly at her, as if he still listened to echoes which had not yet died within him. The master of the house, to dissipate his thoughtfulness, led him towards Giovanna. "Let me present to you, Signora," he said, "a countryman, the Count Leon Roszynski."

The lady trembled; she silently bowed, fixed her eyes on the ground, and dared not raise them. Pleading indisposition, which was fully justified by her pallid features, she soon after withdrew.

When on the following day Giovanna's servant announced the

Counts Selka and Roszynski, a peculiar smile played on her lips; and when they entered, she received the latter with the cold and formal politeness of a stranger. Controlling the feelings of her heart, she schooled her features to an expression of indifference. It was manifest from Leon's manner, that without the remotest recognition, an indefinable presentiment regarding her possessed him. The Counts had called to know if Giovanna had recovered from her indisposition. Leon begged to be permitted to call again.

Where was his wife? why did he never mention her? Giovanna continually asked herself these questions when they had departed.

A few nights after, the Count Leon arrived sad and thoughtful. He prevailed on Giovanna to sing one of her Polish melodies; which she told him had been taught, when a child, by her muse. Roszynski, unable to restrain the expression of an intense admiration he had long felt, frantically seized her hand, and exclaimed, "I love you!"

She withdrew it from his grasp, remained silent for a few minutes, and then said slowly, distinctly, and ironically, "But I do not love you, Count Roszynski."

Leon rose from his seat. He pressed his hands to his brow, and was silent. Giovanna remained calm and tranquil. "It is a penalty from Heaven," continued Leon, as if speaking to himself, "for not having fulfilled my duty as a husband towards one whom I chose

voluntarily, but without reflection. I wronged her, and am punished."

Giovanna turned her eyes upon him. Leon continued, "Young, and with a heart untouched, I married a princess about ten years older than myself, of eccentric habits and bad temper. She treated me as an inferior. She dissipated the fortune hoarded up with so much care by my parents, and yet was ashamed on account of my origin to be called by my name. Happily for me, she was fond of visiting and amusements. Otherwise, to escape from her, I might have become a gambler, or worse; but, to avoid meeting her, I remained at home — for there she seldom was. At first from ennui, but afterwards from real delight in the occupation, I gave myself up to study. Reading formed my mind and heart. I became a changed being. Some months ago my father died, my sister went to Lithuania, whilst my mother, in her old age, and with her ideas, was quite incapable of understanding my sorrow. So when my wife went to the baths for the benefit of her ruined health, I came here in the hope of meeting with some of my former friends — I saw you —"

Giovanna blushed like one detected; but speedily recovering herself, asked with calm pleasantness, "Surely you do not number me among your former friends?"

"I know not. I have been bewildered. It is strange; but from the moment I saw you at Count Selka's, a powerful instinct of love

overcame me; not a new feeling; but as if some latent, long-hid, undeveloped sentiment had suddenly burst forth into an uncontrollable passion. I love, I adore you. I —”

The *Prima Donna* interrupted him — not with speech, but with a look which awed, which chilled him. Pride, scorn, irony sat in her smile. Satire darted from her eyes. After a pause, she repeated slowly and pointedly, “Love me, Count Roszynski?”

“Such is my destiny,” he replied. “Nor, despite your scorn, will I struggle against it. I feel it is my fate ever to love you; I fear it is my fate never to be loved by you. It is dreadful.”

Giovanna witnessed the Count’s emotion with sadness. “To have,” she said mournfully, “one’s first, pure, ardent, passionate affection unrequited, scorned, made a jest of, is indeed a bitterness, almost equal to that of death.”

She made a strong effort to conceal her emotion. Indeed she controlled it so well as to speak the rest with a sort of gaiety.

“You have at least been candid, Count Roszynski; I will imitate you by telling a little history that occurred in your country. There was a poor girl born and bred a serf to her wealthy lord and master. When scarcely fifteen years old, she was torn from a state of happy rustic freedom — the freedom of humility and content — to be one of the courtly slaves of the Palace. Those who did not laugh at her, scolded her. One kind word

was vouchsafed to her, and that came from the lord’s son. She nursed it and treasured it; till, from long concealing and restraining her feelings, she at last found that gratitude had changed into a sincere affection. But what does a man of the world care for the love of a serf? It does not even flatter his vanity. The young nobleman did not understand the source of her tears and her grief, and he made a present of her, as he would have done of some animal to his betrothed.”

Leon, agitated and somewhat enlightened, would have interrupted her; but Giovanna said, “Allow me to finish my tale. Providence did not abandon this poor orphan, but permitted her to rise to distinction by the talent with which she was endowed by nature. The wretched serf of Pobereze became a celebrated Italian cantatrice. Then her former lord meeting her in society, and seeing her admired and courted by all the world, without knowing who she really was, was afflicted, as if by the dictates of Heaven, with a love for this same girl, — with a guilty love” —

And Giovanna rose, as she said this, to remove herself further from her admirer.

“No, no!” he replied earnestly; “with a pure and holy passion.”

“Impossible!” returned Giovanna. “Are you not married?”

Roszynski vehemently tore a letter from his vest, and handed it to Giovanna. It was sealed with black, for it announced the death

of his wife at the baths: It had only arrived that morning.

"You have lost no time," said the cantatrice, endeavouring to conceal her feelings under an iron mask of reproach.

There was a pause. Each dared not speak. The Count knew — but without actually and practically believing what seemed incredible — that Anielka and Giovanna were the same person — *his slave*. That terrible relationship checked him. Anielka, too, had played her part to the end of endurance. The long-cherished tenderness — the faithful love of her life could not longer be wholly mastered. Hitherto they had spoken in Italian. She now said in Polish,

"You have a right, my Lord Roszynski, to that poor Anielka who escaped from the service of your wife in Florence; you can force her back to your palace, to its meanest work; but" —

"Have mercy on me!" cried Leon.

"But," continued the serf of Pobereze, firmly, "you cannot force me to love you."

"Do not mock — do not torture me more; you are sufficiently revenged. I will not offend you by importunity. You must indeed hate me! But remember that we Poles wished to give freedom to our serfs; and for that very reason our country was invaded and dismembered by despotic powers. We must therefore continue to

suffer slavery as it exists in Russia; but, soul and body, we are averse to it: and when our country once more becomes free, be assured no shadow of slavery will remain in the land. Curse then our enemies, and pity us that we stand in such a desperate position between Russian bayonets and Siberia, and the hatred of our serfs."

So saying, and without waiting for a reply, Leon rushed from the room. The door was closed. Giovanna listened to the sounds of his rapid footsteps till they died in the street. She would have followed, but dared not. She ran to the window. Roszynski's carriage was rolling rapidly away, and she exclaimed vainly, "I love you, Leon; I loved you always!"

Her tortures were unendurable. To relieve them she hastened to her desk, and wrote these words: —

"Dearest Leon, forgive me; let the past be for ever forgotten. Return to your Anielka. She always has been, ever will be, yours!"

She despatched the missive. Was it too late? or would it bring him back? In the latter hope she retired to her chamber, to execute a little project.

Leon was in despair. He saw he had been premature in so soon declaring his passion after the news of his wife's death, and vowed he would not see Anielka again for several months. To calm his agitation, he had ridden some miles into the country. When

he returned to his hotel after some hours, he found her note. With the wild delight it had darted into his soul, he flew back to her.

On regaining her saloon a new and terrible vicissitude seemed to sport with his passion: — she was nowhere to be seen. Had the Italian cantatrice fled? Again he was in despair; stupified with disappointment. As he stood uncertain how to act in the midst of the floor, he heard, as from a distance, an Ave Maria poured forth in tones he half-recognised. The sounds brought back to him a host of recollections; a weeping serf, the garden of his own palace. In a state of new rapture he followed the voice. He traced it to an inner chamber, and he there beheld the lovely singer kneeling, in the costume of a Polish serf. She rose, greeted Leon with a touching smile, and stepped forward with serious bashfulness. Leon extended his arms; she sank into them; and in that fond embrace all past wrongs and sorrows were forgotten! Anielka drew from her bosom a little purse, and took from it a piece of silver. It was the rouble. *Now*, Leon did not smile at it. He comprehended the sacredness of this little gift; and some tears of repentance fell upon Anielka's hand.

A few months after, Leon wrote to the steward of Olgogrod to prepare everything splendidly for the reception of his second wife. He

concluded his letter with these words: — "I understand that in the dungeon beneath my palace there are some unfortunate men, who were imprisoned during my father's lifetime. Let them be instantly liberated. This is my first act of gratitude to God, who has so infinitely blessed me!"

Anielka longed ardently to behold her native land. They left Vienna immediately after the wedding, although it was in the middle of January.

It was already quite dark when the carriage, with its four horses, stopped in front of the portico of the Palace of Olgogrod. Whilst the footman was opening the door on one side, a beggar soliciting alms appeared at the other, where Anielka was seated. Happy to perform a good action, as she crossed the threshold of her new home, she gave him some money; but the man, instead of thanking her, returned her bounty with a savage laugh, at the same time scowling at her in the fiercest manner from beneath his thick and shaggy brows. The strangeness of this circumstance sensibly affected Anielka, and clouded her happiness. Leon soothed and reassured her. In the arms of her beloved husband, she forgot all but the happiness of being the idol of his affections.

Fatigue and excitement made the night most welcome. All was dark and silent around the palace, and some hours of the night had passed, when suddenly flames

burst forth from several parts of the building at once. The palace was enveloped in fire; it raged furiously. The flames mounted higher and higher; the windows cracked with a fearful sound, and the smoke penetrated into the most remote apartments.

A single figure of a man was seen stealing over the snow, which lay like a winding-sheet on the solitary waste; his cautious steps were heard on the frozen snow as it crisped beneath his tread. It was the beggar who had accosted Aniela. On a rising ground, he turned to gaze on the terrible scene. "No more unfortunate wretches will now be doomed to pass their lives in your dungeons," he exclaimed. "What was my crime? Reminding my master of the lowliness of his birth. For this they tore me from my only child—my darling little Aniela; they had no pity even for her orphan state; let them perish all!"

Suddenly a young and beautiful creature rushes wildly to one of the principal windows: she makes a violent effort to escape. For a moment her lovely form, clothed in white, shines in terrible relief against the background of blazing curtains and walls of fire, and as instantly sinks back into the blazing element. Behind her is another figure, vainly endeavouring to aid her, — he perishes also; neither are ever seen again!

This appalling tragedy horrified even the perpetrator of the crime. He rushed from the place; and as he heard the crash of the falling

walls, he closed his ears with his hands, and darted on faster and faster.

The next day some peasants discovered the body of a man frozen to death, lying on a heap of snow, — it was that of the wretched incendiary. Providence, mindful of his long, of his cruel imprisonment and sufferings, spared him the anguish of knowing that the mistress of the palace he had destroyed, and who perished in the flames, was his own beloved daughter — the Serf of Pobreze!

A STROLL BY STARLIGHT.

WE left the Village. On the beaten road. Our steps and voices were the only sound.

The lady Moon was not yet come abroad, —

Our coyly-veiled companion. We found A footway through the corn; upon the ground

The crake among the holms was occupied;

Rapid of movement, from all points around

Came his rough note whose music is supplied

By iteration while all sounds are hushed beside.

The stars were out, the sky was full of them,

Dotted with worlds. The land was all asleep.

And, like its gentle breath, from stem to stem

Through the dry corn a murmur there would creep,

Murmur of music: as when in the deep Of the sun-pierced Ægean, with turned ear,

The Nereids might have heard its waters leap

And kiss the dimpled islands, thus,
less near,
Fainter, more like a thought, did to our
hearts appear,

The midnight melody. Our way then
led

Where myriad blades of grass were
drinking dew;

Thirsty, to God they looked, by God
were fed,

Whose cloudless heaven could their
life renew.

A copse beside us on the starry blue
Cut its hard outline. Through the

leaves a fire
Shone with enlarging brilliance; red
of hue

The large moon rose, — did to a throne
aspire

Of dizzy height, and paled in winning
her desire.

A change of level, and another scene;
Life, light, and noise. The roaring

furnace-blast,
Flame-pointed cones and fields of
blighted green!

The vivid fires, dreaming they have
surpassed

The stars in brightness, furiously cast
Upward their wild strength to possess

the sky;
Break into evanescent stars at last, —
Glitter and fall as fountains. Thus

men try,
And thus men try in vain, false gods to
defy.

The roar and flame diminish. Busy
light

Streams from the casting-house. The
liquid ore

Through arch and lancet window,
dazzling Night,

Flows in rich rills upon the sanded
floor.

Steropes, Arges, Brontes, from the shore
Of Acheron returned, seem glowing

here;
Such form the phantom of Hephestus
wore,

Illumined by his forge. Each feature
clear,

Men glorified by fire seem demon-births
of fear.

But the ray reddens, and the light
grows dim.

The cooling iron, counterpoised with
sand

By those night servitors, no longer
grim

In unaccustomed glow, from the green
land

And yonder sky, now ceases to com-
mand

Our thoughts to wander. As we back-
ward gaze,

The blast renews; with aspiration
grand

The flames again soar upward: but we
raise

Our glances to God's Lamp, which
overawes their blaze.

So forward through the stillness we
proceed.

Winding around a hill, the white road
leaves

Life, light, and noise behind. We,
gladly freed

From human interruption, we, mute
thieves,

Pass onward through Night's treasure;
each receives

From her rich store his bosom full of
wealth,

For secret hoarding. Now an oak-
wood weaves

A cloister way to sanctify the stealth
Practised in loving guise, and for the

spirit's health.

We climb into the moonlight once
again.

A broken rail beside the way doth keep
Neglectful guard above the Vale's

domain.
The Vale is in the silence laid asleep,
Not far below. Among her beauties

peep
The wakeful stars, and from above her
bed

The grey night-veil, wherein to rest so
deep

She sank, the Moon hath lifted; yet
the thread

Of slumber holds, the dream hath from
her face not fled.

Yon meadow track leads by the church;
it saves

Ten minutes if we follow it. We laugh
To see our saving lost among the

graves.
Deciphering a moonlit Epitaph
We linger, laugh and sigh. All mirth

is half
Made up of melancholy. There is pure

Humour in woe. Man's grief is oft
 the staff
 On which his happy thoughts can lean
 secure;
 And he who most enjoys, he too can most
 endure.

We leave the tombstones, death-like,
 white, and still,
 Fixed in the dim light, — awful; unbe-
 held.
 A squalid village, straggling up a hill
 We pass. In passing, one among us
 yelled,
 And from no gallinaceous throat ex-
 pelled
 A crow sonorous. From the near
 church tower,
 Through the cold, voiceless air of
 night there knell'd
 The passing bell of a departed hour:
 What sign of budding day? How will the
 morning flower?

CHIPS.

THERE is a saying that a good workman is known by his chips. Such a prodigious accumulation of chips takes place in our Manufactory, that we infer we must have some first-rate workmen about us.

There is also a figure of speech, concerning a chip of the old block. The chips with which *our* old block (aged fifteen weeks) is overwhelmed every week, would make some five-and-twenty blocks of similar dimensions.

There is a popular simile — an awkward one in this connexion — founded on the dryness of a chip. This has almost deterred us from our intention of bundling a few chips together now and then. But, reflection on the natural lightness of the article has re-assured us; and we here present a few to our

readers, — and shall continue to do so from time to time.

DESTRUCTION OF PARISH REGISTERS.

As the poorest man cannot foresee to what inheritance he may succeed, through the instrumentality of Parochial Registers, so in their preservation every member of the community is more or less interested; but the Parish Register returns of 1833 show that a general feeling seemed to exist in favour of their destruction. Scarcely one of them pronounced the Registers in a satisfactory state. The following sentences abound in the Blue Book: "leaves cut out," "torn out," "injured by damp," "mutilated," "in fragments," "destroyed by fire," "much torn," "illegible," "tattered," "imperfect," "early registers lost."

Thanks to the General Registry Act of William the Fourth, all such records made since 1835 are now properly cared for; but those prior to that date are still in parochial keeping, to be torn, lost, burnt, interpolated, stolen, defaced, or rendered illegible at the good pleasure of every wilful or heedless individual of a destructive organisation. Some time ago Mr. Walbran, of Ripon, found part of a Parish Register among a quantity of wastepaper in a cheese-monger's shop. The same gentleman has rescued the small but very interesting register of the chapelry of Denton, in the county of

Durham, from the fate which once had nearly befallen it, by causing several literatim copies to be printed and deposited in public libraries. Among other instances of negligent custody, Mr. Downing Bruce, the barrister, relates, in a recently published pamphlet, that the Registers of South Otterington, containing several entries of the great families of Talbot, Herbert, and Fauconberg, were formerly kept in the cottage of the parish-clerk, who used all those preceding the eighteenth century for waste paper; a considerable portion having been taken to "sing a goose!"

Abstraction, loss, and careless custody of registers is constantly going on. Mr. Bruce mentions, that in 1845 he made some copious extracts from the dilapidated books at Andover, "but on recently visiting that place for the purpose of a supplementary search," he says, "I found that these books were no longer in existence, and that those which remained were kept in the rectory-house, in a damp place under the staircase, and in a shameful state of dilapidation." The second case occurred at Kirkby Malzeard, near Ripon, where the earliest register mentioned in the parliamentary return was reported to be lost. "Having occasion to believe that the statement was not correct," Mr. Bruce states, "I persevered in my inquiries, and at length fortunately discovered the book, in a tattered state, behind some old drawers in the curate's back

kitchen. Again, at Farlington; near Sheriff Hutton, the earliest registers were believed and represented to be lost, until I found their scattered leaves at the bottom of an old parish chest which I observed in the church."

Even as we write, an enquiry appears in the newspapers from the parish officers of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, addressed to "collectors" and others, after their own Registers; two among the most historically important and interesting years of the seventeenth century are nowhere to be found.

The avidity and dishonesty of many of these "collectors," or archaeological cockchafers, are shocking to think of. They seem to have passed for their own behoof a universal statute of limitations; and when a book, an autograph, or a record is a certain number of years old, they think it is no felony to steal it. Recently we were interested in searching the Register for the birth of Joseph Addison; and at the altar of the pretty little church of Milston, in Wilts, we were told that a deceased rector had cut out the leaf which contained it, to satisfy the earnest longings of a particular friend, "a collector" — a poet, too, who ought to have been ashamed to instigate the larceny. It is hoped that his executors — his name has been inserted in a burial register since — will think fit to restore it to its proper place at their early convenience.

Mr. Bruce recommends that the whole of the Registers now de-

posited in parish churches, in rectors' coal-cellars, churchwardens' outhouses, curates' back-kitchens, and goose-eating parish clerks' cottages, should be collected into one central fire-proof building in London.

Innocent Mr. Bruce! While the greathistorical records of this land are "preserved" over tons of gunpowder in the White Tower of the Tower in London; while the Chancery records are feeding a fine, fat, historical, and uncommonly numerous breed of rats in the cellars of the Rolls Chapel; while some of the most important muniments existing (including William the Conqueror's Domesday Book) are being dried up in the Chapter-House of Westminster Abbey, by the united heats of a contiguous brew-house and an adjacent wash-house; and while heaps of monastic charters and their surrenders to Henry the Eighth, with piles of inestimable historical treasures, are huddled together upon scaffolds in the interior of the dilapidated Riding-School in Carlton Ride — can Mr. Bruce, or any other man of common sense, suppose that any attention whatever will be paid by any person in power to his very modest suggestion?

FROM MR. T. OLDCASTLE CONCERNING THE COAL EXCHANGE.

Blue Dragon Arms, South Shields.

"SIR,

"I have just read in your 'Household Words' a pleasant enough

account of the 'Coal Exchange of London,' in which my name is mentioned. I suppose I ought — and therefore I do — consider it a great honour; and what Captain of a collier-brig would not? So, no more about that, except to thank you. Same time, mayhap, there may be a trifle or two in the paper to which I don't quite subscribe; and, as I seem to be towed astern of the writer as he works his way on, it seems only fair that I should overhaul his log in such matters as I don't agree to, whether so be in respect of his remarks or reckoning.

"In the first place, the writer says the Coal Exchange is painted as bright as a coffee-garden or dancing-place on the continent. Well — belike it is. And what o' that? Did he wish it to be painted in coal-tar? as if we didn't see enough of this at home — whether collier-men or coal-merchants! I make no doubt he wanted to see all the inside just of the same colour as your London buildings are on th' outside — walls, and towers, and spires, like so many great smoke-jacks. Then as to his taste in female beauty, he seems more disposed to the pale faces of novel-writers' young ladies than such sort of brown and ruddy skins as some of us think more mettlesome. I confess I do; and so he may rig me out on this matter as he pleases. Howsomever, I must say that I believe most people will prefer both the bright ladies, and the bright adornment of the building, to any mixture of soot

and blacking, which has, hitherto, characterised the taste of my old friends the Londoners. And it is my advice to the artist, Mr. Sang, just to snap his fingers at the opposite taste of your writer, which is exactly what I do myself, for his comparing my 'hard weather-beaten face' to the wooden figure of a ship's head.

"I remain, respected Sir,

"Yours to command,

"THOMAS OLDCASTLE."

"P.S. What the writer of these coal-papers says I told him about Buddle of Wallsend, is all true enough; but why did he tell me, in return, that his name was 'Gulliver?'"

NEW SHOES.

THE following "Chip" is from the chisel of a blacksmith—a certain Peter Muller of Istra, son of the person to whom it refers. It was gathered from his forge by M. Stæhlin, who inserted it in his original anecdotes of Peter the Great, collected from the conversation of several persons of distinction at St. Petersburg and Moscow.

Among all the workmen at Muller's forge, near Istra, about ninety versts from Moscow, there was one who had examined everything connected with the work with the most minute attention, and who worked harder than the rest. He was at his post every day, and appeared quite indifferent to the severity of the labour. The last day on which he was em-

ployed, he forged eighteen poods of iron—the pood is equal to forty pounds—but though he was so good a workman, he had other matters to mind besides the forging of iron; for he had the affairs of the State to attend to, and all who have heard of Peter the Great, know that those were not neglected.

It happened that he spent a month in the neighbourhood of Istra, for the benefit of the chalybeate waters; and wherever he was, he always made himself thoroughly acquainted with whatever works were carried on. He determined not only to inspect Muller's forge accurately, but to become a good blacksmith. He made the noblemen who were in attendance on him accompany him every morning, and take part in the labour. Some he appointed to blow the bellows, and others to carry coals, and perform all the offices of journeymen blacksmiths. A few days after his return to Moscow, he called on Muller, and told him that he had been to see his establishment, with which he had been much gratified.

"Tell me," said he, "how much you allow per pood for iron in bar, furnished by a master blacksmith."

"Three copecks or an altin," answered Muller.

"Well, then," said the Czar, "I have earned eighteen altins, and am come to be paid."

Muller went to his bureau, and took from it eighteen ducats, which he reckoned before the Emperor, "I would not think of offering less

to a royal workman, please your Majesty."

"Put up your ducats again," interrupted the Czar, "I will not take more than I have earned, and that you would pay to any other blacksmith. Give me my due. It will be sufficient to pay for a pair of shoes, of which you may see," added he, as he raised his foot, and displayed a shoe somewhat the worse for the wear, "I am very much in need."

Muller reckoned out the eighteen altins, with which the Czar hurried off to a shop, and purchased a pair of shoes. He put them on with the greatest delight; he thought he never had worn such a pair of shoes; he showed them with a triumphant air to those about him, and said, "See them; look how well they fit; I have earned them well — by the sweat of my brow, with hammer and anvil."

One of these bars of iron, forged by Peter the Great, and bearing his mark, was kept as a precious relic in the forge at Istra, and exhibited with no little pride to all who entered. Another bar which was forged by his hand is shown in the Cabinet of the Academy of Sciences at Petersburg.

THE MODERN "OFFICER'S" PROGRESS.

III. — THE CATASTROPHE.

WHAT the Psalmist said in sorrow, those who witnessed the career of the Honourable Ensign

Spoonbill and his companions might have said, not in sorrow only but in anger: "One day told another, and one night certified another."

When duty was to be performed — (for even under the command of such an officer as Colonel Tulip the routine of duty existed) — it was slurred over as hastily as possible, or got through as it best might be. When, on the other hand, pleasure was the order of the day, — and this was sought hourly, — no resource was left untried, no expedient unattempted; and strange things, in the shape of pleasure, were often the result.

The nominal duties were multifarious, and, had they been properly observed, would have left but a comparatively narrow margin for recreation, — for there was much in the old forms which took up time, without conveying any great amount of real military instruction.

The orderly officer for the day — we speak of the subaltern — was supposed to go through a great deal. His duty it was to assist at inspections, superintend drills, examine the soldiers' provisions, see their breakfasts and dinners served, and attend to any complaints, visit the regimental guards by day and night, be present at all parades and musters, and, finally, deliver in a written report of the proceedings of the four-and-twenty hours.

To go through this routine, required — as it received in some

regiments — a few days' training; but in the Hundredth there was none at all. Every officer in that distinguished corps was supposed to be "a Heaven-born genius," and acquired his military education as pigeons pick up peas. The Hon. Ensign Spoonbill looked at his men after a fashion; could swear at them if they were excessively dirty, and perhaps awe them into silence by a portentous scowl, or an exaggerated loudness of voice; but with regard to the real purpose of inspection, he knew as little, and cared as much, as the valet who aired his noble father's morning newspaper. His eye wandered over the men's kits as they were exposed to his view; but to his mind they only conveyed the idea of a kaleidoscopic rag-fair, not that of an assortment of necessities for the comfort and well-being of the soldier. He saw large masses of beef, exhibited in a raw state by the quarter-master, as the daily allowance for the men; but if any one had asked him if the meat was good, and of proper weight, how could he have answered, whose head was turned away in disgust, with his face buried in a scented cambric handkerchief, and his delicate nature loathing the whole scene? In the same spirit he saw the men's breakfasts and dinners served; fortifying his opinion, at the first, that coffee could only be made in France, and wondering, at the second, what sort of *potage* it could be that contrived to smell so disagreeably. These things

might be special affectations in the Hon. Ensign, and depended, probably, on his own peculiar organisation; but if the rest of the officers of the Hundredth did not manifest as intense a dislike to this part of their duties, they were members of much too "crack" a regiment to give themselves any trouble about the matter. The drums beat, the messes were served, there was a hasty gallop through the barrack-rooms, scarcely looking right or left, and the orderly officer was only too happy to make his escape without being stopped by any impertinent complaint.

The "turning out" of the barrack guard was a thing to make an impression on a bystander. A loud shout, a sharp clatter of arms, a scurry of figures, a hasty formation, a brief enquiry if all was right, and a terse rejoinder that all was remarkably so, constituted the details of a visit to the body of men on whom devolved the task of extreme watchfulness, and the preservation of order. If the serjeant had replied "All wrong," it would have equally enlightened Ensign Spoonbill, who went towards the guardhouse because his instructions told him to do so; but why he went there, and for what purpose he turned out the guard, never entered into his comprehension. Not even did a sense of responsibility awaken in him when, with much difficulty, he penned the report which gave, in a narrative form, the summary of the duties he had performed in so exem-

plary a manner. Performed, do we say? Yes, once or twice wholly, but for the most part with many gaps in the schedule. Sometimes the dinners were forgotten, now and then the taptoo, generally the afternoon parade, and not unfrequently the whole affair. For the latter omission, there was occasionally a nominal "wiggling" administered, not by the commanding officer himself, but through the adjutant; and as that functionary was only looked upon by the youngsters in the light of a bore, without the slightest reverence for his office, his words — like those of Cassius — passed like the idle wind which none regarded. When Ensign Spoonbill "mounted guard" himself, his vigilance on his new post equalled the assiduity we have seen him exhibit in barracks. After the formality of trooping, marching down, and relieving, was over, the Honourable Ensign generally amused himself by a lounge in the vicinity of the guardhouse, until the field-officer's "rounds" had been made; and that visitation at an end for the day, a neighbouring billiard-room, with Captain Cushion for his antagonist or "a jolly pool" occupied him until dinner-time. It was the custom in the garrison where the Hundredth were quartered, as it was, indeed, in many others, for the officers on guard to dine with their mess, a couple of hours or so being granted for this indulgence. This relaxation was made up for, by their keeping close for the rest of the evening; but as

there were generally two or three off duty sufficiently at leisure to find cigars and brandy-and-water attractive, even when consumed in a guard-room, the hardship of Ensign Spoonbill's official imprisonment was not very great. With these friends, and these creature-comforts to solace, the time wore easily away till night fell, when the field-officer, if he was "a good fellow," came early, and Ensign Spoonbill, having given his friends their *congé*, was at liberty to "turn in" for the night, the onerous duty of visiting sentries and inspecting the reliefs every two hours, devolving upon the serjeant.

It may be inferred from these two examples of Ensign Spoonbill's ideas of discipline and the service, what was the course he generally adopted when *on* duty, without our being under the necessity of going into further details. What he did when *off* duty helped him on still more effectually.

Lord Pelican's outfit having "mounted" the young gentleman, and the credit he obtained on the strength of being Lord Pelican's son, keeping his stud in order, he was enabled to vie with the crackest of the crack Hundredth; subject, however, to all the accidents which horseflesh is heir to — especially when allied to a judgment of which green was the prevailing colour. A "swap" to a disadvantage; an indiscreet purchase; a mistake as to the soundness of an animal; and such other errors of opinion, entailed certain losses,

which might, after all, have been borne, without rendering the applications for money at home, more frequent than agreeable; but when under the influence of a natural obstinacy, or the advice of some very "knowing ones," Ensign Spoonbill proceeded to back his opinion in private matches, handicaps, and steeple-chases, the privy purse of Lady Pelican collapsed in a most unmistakeable manner. Nor was this description of amusement the only rock-a-head in the course of the Honourable Ensign. The art or science of betting embraces the widest field, and the odds, given or taken, are equally fatal, whether the subject that elicits them be a match at billiards or a horse-race. Nor are the stakes at blind-hockey or unlimited loo less harmless, when you hav'n't got luck and *have* such opponents as Captain Cushion.

In spite of the belief in his own powers, which Ensign Spoonbill encouraged, he could not shut his eyes to the fact that he was every day a loser; but wiser gamblers than he — if any there be — place reliance on a "turn of luck," and all he wanted to enable him to take advantage of it, was a command of cash; for even one's best friends prefer the coin of the realm to the most unimpeachable I. O. U.

The want of money is a common dilemma, — not the less disagreeable, however, because it is common — but in certain situations this want is more apparent than real. The Hon. Ensign Spoonbill

was in the predicament of impecuniosity; but there were — as a celebrated statesman is in the habit of saying — three courses open to him. He might leave off play, and do without the money; he might "throw himself" on Lord Pelican's paternal feelings; or he might *somehow* contrive to raise a supply on his own account. To leave off just at the moment when he was sure to win back all he had lost, would have been ridiculous; besides, every man of spirit in the regiment would have cut him. To throw himself upon the generosity of his sire, was a good poetical idea; but, practically, it would have been of no value: for, in the first place, Lord Pelican had no money to give — in the next, there was an elder brother, whose wants were more imperative than his own; and lastly, he had already tried the experiment, and failed in the most signal manner. There remained, therefore, only the last expedient; and being advised, moreover, to have recourse to it, he went into the project *tête baissée*. The "advice" was tendered in this form.

"Well, Spooney, my boy, how are you, this morning?" kindly enquired Captain Cushion, one day on his return from parade, from which the Honourable Ensign had been absent on the plea of indisposition.

"Deuced queer," was the reply; "that Roman punch always gives me the splittingest headaches!"

"Ah! you're not used to it. I'm as fresh as a four-year old.

Well, what did you do last night, Spooney?"

"Do! why, I lost, of course; you ought to know that."

"I — my dear fellow! Give you my honour I got up a loser!"

"Not to me, though," grumbled the Ensign.

"Can't say as to that," replied the Captain; "all I know is, that I am devilishly minus."

"Who won, then?" enquired Spoonbill.

"Oh!" returned the Captain, after a slight pause, "I suspect — Chowser — he has somebody's luck and his own too!"

"I think he must have mine," said the Ensign, with a faint smile, as the alternations of the last night's Blind Hookey came more vividly to his remembrance. "What did I lose to you, Cushion?" he continued, in the hope that his memory had deceived him.

The Captain's pocket-book was out in an instant.

"Sixty-five, my dear fellow; that was all. By-the-bye, Spooney, I'm regularly hard up; can you let me have the tin? I wouldn't trouble you, upon my soul, if I could possibly do without it, but I've got a heavy bill coming due to-morrow, and I can't renew."

The Honourable Ensign sank back on his pillow, and groaned impotently. Rallying, however, from this momentary weakness, he raised his head, and after apostrophising the spirit of darkness as his best friend, exclaimed, "I'll tell you what it is, Cushion, I'm

thoroughly cleaned out. I haven't got a dump!"

"Then you must fly a kite," observed the Captain coolly. "No difficulty about that."

This was merely the repetition of counsel of the same friendly nature previously urged. The shock was not greater, therefore, than the young man's nerves could bear.

"How is it to be done?" asked the neophyte.

"Oh, I think I can manage that for you. Yes," pursued the Captain, musing, "Lazarus would let you have as much as you want, I dare say. His terms are rather high, to be sure; but then the cash is the thing. He'll take your acceptance at once. Who will you get to draw the bill?"

"Draw!" said the Ensign, in a state of some bewilderment. "I don't understand these things — couldn't you do it?"

"Why," replied the Captain, with an air of intense sincerity, "I'd do it for you with pleasure — nothing would delight me more; but I promised my grandmother, when first I entered the service, that I never *would* draw a bill as long as I lived; and as a man of honour, you know, and a soldier, I can't break my word."

"But I thought you said you had a bill of your own coming due to-morrow," observed the astute Spoonbill.

"So I did," said the Captain, taken rather aback in the midst of his protestations, "but then it isn't — exactly — a thing of *this* sort;

it 's a kind of a — bond — as it were — old family matters — the estate down in Lincolnshire — that I 'm clearing off. Besides," he added, hurriedly, "there are plenty of fellows who 'll do it for you. There 's young Brittles — the Manchester man, who joined just after you. I never saw anybody screw into baulk better than he does, except yourself — he 's the one. Lazarus, I know, always prefers a young customer to an old one; knowing chaps, these Jews, arn't they?"

Captain Cushion's last remark was, no doubt, a just one — but he might have applied the term to himself with little dread of disparagement; and the end of the conversation was, that it was agreed a bill should be drawn as proposed, "say for three hundred pounds," the Captain undertaking to get the affair arranged, and relieving Spoonbill of all trouble, save that of "merely" writing his name across a bit of stamped paper. These points being settled, the Captain left him, and the unprotected subaltern called for brandy and soda-water, by the aid of which stimulus he was enabled to rise and perform his toilette.

Messrs. Lazarus and Sons were merchants who perfectly understood their business, and, though they started difficulties, were only too happy to get fresh birds into their net. They knew to a certainty that the sum they were asked to advance would not be repaid at the end of the prescribed three months: it would scarcely

have been worth their while to enter into the matter if it had; the profit on the hundred pounds' worth of jewellery, which Ensign Spoonbill was required to take as part of the amount, would not have remunerated them sufficiently. Guessing pretty accurately which way the money would go, they foresaw renewed applications, and a long perspective of accumulating acceptances. Lord Pelican might be a needy nobleman; but he *was* Lord Pelican, and the Honourable George Spoonbill was his son; and if the latter did not succeed to the title and family estates, which was by no means improbable, there was Lady Pelican's settlement for division amongst the younger children. So they advanced the money; that is to say, they produced a hundred and eighty pounds in cash, twenty they took for the accommodation (half of which found its way into the pocket of — never mind, we won't say anything about Captain Cushion's private affairs), and the value of the remaining hundred was made up with a series of pins and rings of the most stunning magnificence.

This was the Honourable Ensign Spoonbill's first bill-transaction, but, the ice once broken, the second and third soon followed. He found it the pleasantest way in the world of raising money, and in a short time his affairs took a turn so decidedly commercial, that he applied the system to all his mercantile transactions. He paid his tailors after this fashion,

satisfied Messrs. Mildew and his upholsterers with negotiable paper, and did "bits of stiff" with Galloper, the horse-dealer, to a very considerable figure. He even became facetious, not to say inspired, by this great discovery; for, amongst his papers, when they were afterwards overhauled by the official assignee — or some such fiscal dignitary, — a bacchanalian song in manuscript was found, supposed to have been written about this period, the *refrain* of which ran as follows: —

"When creditors clamour, and cash fails
the till,
There is nothing so easy as giving a
bill."

It needs no ghost to rise from the grave to prophesy the sequel to this mode of "raising the wind." It is recorded twenty times a month in the daily papers, — now in the Bankruptcy Court, now in that for the Relief of Insolvent Debtors. Ensign Spoonbill's career lasted about eighteen months, at the end of which period — not having prospered by means of gaming to the extent he anticipated — he found himself under the necessity of selling out and retiring to a continental residence, leaving behind him debts, which were eventually paid, to the tune of seven thousand, two hundred and fourteen pounds, seventeen shillings, and tenpence three farthings, the vulgar fractions having their origin in the hair-splitting occasioned by reduplication of interest. He chose for his abode the pleasant town of Bou-

logne-sur-Mer, where he cultivated his moustaches, acquired a smattering of French, and an insight into the mystery of pigeon-shooting. For one or other of these qualifications — we cannot exactly say which — he was subsequently appointed *attaché* to a foreign embassy, and at the present moment, we believe, is considered one of those promising young men whose diplomatic skill will probably declare itself one of these days, by some stroke of finesse, which shall set all Europe by the ears.

With respect to Colonel Tulip's "crack" regiment, it went, as the saying is, "to the Devil." The exposure caused by the affair of Ensign Spoonbill — the smash of Ensign Brittles, which shortly followed — the duel between Lieutenant Wadding and Captain Cushion, the result of which was a ball (neither "spot" nor "plain," but a bullet) through the head of the last-named gentleman, and a few other trifles of a similar description, at length attracted the "serious notice" of his Grace the Commander-in-Chief. It was significantly hinted to Colonel Tulip that it would be for the benefit of the service in general, and that of the Hundredth in particular, if he exchanged to half-pay, as the regiment required remodelling. A smart Lieutenant-Colonel who had learnt something, not only of drill, but of discipline, under the hero of "Young Egypt," in which country he had shared that general's laurels, was sent

down from the Horse Guards. "Weeding" to a considerable extent took place; the Majors and the Adjutant were replaced by more efficient men, and, to sum up all, the Duke's "Circular" came out, laying down a principle of *practical military education, while on service*, which, if acted up to, — and there seems every reason to hope it will now be, — bids fair to make good officers of those who heretofore were merely idlers. It will also diminish the opportunities for gambling, drinking, and bill-discounting, and substitute, for the written words on the Queen's Commission, the real character of a soldier and a gentleman.

HOW TO SPEND A SUMMER HOLIDAY.

If the walls of London — the bill-stickers' chosen haunt — could suddenly find a voice to tell their own history, we might have a few curious illustrations of the manners and customs — the fashions, fancies, and popular idols — of the English during the last half century, — from the days when a three feet blue bill was thought large enough to tell where Bonaparte's victories might be read about, to the advent acres of flaring paper and print which announce a Bal Masqué or a new Haymarket Comedy. One of the most startling contrasts of such a confession would refer to the announcements about means of loco-

motion. It is not very long ago that "The Highflyer," "The Tally-ho," the Brighton "Age," and the Shrewsbury "Wonder," boasted, in all the glory of red letters, their wonder-feat speed of ten miles an hour, — "York in one day;" "Manchester in twenty-four hours;" and so on. The same wall now tells the passer-by a different tale, for we have Excursion Trains to all sorts of pleasant places at all sorts of low fares. "Twelve Hours to Paris" is the burden of one placard, whilst another shows how "Cologne on the Rhine" may be reached in twenty-four.

Nor is this marvellous change in speed — this real economy of life — the only variation from old modes; for the cost in money of a journey has diminished with its cost of time. The cash which a few years ago was required to go to York, will now take the tourist to Cologne. The Minster of the one city is now, therefore, rivalled as a point for sight-seers by the Dom-Kirche of the other. When the South-Eastern Railway Company offers to take the traveller, who will pay them about three pounds at London Bridge one night, and place him by the next evening on the banks of the Rhine, — the excellent tendency is, that the summer holiday folks will extend their notions of an excursion beyond the Channel.

Steam, that makes the trip from London to Cologne so rapid and so cheap, does not stop there, but is ready now to bear the traveller

by railway to Brunswick, Hanover, Berlin, Dresden, Vienna, — nay, with one short gap, he may go all the way to Trieste, on the Adriatic, by the iron road. Steam is ready also on the Rhine to carry him at small charge up that stream towards Switzerland. Indeed, afloat by steamer and ashore by railway, the tourist who leaves London Bridge on a Monday night may well reach Basle by Thursday or Friday, seeing many things on his way, including the best scenery of the Rhine. The beautiful portion of the banks of that river forms but a small part of its entire length; indeed, on reaching Cologne, the traveller is disappointed to find so little that is remarkable in what he beholds on the banks of the famous stream. It is not till he ascends many miles higher that he feels repaid for his journey. The scenery lies between Coblenz and Bingen, and in extent bears some such proportion to the whole length of the river as would the banks of the Thames from Chelsea to Richmond to the entire course of our great river, from its rise in Gloucestershire to its junction with the sea. In addition to the part just named, there are some few other points where the Rhine is worth seeing, — such as the fall at Schaffhausen, — but Switzerland may claim this as one of its attractions. It is a fine river from Basle, even down through the Dutch rushes and flats to the sea; but, with all its reputation, there is only a morsel of the Rhine worth going to look at, and that

lies, as we have just said, between its junction with the picturesque Moselle at Coblenz and the small town of Bingen. Between those points it passes through hills and near mountains, whose sides and summits boast the castles and ruins so often painted and often sung; and these spots are now within the reach of the three pounds first-class railway ticket, now-a-days announced by placard on the walls and hoardings of London.

Once on a Rhine steamer, and Switzerland is within easy reach.

On our table, as we write, lies the second edition of a volume* written by the physician to the Queen's Household, Dr. Forbes, showing how a month may be employed in Switzerland. He adopted the South Eastern Railway plan, and, starting by a mail train at half-past eight in the evening of the 3rd of August, found himself and companions on the next evening looking from the window of an hotel on the Rhine. Steam and a week placed him in Switzerland. Here railways must be no longer reckoned on, and the tourist, if he be in search of health, may try what pedestrian exercise will do for him. This the Doctor strongly recommends; and, following his own prescription, we find him — though a sexagenarian — making capital way; now as a pedestrian, anon on horseback, and then again on foot, only adopting a carriage when there was good reason for such assistance. He

* "The Physician's Holiday."

describes the country, as all do who have been through it, as a land of large and good inns, well stored with luxurious edibles and drinkables. Against a too free use of them, he doctor-like gives a medical hint or two, and goes somewhat out of his way, perhaps, to show how much better the waters of the mountains may be than the wine. Indeed the butter, the honey, the milk, the cheese, and the melted snows of Switzerland win his warmest praises. The bread is less fortunate; but its inferiority, and many other small discomforts, are overlooked and almost forgotten in his enjoying admiration of what he found good on his way amidst the mountain valleys and breezy passes of his route. The bracing air, the brilliant sky, the animating scenes, the society of emulous and cheerful companions, and, above all, the increased corporeal exercise soon produce a change in the mind and the body, in the spirits and the stomach of the tourist.

What a marvellous change it is for a smoke-dried man who for months, perhaps years, has been "in populous cities pent," to escape from his thralldom, and find himself far away from his drudgeries and routines up amongst the mountains and the lakes, and surrounded by the most magnificent scenes in nature; where he sees in all its glory that which a townsman seldom gets a glimpse of — a sunrise in its greatest beauty; and where sunsets throw a light over the earth, which makes its

beauties emulate those of the heavens! Day by day, during summer in Switzerland, such enjoyments are at hand. One traveller may choose one route, and another another; for there are many and admirable changes to be rung upon the roads to be taken. Dr. Forbes, for instance, went from Basle to Schaffhausen, thence to Zurich, and, steaming over a part of the lake, made for Zug, and thence to the Rigi. He returned to the Zurich-See, and then went to Wallenstadt, Chur, and the Via Mala. Had he to shorten his trip without great loss of the notable scenes, he might, having first reached Lucerne, have left that place for Meyringen, and then pursued his subsequent way by the line of the lakes, visiting the various glorious points in their neighbourhood that challenged his attention — Grindelwald, Schreckhorn, Lauterbrunnen, Unterseen, and so on to Thun; then by the pass of the Gemmi to Leuk, and, from there, to what is described by our author as the gem of his whole Swiss experience — the Riffelberg, and the view at Monte Rosa: —

"Sitting there, up in mid-heaven, as it were, on the smooth, warm ledge of our rock; in one of the sunniest noons of a summer day; amid air cooled by the elevation and the perfect exposure to the most delicious temperature; under a sky of the richest blue, and either cloudless, or only here and there gemmed with those aerial and sun-bright cloudlets which

but enhance its depth; with the oldfield of vision, from the valley at our feet to the horizon, filled with majestic shapes of every variety of form, and of a purity and brilliancy of whiteness which left all common whiteness dull; — we seemed to feel as if there could be no other mental mood but that of an exquisite yet cheerful serenity — a sort of delicious abstraction, or absorption of our powers, in one grand, vague, yet most luxurious perception of Beauty and Loveliness.

“At another time — it would almost seem at the same time, so rapid was the alternation from mood to mood — the immeasurable vastness and majesty of the scene, the gigantic bulk of the individual mountains, the peaks towering so far beyond the level of our daily earth, as to seem more belonging to the sky than to it, our own elevated and isolated station hemmed in on every side by untrodden wastes and impassable walls of snow, and, above all, the utter silence, and the absence of every indication of life and living things — suggesting the thought that the foot of man had never trodden, and never would tread there: these and other analogous ideas would excite a tone of mind entirely different — solemn, awful, melancholy. . . .

“I said at the time, and I still feel disposed to believe, that the whole earth has but few scenes that can excel it in grandeur, in beauty, and in wonderfulness of every kind. I thought then, and

I here repeat my opinion in cool blood, that had I been brought hither blindfolded from London, had had my eyes opened but for a single hour on this astonishing panorama, and had been led back in darkness as I came, I should have considered the journey, with all its privations, well repaid by what I saw.”

Having seen this crowning glory of mountain scenery, the tourist intent only upon a short trip might adopt one of many variations for his return to Basle. If on going out he had missed any bright spot, he should see it on his way back. He must remember:

Interlachen, one of the sweetest spots in all Switzerland, which, though only about four miles in extent, affords a perfect specimen of a Swiss valley in its best form.

The Lake of Thun, inferior to that of Wallenstadt in grandeur, and to that of Lucerne in beauty, but superior to the Lake of Zurich in both; and in respect to the view from it, beyond all these; none of them having any near or distant prospect comparable to that looking back, where the snowy giants of the Oberland, with the Jungfrau, and her silver horns, are seen over the tops of the nearer mountains.

The “show glacier” of the Rosenlani, which is so easy of access.

The view from the Hotel of the Jungfrau on the Wengern Alp.

The lake scenery near Alpnach. All these points should be made either out or home. They are

not likely to be forgotten by the tourist when once seen. On the pilgrimage to these wonders of nature, the other peculiarities of the country and its people will be observed, and amongst them the frequency of showers and the popularity of umbrellas; the great division of landed property; the greater number of beggars in the Romanist as compared with the Protestant Cantons, and the better cultivation of the latter; the numerous spots of historical interest, as Morgarten, Sempach, Naefels; where the Swiss have fought for the liberty they enjoy (to say nothing of the dramatic William Tell, and his defeat of the cruel Gesler); the fruitfulness and number of Swiss orchards (which give us our grocers' "French plums"), the excellent flavour of Alpine strawberries and cream; the scarcity of birds; and the characteristic sounds of the Swiss horn, the Ranz des Vaches, and the night chaunts of the watchmen.

On the map attached to Dr. Forbes's volume are the dates, jotted down, when our traveller entered Switzerland, at Basle, and when he left it on his return to smoke and duty in London. He reached the land of mountains and lakes on the 11th of August; he quitted it on the 12th of September; four days afterwards he was being bothered at the Custom-House at Blackwall. The last words of his book are these:—"In accordance with a principle kept constantly in view while writing out the par-

ticulars of the Holiday now concluded, viz. to give to those who may follow the same or a similar track, such economical and financial details as may be useful to them, I may here state that the total expenses of the tour—from the moment of departure to that of return—was, as near as may be, *One Guinea per diem* to each of the travellers."

The thousands of young gentlemen with some leisure and small means, who are in the habit of getting rid of both in unhealthy amusements, need hardly be told that a winter's abstinence from certain modes and places of entertainment would be more than rewarded by a single summer holiday spent after the manner of Dr. Forbes and his younger companions. No very heroic self-denial is necessary; and the compensation—in health, higher and more intense enjoyment, and the best sort of mental improvement—is incalculable.

What we have here described is an expensive proceeding compared with the cheap contract trips which are constantly diverging from the Metropolis, to every part of England, Ireland, Scotland, and to all attainable places on the Continent. These, so far as we are able to learn, have hitherto been well conducted; and although the charges for every possible want—from the platform of the London Terminus back again to the same spot, are marvellously moderate—the speculations, from their frequent re-

petition, appear to have been remunerative to the projectors.

CHRISTOPHER SHRIMBLE ON THE "DECLINE OF ENGLAND."

To Mr. Ledru Rollin.

SIR,

I generally believe everything that is going to happen; and as it is a remarkable fact that everything that is going to happen is of a depressing nature, I undergo a good deal of anxiety. I am very careful of myself (taking a variety of patent medicines, and paying particular attention to the weather), but I am not strong. I think my weakness is principally on my nerves, which have been a good deal shaken in the course of my profession as a practising attorney; in which I have met with a good deal to shock them; but from which, I beg leave most cheerfully to acquaint you, I have retired.

Sir, I am certain you are a very remarkable public gentleman, though you have the misfortune to be French. I am convinced you know what is going to happen, because you describe it in your book on "The Decline of England," in such an alarming manner. I have read your book and, Sir, I am sincerely obliged to you for what you have made me suffer; I am very miserable and very grateful.

You have not only opened up a particularly dismal future, but you

have shown me in what a miserable condition we, here, (I mean in Tooting, my place of abode, and the surrounding portion of the British Empire) are at this present time; though really I was not aware of it.

I suppose that your chapter on the law of this land is the result of a profound study of the statutes at large and the "Reports of Cases argued," &c.; for students of your nation do not take long for that sort of thing, and you have been amongst us at least three months. In the course of your "reading up" you must doubtless have perused the posthumous reports of J. Miller, Q. C. (Queen's Comedian). There you doubtless found the cause of *Hammer v. Tongs*, which was an action of *tort* tried before Gogg, C. J. Flam-facer (Serjeant) — according to the immortal reporter of good things — stated his case on behalf of the plaintiff so powerfully, that before he could get to the peroration, said plaintiff's hair stood on end, tears rolled down his cheeks in horror and pity at his own wrongs, and he exclaimed, while wringing his pocket-handkerchief, "Good gracious! That villain Tongs! What a terrific box on my ear it must have been! To think that a man may be almost murdered without knowing it!"

I am Hammer, and you, Mr. Rollin, are Tongs. Your book made my ears to tingle quite as sharply as if you had actually boxed them. I must, however, in

justice to the little hair that Time has left me, positively state that, even while I was perusing your most powerful passages, it showed no propensity for the perpendicular. I felt very nervous for all that; for still — although I could hardly believe that a French gentleman residing for a few months in the neighbourhood of Leicester Square, London, could possibly obtain a thorough knowledge, either from study or personal observation, of the political, legislative, agricultural, agrarian, prelatial, judicial, colonial, commercial, manufacturing, social, and educational systems and condition of this empire — yet, from the unqualified manner in which you deliver yourself upon all these branches, I cannot choose but hink that your pages must, like certain fictions, be at least founded on *some* fact; that to have concocted your volume — of smoke — there must be some fire somewhere. Or is it only the smell of it?

For, Sir, even an alarm of fire is unpleasant; and, to an elderly gentleman with a very small stake in the country (prudently inserted in the three per cent. consols), reading of the dreadful things which you say are to happen to one's own native land is exceedingly uncomfortable, especially at night; when "in silence and in gloom" one broods over one's miseries, personal and national; when, in fact, your or any one else's *bête noire* is apt to get polished off with a few extra touches of blacking. Bless me! when I

put my candle out the other night, and thought of your portrait of Britannia, I quite shook; and when I lay down I could almost fancy her shadow on the wall. Even now I see her looking uncommonly sickly, in spite of the invigorating properties of the waves she so constantly "rules;" the trident and shield — her "supporters" for ages — can hardly keep her up. Grief, and forebodings of the famine which you promise, has made her dwindle down from Great to Little Britain. The British Lion at her feet is in the last stage of consumption; in such a shocking state of collapse, that he will soon be in a condition to jump out of his skin; but you do not point out the Ass who is to jump into it.

Fortunately for my peace I found, on reading a little further, that this is not Britannia as she is, but Britannia seen by you, "as in a glass darkly" — as she is to be — when some more of her blood has been sucked by a phlebotomising Oligarchy and State-pensionary; by an ogreish Cotton lordocracy; by a sanguinary East India Company, whose "atrocious greediness caused ten millions of Indians to perish in a month;" by the servile Parsonocracy, who "read their sermons, in order that the priest may be able to place his discourse before the magistrate, if he should be suspected of having preached anything contrary to law;" by the Landlords, whose oppressions cause labourers to kill one another "to get a pre-

mium upon death;" and by a variety of other national leeches, which your imagination presents to our view with the distinctness of the monsters in a drop of Thames water seen through a solar microscope.

But, Sir, as Mr. Hammer said, "to think that a man may be almost murdered without knowing it!" and so, *I* say, (one trial of your book will prove the fact) may a whole parish — such as Tooting — or an entire country — such as England. If it had not been for your book I should not have had the remotest notion that "English society is about to fall with a fearful crash." Society at large, so far as I can observe it (at Tooting, and elsewhere), seems to be quite innocent of its impending fate; and if one may judge from appearances (but then you say, we may not), — we are rather better off than usual just now: indeed, when you paint Britannia as she is at the present writing, she makes a rather fat and jolly portrait than otherwise. In your "Exposition" (for 1850) you say: "The problem is not to discover whether England is great, but whether her greatness can endure." In admitting, in the handsomest manner possible, that England is great, you go on to say, that "Great Britain, which is only two hundred leagues long, and whose soil is far from equal to that of Aragon or Lombardy, draws every year from its agriculture, by a skilful cultivation and the breeding of animals, a revenue which amounts to more

than three billions six hundred millions francs, and this revenue of the mother-country is almost doubled by the value of similar produce in its colonies and dependencies. Her industry, her commerce, and her manufactures, create a property superior to the primal land-productions, and all owing to her inexhaustible mines, her natural wealth, and her admirable system of circulation by four-score and six canals, and seventy lines of railway. The total revenue of England then amounts to upwards of twelve billion francs. Her power amongst the nations is manifest by the number and greatness of her fleets and of her domains. In Europe she possesses, besides her neighbour-islets, Heligoland, Gibraltar, Malta, and the Ionian Islands; in Asia, she holds British Hindostan with its tributaries, Ceylon, and her compulsory allies of the Punjab and of Scinde — that is to say, almost a world; in Africa she claims Sierra Leone with its dependencies, the Isle of France, Seychelles, Fernandez Po, the Cape of Good Hope and Saint Helena; in America, she possesses Upper and Lower Canada, Cape Breton, the Lesser Antilles, the Bermudas, Newfoundland, Lucays, Jamaica, Dominica, Guiana, the Bay of Honduras, and Prince Edward's Island; lastly, in Oceania, she has Van Dieman's Land, Norfolk Island, Nova Scotia, Southern Australia; and these hundred nations make up for her more than one hundred

and fifty millions of subjects, including the twenty-seven to twenty-eight millions of the three mother kingdoms. As to her mercantile marine, two details will suffice to make it known; she has about thirty thousand sailing-vessels and steamers, without counting her eight thousand colonial ships; and in one year she exports six or seven hundred millions of cotton stuffs, which makes for a single detail an account beyond the sum total of all the manufacturing exportation of France."

But now for the plague spot! All this territory, and power, and commercial activity is, you say, our ruin; all this wealth is precisely our pauperism; all this happiness is our misery. What Montesquieu says, and you Mr. Ledru Rollin indorse with your unerring imprimatur, *must* be true:—"The fortune of maritime empires cannot be long, for they only reign by the oppression of the nations, and while they extend themselves abroad, they are undermining themselves within."

Upon my word, Mr. Rollin, this looks very likely: and when you see your neighbours gaily promenading Regent Street; when you hear of the "Lion of Waterloo" (at whom you are so obliging as to say in your Preface, you have no wish "to fire a spent ball") giving his usual anniversary dinner to the usual number of guests, and with his usual activity stepping off afterwards to a ball; when you are told that a hundred thousand

Londoners can afford to enjoy themselves at Epsom Races; and that throughout the country there is just now more enjoyment and less grumbling than there has been for years, I can quite understand that your horror at the innocent disregard thus evinced at the tremendous "blow up" that is coming, must be infinitely more real than that of Serjeant Flamfacer. "Alas!" you exclaim with that "profound emotion" with which your countrymen are so often afflicted; "Government returns inform me that during the past year English pauperism has decreased eleven per cent., and that the present demand for labour in the manufacturing districts nearly equals the supply? The culminating point is reached; destruction must follow!"

Heavens! Mr. Rollin, I tremble with you. The plethora of prosperity increases, and will burst the sooner! We, eating, drinking, contented, trafficking, stupid, revolution-hating, spiritless, English people, "are undermining ourselves within." We are gorging ourselves with National prosperity to bring on a National dyspepsia, and will soon fall asleep under the influence of a national nightmare! Horrible! the more so because

"Alas! unconscious of their fate,
The little victims play."

Now, Sir, I wish to ask you calmly and candidly, if there is any fire at the bottom of your volumes of smoke? or have you read our records, and seen our country

through a flaming pair of Red Spectacles, that has converted everything within their range into Raw-Head-and-Bloody-Bones?

Indeed I hope it is so; for though I am very much obliged to you for putting us on our guard, you have made me very miserable. This is the worst shock of all. With my belief in "what is going to happen," I have led but a dog-life of it, ever since I retired from that cat-and-dog life, the Law. First, the Reform Bill was to ruin us out of hand; then, the farmers threatened us with what was going to happen in consequence of Free Trade; and that was bad enough, for it was starvation — no less. What was going to happen if the Navigation Laws were repealed, I dare not recall. Now we are to be swept off the face of the earth if we allow letters to be sorted on a Sunday. But these are comparative trifles to what you, Mr. R., assert is going to happen, whatever we do or don't do. However, I am resolved on one thing — *I* won't be in at the death, or rather *with* the death. I shall pull up my little stake in Capel Court, and retire to some quiet corner of the world, such as the Faubourg St. Antoine, the foot of Mount Vesuvius, or Chinese Tartary.

Your's truly,

CHRISTOPHER SHRIMBLE.

Paradise Row, Tooting.

A DAY IN A PAUPER PALACE.

IN some states of English existence Ruin is the road to Fortune. Falstaff threatened to make a commodity of his wounds; the well attested disaster of a begging letter writer confers upon him an income; the misfortune of a thief — that of being captured — occasionally ends in a colonial estate, and a carriage and pair; both the better assured if he can tell a good story of misfortunes, and is hypocrite enough to commence as a Pentonville "model." In Manchester the high road to fortune is to be born a pauper; should especially orphanhood, either by death or desertion, ensue.

At the easy distance of five miles from the great Cotton Capital, on the road to the great Cotton Port, through shady lanes and across verdant meadows, is the village of Swinton. At its entrance, on a pleasing elevation, stands a building which is generally mistaken for a wealthy nobleman's residence. The structure is not only elegant but extensive; it is in the Tudor style of architecture, with a frontage of four-hundred and fifty feet. It is studded with more than a hundred windows, each tier so differing in shape and size from the others as to prevent monotonous uniformity. Two winding flights of steps in the centre lead to a handsome entrance hall, above which rise two lofty turrets to break the outline of the extensive roof. The depth

of the edifice is great — its whole proportions massive. Pleasure-gardens and play-grounds surround it. In front an acre and a half of flower-beds and grass-plots are intersected by broad gravel-walks and a carriage-drive. Some more of the land is laid out for vegetables. Beyond is a meadow, and the whole domain is about twenty-two acres in extent; all in good, some in picturesque, cultivation.

The stranger gazing upon the splendid brick edifice, with its surrounding territory, is surprised when he is told that it is not the seat of an ancient Dukedom; but that it is a modern palace for pauper children. He is *not* surprised when he hears that it cost 60,000*l*.

The contemplation of sumptuous arrangements of this nature for the benefit of helpless penury, naturally engenders an argument: — is it quite fair to the industrious poor that the offspring of paupers should be placed in a better position than that of his own? — that these should have better instruction, be better fed, and better clothed? — that a premium should thus be put upon the neglect of their children by vicious parents; while, there is no helping hand held out to the industrious and virtuous for the proper training of *their* children: so that the care of their offspring by the latter is, by comparison, a misfortune; while desertion or neglect by the former is a blessing to theirs, to whom Garrick's para-

dox can be justly applied, that Their Ruin is the Making of them.

That is one side of the argument. The other stands thus; ought the misdeeds of parents to be visited on their innocent children? should pauper and outcast infants be neglected so as to become pests to Society, or shall they be so trained as to escape the pauper spirit, and make amends to Society for the bad citizenship of their parents, by their own persevering industry, economy, and prudence in mature life? Common sense asks, does the State desire good citizens or bad? If good ones, let her manufacture them; and if she can do so by the agency of such establishments as that of Swinton, at not too great a cost, let us not be too critical as to her choice of the raw material.

In order to see whether the Swinton establishment fulfils this mission we solicited a gentleman qualified for the task to visit it; and from his information we have drawn up the following account:—

Having, he says, passed through the entrance hall, we chatted for a time with the chaplain, who is at the head of the establishment. From him we learnt that there are in the institution six hundred and thirty children, of whom three hundred and five are orphans, and one hundred and twenty-four deserted by their parents. Besides the chaplain there is a head master, a medical officer, a Roman Catholic priest, a governor and matron, six schoolmasters and four schoolmistresses, with a

numerous staff of subordinate officials, male and female, including six nurses, and teachers of divers trades. The salaries and wages of the various officers and servants amount to about 1800*l.* a year, exclusive of the cost of their board which the greater number enjoy also.

We went into the play-ground of the junior department, where more than a hundred and fifty children were assembled. Some were enjoying themselves in the sunshine, some were playing at marbles, others were frisking cheerfully. These children ranged from four to seven years of age. There are some as young as a year and a half in the school. The greater number were congregated at one end of the yard, earnestly watching the proceedings of the master who was giving fresh water to three starlings in cages that stood on the ground. One very young bird was enjoying an airing on the gravel. Two others were perched on a cask. The master informed us it was a part of his system to instruct his charges in kindness to animals by example. He found that the interest which the children took in the animals and in his proceedings towards them, was of service in impressing lessons of benevolence among them towards each other. The practical lessons taught by the master's personal attention to his feathered favourites, outweighed, he thought, the theoretic inconsistency of confining birds in cages.

The play-ground is a training

school in another particular. On two sides grew several currant trees, on which the fruit is allowed to ripen without any protection. Though some of the scholars are very young, there do not occur above two or three cases of unlawful plucking per annum. The appropriate punishment of delinquents is for them to sit and see the rest of their school-fellows enjoy, on a day appointed, a treat of fresh ripe fruit, whilst they are debarred from all participation.

The personal appearance of the pupils was not prepossessing. Close cropping the hair may be necessary at the first admission of a boy, but surely is not needed after children have been for some time trained in the establishment, in habits of cleanliness. The tailors of the establishment (its elder inmates), are evidently no respecters of persons. Measuring is utterly repudiated, and the style in vogue is the comic or incongruous. The backs of the boys seemed to be Dutch-built; their legs seemed cased after Turkish patterns; while the front view was of Falstaffian proportions, some of the trousers are too short for the legs, and some of the legs too short for the trousers. The girls are better dressed. Amongst them are some of prepossessing faces, intelligent appearance, and pleasing manners. Here and there may be discerned, however, vacancy of look, and inaptness to learn. Among the boys, sometimes, occurs a face not quite clean enough, and a shirt collar

that seems to have suffered too long a divorce from the wash-tub.

During the time we spent in the play-ground, sundry chubby urchins came up to the master with small articles which they had found; it being the practice to impress on each, that nothing found belongs to the finder unless, after due inquiry, no owner can be discovered. One brought something looking like liquorice; another produced a halfpenny, which the master appropriated. Perhaps, the master had dropped the halfpenny to test the honesty of some of his pupils. One little fellow was made happy by permission to keep a marble which he had picked up.

The children obeyed the summons to school with pleasing alacrity. This is owing partly to the agreeable mode of tuition adopted, and in some measure to the fact that the lessons are not allowed to become tedious and oppressive. As soon as any parties give unequivocal signs of weariness, either there is some playful relaxation introduced, or such children are sent into the play-ground. On the present occasion, as soon as the master applied his mouth to a whistle, away trooped the children in glad groups to an ante-room. Here, arranged in five or six rows, boys and girls intermixed stood with eyes fixed on the master, awaiting his signals. At the word of command, each alternate row faced to the right, the others to the left, and filed off, accompanying their march with a

suitable tune; their young voices blending in cheerful harmony, while they kept time by clapping their hands, and by an occasional emphatic stamp of the foot.

To enliven the routine of school duties, the master's cur takes part in them. He is a humorous dog, with an expressive countenance, and a significant wag of the tail. In the intervals of lessons, his duty—which is also his pleasure—consists in jumping over the benches or threading the labyrinths of little legs under them. Now he darts with wild glee into a spelling class; now he rushes among an alphabet group, and snarls a playful “r-r-r-r,” as if to teach the true pronunciation of the canine letter; now he climbs up behind a seated urchin, puts his forepaws on the favourite's shoulders, and, with a knowing look towards the master, recommends his friend for promotion to a monitorship.

It was surprising to find that the pupils took not the slightest notice of the antics of the master's dog. They heeded nothing but their lessons; but we learned that the dog was a part of the discipline. He accustomed the children to startling eccentricities and unexpected sounds: he presented a small, extraneous, but wholesome difficulty in the pursuit of Knowledge. He, and the currant bush, the pretty treasure-troves, and other contrivances, were intentional temptations which the children were trained to resist. We beg very pointedly to recom-

mend the study of these facts to the attention of the inventors and advocates of the Pentonville Model system. They involve an important principle, — and a principle equally applicable to adults as to children. The morals of the young, or the penitence of the criminal, which result from a system depriving the pupil of every possible temptation to do otherwise than right, will assuredly lapse into vice when incentives to it are presented. Exile exists very plentifully in this world, and it must be recognised and dealt with; it is not by concealing it from the young but by teaching him to resist it that we do wise. It must at the same time be admitted that the principle can be carried too far; and if the master *did* intentionally drop the halfpenny, it was exactly there that he pushed his excellent principle too far.

The teaching of the juniors is conducted mainly *vivâ voce*; for the mass of them are under six years of age. The class was opened thus:

"What day is this?"

"Monday."

"What sort of a day is it?"

"Very fine."

"Why is it a fine day?"

"Because the sun shines, and it does not rain."

"Is rain a bad thing, then?"

"No."

"What is it useful for?"

"To make the flowers and the fruit grow."

"Who sends rain and sunshine?"

"God."

"What ought we to do in return for his goodness?"

"Praise him!"

"Let us praise him, then," added the master. And the children, all together, repeated and then sung a part of the 149th Psalm. — A lesson on morals succeeded, which evidently interested the children. It was partly in the form of a tale told by the master. A gentleman who was kind to the poor, went to visit in gaol a boy imprisoned for crime. The restraint of the gaol, and the shame of the boy, were so described, as to impress the children with strong interest. Then the boy's crime was traced to disobedience, and the excellence of obedience to teachers and parents was shown. The fact that punishment comes out of, and follows our own actions was enforced by another little story.

By this time some of the very young children showed symptoms of lassitude. One fat little mortal had fallen asleep; and this class was consequently marshalled for dismissal, and as usual marched out singing, to play for a quarter of an hour.

A lesson in reading was now administered to a class of older children. For facilitating this achievement, generally so difficult, the master has introduced the phonic system, in some degree according to a mode of his own, by which means even the youngest children make remarkable progress. We need not discuss it here.

The scene the schoolroom, du-

ring the reading lesson, presented, was remarkable. Groups of four or five little fellows were gathered in various parts of the room before a reading-card, one acting as monitor; who was sometimes a girl. It was a pleasing sight to see half-a-dozen children seated or kneeling in a circle round the same book, their heads almost meeting in the centre, in their earnestness to see and hear, while the monitor pointed quickly with the finger to the word which each in succession was to pronounce. All seemed alert, and the eyes of the monitors kindled with intelligence. Meanwhile the master was busied in passing from one class to another, listening to the manner in which the pronunciation was caught, or the correctness with which the rapid combination of letters and syllables was made. Sometimes he stayed a few minutes with a class to give aid, then proceeded to another; and occasionally, on finding by a few trials, that a boy was quite familiar with the work of his class, he would remove him to another more advanced. These transfers were frequent.

In an adjoining room were assembled, under the care of the schoolmaster's wife, some of the more advanced scholars. One class in this room was particularly interesting — a class composed of the monitors who receive extra instruction in order to fit them for their duties.

After an interval the whole attended a class for general knowledge: in this the mutual instruc-

tion system was adopted. A pupil stood out on a platform — the observed of all observers — to be questioned and cross-questioned by his or her schoolfellow, like a witness in a difficult law case, until supplanted by a pupil who could answer better. A degree of piquancy was thus imparted to the proceeding, which caused the attention of the pupils not to flag for a moment. One girl, with red hair and bright eyes, weathered a storm of questions bravely. A sample of the queries put by these young inquisitors, will show the range of subjects necessary to be known about. What are the months of spring? What animal cuts down a tree, and where does it live? Which are the Cinque Ports? What planet is nearest the sun? What is the distance from Manchester to Lancaster? How high is St. Paul's Cathedral? What are the names of the common metals? What causes water to rise and become clouds?

One urchin who could scarcely be seen over the head of another, and who was evidently of a meteorological turn of mind, bawled out in a peculiarly sedate and measured manner,

"What does the wind do?"

To have answered the question fully would have taken a day, but a single answer satisfied the querist, and was of a sanitary character.

"The wind," replied the female Rufus, "cools us in summer and blows away the bad air." An agreeable enough answer as we sat

in the middle of the schoolroom on a hot day, when the thermometer was seventy-one degrees in the shade, and a pleasant breeze stealing through the open windows occasionally fanned our warm cheeks. This concluded our visit to the junior department.

Meanwhile, the education of the elder children was proceeding in other parts of the building. The lessons of the senior sections are conducted in a much quieter manner than those of the junior classes; even in a way which some persons would consider tame and uninteresting. This quietude was, however, more than balanced by another department. As we passed to the elder boys' court-yard, the chaplain threw open the door of a room, where a small music class was practising the fife and the drum. The class consisted of eight youths, who had not learnt long, but performed the "Troubadour" in creditable style. When they marched out, they headed about two hundred boys, who were drawn up in line; the music-master acting as drill-sergeant and commander-in-chief. After passing through some drill-exercises, they marched off, drums beating and colours flying, to dinner.

We need say no more of this pleasing ceremony than that it was heartily performed. The viands were relished in strong illustration of Dr. Johnson's emphatic remark, "Sir, I like to dine."

After dinner, we visited the workshops — a very active scene. The living tableaux were formed

chiefly by young tailors and cobblers. A strict account is kept of all manufactured articles and of their cost; and we learnt that a boy's suit of fustian (labour included) costs 4s. 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.; a girl's petticoat 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.; and that the average weekly cost of clothing worn by the children was estimated at 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per head — making 15s. 2d. for the wearing apparel of each child per year. This may be taken as a commentary on the "slop work" prices to which public attention has been so forcibly drawn of late.

In all the industrial sections, the children are occupied alternately at their work and in school — labouring for one afternoon and next morning, and then attending their classes in school for the next afternoon and morning. This is a decided improvement on the Mettray system. In that agricultural colony, the boys only attend school once a week, and work at handicrafts, or on the farm, during the other five. There is, however, something defective in the Swinton plan, as applicable to advanced pupils; perhaps they are not stimulated sufficiently; but it happens that no pupil-teacher had ever passed a government examination; although last year the grant of money, by the Committee of Privy Council for the educational departments of the Swinton school, amounted to 531*l.* Those among the scholars who have gone into other lines of life, have generally conducted themselves well; and when absorbed into the masses

of society, have become a help and a credit instead of a bane to it. Indeed, having been brought up at the Pauper Palace appears a safe certificate with the public, who are eager for the girls of this school as domestic servants. Both boys and girls, on leaving the institution, are furnished with two complete sets of clothes, and their subsequent behaviour is repeatedly inquired into.

As we descended the steps of the school we scanned the prospect seen from it. The foreground of the landscape was dotted with rural dwellings, interspersed with trees. In the distance rose the spires and tall chimneys of Manchester, brightened by the rays of the evening sun, while a sea of smoke hung like a pall over the great centre of manufacturing activity, and shut out the view beyond. It typified the dark cloud of pauperism which covers so large a portion of the land, and which it is hoped such institutions as the Swinton Industrial Schools are destined to dispel. The centre of manufacturing activity is also the centre of practical and comprehensive education. Why does this activity continue to revolve so near its centre? Why has it not radiated over the length and breadth of the land? The Swinton Institution is a practical illustration of what can be done with even the humblest section of the community; and if it have a disadvantage, that is precisely because it succeeds too well. It places the child-pauper above the child of the industrious.

Narrow minds advocate the leveling of the two, by withdrawing the advantage from the former. Let us, however, hope that no effort will relax to bring out, in addition to Pauper Palaces, Educational Palaces for all classes and denominations.

Thus ended our visit to the "Pauper Palace." As we issued from the iron gate into the open road we met a long line of the elder girls, accompanied by a master, returning from a walk which they had taken, after school hours and before supper, for the benefit of their health. The glad smile of recognition, and the cheerful salutation with which they greeted us as we bade them good evening, were a touch of that gentle nature which "makes the whole world kin." It refreshed us like a parting blessing from well-known friends.

HOW WE WENT HUNTING IN CANADA.

AFTER his disasters in New Ireland, our friend Blungle could not be prevailed upon to go fishing again.* The sport was conducted under circumstances which deprived it of all attraction to him. He could understand fishing in the Thames, — sitting all day in a comfortable arm-chair in a punt, moored off Ditton, with a stock of brandy and water and mild Havannahs. This was true sport; but digging holes in the ice to

* See page 92.

catch fish was neither sportsman-like nor exciting. Under the circumstances, he was not to be reasoned with; so we only laughed at him, — Perroque advising him, on his return to St. Pancras, to try his luck in a parlour fish-bowl. This put him on his mettle, — and to show that he was ready to “rough it” with any man, he challenged us to go hunting with him. Perroque, who was as great an adept on snow-shoes as on skates, gave him no time to retract, and a hunt after Moose was at once determined upon.

Our accoutrements consisted of snow-shoes (which, when slung over the shoulders, looked not unlike a pair of large wings), a rifle, an “Arkansas toothpick,” and a flask. We started without delay, and on the afternoon of the second day were once more in the township of Leeds, which we had fixed upon as the scene of our operations.

Archibald McQuaigh was an old Highlander who had emigrated from Strathtoddy, and who prided himself greatly on his ancestry, and on having been the man who “felled the first tree in Leeds,” in 1817; since which time the township had made marvellous strides in advancement and prosperity, and McQuaigh was fond of saying that the crash of the first victim to the axe was still ringing in his ears. He had pushed his way boldly into the woods, with nothing but an axe, a set of bagpipes, a peck of oatmeal, and a bottle of whiskey, — the last two

being the remains of the stock of provisions which he had taken on board with him at Glasgow. With this scanty outfit he began the hardy life of a settler, — borrowing flour and pork from his neighbours, the nearest of whom was fifteen miles off, until the gathering of his first crop, when he became an independent man. Years, although not without a fight for it, had produced their effect even on McQuaigh. He had shrunk somewhat in all his proportions, but his skin and flesh looked like plastic horn, which seemed to bid defiance to decay. Blungle felt qualmish, when first presented to him, for he had still a very fiery look, calculated to affect the nervous, — his hair, which was becoming grey at the tips, now looking like so many red-hot wires elevated to a white heat at the points. His manly activity had not yet forsaken him, his frame being still well knit and compact, and there were few in the township who would even then venture to wrestle with him. He had been originally a deer-keeper to the Marquis of Glenfuddle, and his early vocation gave him a taste for the chase which never forsook him, and it was in the double capacity of an enthusiastic sportsman and a hospitable man, that we carried letters of introduction to him.

We were received with true Highland hospitality, after the old style. After dinner McQuaigh repeated half of “Ossian” in the original to us, giving us incidentally to understand that the poet

belonged to a younger branch of his family. He spoke English as a convenience, but had great contempt for it as a language. Indeed, he used to call it, sneeringly, "a tongue," and maintained that Gaelic was the only real language on earth.

The next morning at breakfast, McQuaigh announced that in five minutes after that meal was disposed of, we should be on our way for the part of the forest which was to be the scene of our operations. A Moose deer is a great prize, which is not often secured, and the appearance of one makes quite a noise in a neighbourhood. For some days back a rumour had been rife throughout the township that one had been seen at a point about three miles distant from McQuaigh's residence; and it was only on the evening before our arrival, that that worthy had been himself informed by a man who had come from a neighbouring settlement that he had crossed its track on the way. This accounted for a somewhat high state of fever in which we found him on arrival; and our appearance gave him great relief, by furnishing him at once with an excuse for a hunt, and companions in his sport.

Having plentifully provided ourselves with creature comforts from McQuaigh's larder and whiskey-cask, we started in a common farm sleigh, in which we had all to stand upright, for the point at which we were to push into the forest. McQuaigh had secured the attendance of a French

Canadian named Jean Baptiste, who was a servant on an adjoining farm, and who was as expert a Moose-hunter as any man in the province.

Having gained the summit of a steep hill, the gillie was sent back with the sleigh, and we prepared to diverge into the bush. The snow lay fully five feet deep around us; and before leaving the beaten track, our first care was to adjust our snow-shoes, which are indispensable to Canadian wintersport. Each shoe is about the size of a large kite, which it also resembles in shape. The outer frame is made of light cedar, bent and bound together by two slender bars, placed about equidistant from both ends. The thin spaces contained between the outer frame and the bars, are filled up with a network composed of a substance resembling cat-gut. The toe is attached to the snow-shoe close to the front bar, the heel being left at liberty: so that when it is raised in the act of dragging the foot forward, the snow-shoe is not raised with it, being dragged horizontally upon the surface. The object of the snow-shoe is to prevent the pedestrian from sinking in the soft snow, which it effects by giving him a far broader basis to rest upon than Nature has provided him. Thus accoutred, a man will pass rapidly, and in safety over the deepest deposits — having to take much longer strides than usual, in order that the snow-shoes may clear one another. The exercise is somewhat fatiguing,

and requires some practice to be perfect in it. Blungle was not an adept, and before he had proceeded ten paces, he was prostrate on his face, and fully three feet beneath the surface. His plight in somewhat resembled that of the boy who had let the inflated bladders — with the aid of which he attempted to swim — slip down to his feet, which they elevated to the surface, keeping his head, however, under water. The only thing discernible for the moment, of our fellow-companion, was his snow-shoes, which were moving convulsively to and fro, near the surface. Encumbered by them, he would never have risen again but for our aid; and it was some time ere he succeeded in getting his mouth, ears, and nose, emptied of the snow; he was more cautious afterwards in the management of his feet, although his inexperience somewhat retarded our progress.

We were soon in the very depths of the forest, and lonely indeed are these Canadian woods in the dreary winter time. All under foot was enveloped in snow, from which as from a white sea, rose like so many colossal columns, the stately trunks of the trees, through the leafless boughs of which, as through an extended trellis-work, the blue sky was discernible over head. The undulations of the surface pleasantly diversified a scene which would otherwise have been monotonous; and we made our way merrily over hill and valley, but ever through the unbroken forest, in the deep dells

of which we now and then crossed a streamlet, whose course had been arrested, and whose voice had been hushed for months by the relentless frost.

We had been thus occupied for about three hours, when we at length came upon the track of the game: — a deep furrow had been made in the snow; bespeaking the labour which the animal must have had in ploughing his way through it. We stopped; and McQuaigh, giving vent to a long expiration, half between a whistle and a sigh, exclaimed, wiping the perspiration from his horny features, "We have him as sure as a gun, if nobody else has got scent of him; and you see," he added, pointing to the untrodden snow around, "there's not the track of a living soul after him."

"But what chance have we?" I asked, "seeing that it must be more than two days at least since the Moose passed this spot?"

"Give a deer any reasonable start in the winter time," replied McQuaigh, "and a man on his snow-shoes will run him down. We have only to follow his track, and depend on't we'll go over more ground than he will in a day." So saying, he led off in the direction which our prey had evidently taken. Blungle did not like the possibility of being for a week on the track of one deer; but he put the best face on it, and laboured to keep up with us.

We had not gone far, ere, like the confluence of a small with a larger stream, we found the track

of an ordinary deer converge upon that of the Moose. From the point of junction, the follower, as affording him an easier passage through the snow, had kept to the track of his more powerful leader.

"Let's hurry, and we'll have the two of them," said McQuaigh, and he doubled the length of his strides. Blungle groaned, but laboured on.

We thus pursued the now double track, until the shades of evening stole over the forest, and imparted a mysterious solemnity to the lonely solitudes, which we had invaded. After a hard day's work, we looked out for a spot in which to rest for the night. We resolved to bivouac by a huge elm, whose hollow trunk rose without branch or twig to break its symmetry, for nearly sixty feet from the ground. We dug a hole in the snow, more than four feet deep, spreading our blankets on the bottom of it. On one side we were sheltered by the elm; on the other three by our snowy circumvallation. Our next care was to light a blazing fire, which we did in the hollow of the tree; after which we laid ourselves down to sleep, Jean Baptiste having orders to keep the first watch, and to awake any of us, whom he might find getting stiff. In five minutes Blungle was snoring as comfortably as if he were reposing on his own pillow in Bloomsbury.

I was about turning the corner of consciousness, when McQuaigh, who was stretched beside me, and who never seemed to shut more than one eye at a time, started

suddenly to his feet, and seizing the axe which was resting against the tree, raised it to his shoulder, and stood intently watching the hollow in which the fire was burning. He was quite a picture, standing out, as he did, in fine relief from the surrounding darkness, as the crackling flames threw their ruddy glare on his brawny frame and furrowed visage. But his sudden movement indisposing me for the artistic mood, I was at once on my feet beside him, and it was not till then that I heard sounds proceed from the hollow trunk, which gave me some clue to what had so suddenly called him into action. I had but brief time for consideration, for, in a moment or two afterwards, down came a heavy body into the fire, scattering the faggots about in all directions. Blungle, who was still asleep, was aroused by one of the blazing embers grazing his nose, and on jumping up precipitated himself into the embrace of a shaggy bear, which was about to treat him to a fatal hug, when McQuaigh's axe descended with terrific force upon its skull, which it cleft in twain. The slaughtered brute fell on its side carrying Blungle along with it, who, when he was removed, was nearly as insensible as the bear.

"There's never two of them in a tree," said McQuaigh, "so we may go to sleep now." We did so, and I slept soundly for two or three hours, Jean Baptiste kept watch as before, employing himself, until his turn came for sleeping, in dressing the carcass of the

bear, from which, in the morning, we were supplied with hot chops for breakfast. If we did not consider them unsavory, it was perhaps because our appetites were too good to be very discriminating. We could not persuade Blungle to touch them. He was possessed of an abstract idea that it was unchristian to eat a bear. At first he positively refused to accompany us any further, but on McQuaigh expressing a friendly hope that he would get safe out of the woods if he attempted to return alone, he made up his mind that the lesser of two evils was to stick to the party. He made a solemn vow, however, that should he ever live to see the Zoological Gardens again, he would carefully avoid even a glance at the bears.

After breakfast, we resumed our course, keeping close to the track as on the preceding day. We had not gone far when, on descending a steep bank, we heard a rustling sound proceed from a thicket on the margin of a tolerably sized stream which lay across our path.

"It's but the little one," said McQuaigh, whose keen eye caught a momentary sight of a deer, which was immediately lost again to him in the thicket. "Make ready for action."

We were, of course, all excitement, and Blungle obeyed the injunction by deliberately levelling his rifle at Jean Baptiste, who was a little in advance of us, with a view to driving the deer from his hiding place. McQuaigh, observing this

movement, with a sudden wave of his arm elevated the muzzle into the air, just as Blungle drew the trigger, and the ball went whistling through the trees, cutting off several twigs in its course.

"To take a man when there's venison in the way," said McQuaigh, who seemed to impute Blungle's aim solely to a want of taste, "who ever heard of such a thing?" Blungle could not have been more frightened, had he pointed his rifle against himself, and, for some time afterwards, he apostrophised the adverse character of his fate, in terms not the most suited for delicate ears. The discharge of the rifle startled the deer, which bounded at once in full sight from the thicket. A ball from Perroque wounded him in the flank, McQuaigh's trigger was drawn in an instant, but his piece missed fire, much to his annoyance, and as he said himself, "for the first time in its life." I fired too — but to this day I have not the slightest idea what became of the ball — the wounded animal plunged wildly towards the stream, which he endeavoured to cross. But it was rapid at that particular point, and the ice which was but imperfectly formed gave way with him. He struggled hard to keep himself on the surface, until a ball from McQuaigh's rifle took effect on his head, and he was at once dragged under by the impetuous current. A little further on, the stream plunged down several rocky ledges in foaming rapids, which bade defiance to the frost. We gained

this point just in time to see the body of the deer emerge from beneath the ice; it was immediately afterwards carried over a cataract and precipitated amongst masses of ice, which rose from the chasm like a cluster of basaltic columns and inverted stalactites.

As it would have taken too much time to recover it, we left the mangled body of the deer in the icy crevice into which it had fallen, and ascending to a point above the rapids, crossed the river, where the ice was strong. We then recovered the track, which we followed for the rest of the day, passing several small settlements in the woods, all of which had been carefully avoided by the Moose. In the evening we bivouacked as before, but this time in the neighbourhood of a solid tree. Blungle struck it all round with the axe to assure himself that it was not hollow, and expressed his satisfaction that it rung sound. Next morning we plunged deeper and deeper into the forest wilds. About mid-day, Blungle, whose patience was well-nigh exhausted, began to be seriously offended at the non-appearance of our prey, and confidentially hinted to Perroque and myself that wild goose rhymed to wild Moose. But, at that moment, Baptiste who was in advance, was observed to sling his arms into the air, and then to direct our attention to a point a little to the right of us, where we caught the first sight of the object of pursuit. The Moose was at some distance from us, buried to the belly in

snow, and scraping the green bark from a young tree. Being too far off to fire with effect, we glided silently towards him over the snow, concealing ourselves as much as possible by going from tree to tree. He was a full-grown animal, and, for some time, was not aware of our approach; but, as we came within doubtful shot of him, he looked anxiously around, exhibiting symptoms of agitation and alarm.

"Bang at him," said McQuaigh, "or we may lose our chance." He had scarcely uttered the words, when our four rifles were simultaneously discharged. The Moose gave a tremendous bound and plunged through the snow, endeavouring to escape us. We made after him at once, reloading our rifles as we proceeded. When we came up to the spot occupied by him, it was evident that he had been seriously wounded, from the extent to which the snow was stained with blood. We soon observed that his efforts to escape became fainter and fainter, and, as he was staggering and about to fall, a ball from McQuaigh's rifle took effect in his heart, and he sank in the snow.

The Moose deer's nose is considered a great dainty by both civilised man and savage. Blungle, although well provided in that facial department himself, was almost petrified at its size. "It looked," he said, "as if the animal carried a small carpet-bag in front in which to keep his provender." Having cut the nose off, we con-

fided it to the care of Jean Baptiste.

"Look out for blazes," said McQuaigh, as we prepared to return.

"Why, what's the matter?" asked Blungle, raising his rifle to his shoulder as if he expected an attack from another bear. But there was nothing the matter, "blazes" being the term applied to the marks left by the surveyors on certain trees, to denote the lines of the different townships, as they are cleared from the woods. By means of these marks the woodsman can readily direct himself to a settlement—to find which was now McQuaigh's object. Dragging the body of the deer after us, we proceeded for about two hours guided by the blazes, and, at last, came to a small settlement, where we procured a couple of sleighs, one for Jean Baptiste and the slaughtered Moose, and the other for ourselves. At a late hour of the night we gained McQuaigh's residence, considerably fatigued after our exertions.

We spent two days more with our eccentric but warm-hearted host, after which he let us depart reluctantly. We reached Quebec on the following day, and soon regaled a party of friends on our valuable trophy, the Moose deer's nose.

THE MODERN SCIENCE OF THIEF-TAKING.

If thieving be an Art (and who denies that its more subtle and

delicate branches deserve to be ranked as one of the Fine Arts?), thief-taking is a Science. All the thief's ingenuity; all his knowledge of human nature; all his courage; all his coolness; all his imperturbable powers of face; all his nice discrimination in reading the countenances of other people; all his manual and digital dexterity; all his fertility in expedients, and promptitude in acting upon them; all his Protean cleverness of disguise and capability of counterfeiting every sort and condition of distress; together with a great deal more patience, and the additional qualification, integrity, are demanded for the higher branches of thief-taking.

If an urchin picks your pocket, or a bungling "artist" steals your watch so that you find it out in an instant, it is easy enough for any private in any of the seventeen divisions of London Police to obey your panting demand to "Stop thief!" But the tricks and contrivances of those who wheedle money out of your pocket rather than steal it; who cheat you with your eyes open; who clear every vestige of plate out of your pantry while your servant is on the stairs; who set up imposing warehouses, and ease respectable firms of large parcels of goods; who steal the acceptances of needy or dissipated youngmen;—for the detection and punishment of such impostors a superior order of police is requisite.

To each division of the Force is attached two officers, who are de-

nominated "detectives." The staff, or head-quarters, consists of six sergeants and two inspectors. Thus the Detective Police, of which we hear so much, consists of only forty-two individuals, whose duty it is to wear no uniform, and to perform the most difficult operations of their craft. They have not only to counteract the machinations of every sort of rascal whose only means of existence is avowed rascality, but to clear up family mysteries, the investigation of which demands the utmost delicacy and tact.

One instance will show the difference between a regular and a detective policeman. Your wife discovers on retiring for the night, that her toilette has been plundered; her drawers are void; except the ornaments she now wears, her beauty is as unadorned as that of a quakeress: not a thing is left; all the fond tokens you gave her when her prenuptial lover, are gone; your own miniature, with its setting of gold and brilliants; her late mother's diamonds; the bracelets "dear papa" presented on her last birth-day; the top of every bottle in the dressing-case brought from Paris by Uncle John, at the risk of his life, in February 1848, are off — but the glasses remain. Every valuable is swept away with the most discriminating villainy; for no other thing in the chamber has been touched; not a chair has been moved; the costly pendule on the chimney-piece still ticks; the entire apartment is as neat and trim as when it had re-

ceived the last finishing sweep of the housemaid's duster. The entire establishment runs frantically up stairs and down stairs; and finally congregates in my Lady's Chamber. Nobody knows anything whatever about it; yet everybody offers a suggestion, although they have not an idea "who ever did it." The housemaid bursts into tears; the cook declares she thinks she is going into hysterics; and at last you suggest sending for the Police; which is taken as a suspicion of, and insult on the whole assembled household, and they descend into the lower regions of the house in the sulks.

X 49 arrives. His face betrays sheepishness, combined with mystery. He turns his bull's-eye into every corner, and upon every countenance (including that of the cat), on the premises. He examines all the locks, bolts, and bars, bestowing extra diligence on those which enclosed the stolen treasures. These he declares have been "Violated;" by which he means that there has been more than one "Rape of the Lock." He then mentions about the non-disturbance of other valuables; takes you solemnly aside, darkens his lantern, and asks if you suspect any of your servants, in a mysterious whisper, which implies that he does. He then examines the upper bed-rooms, and in that of the female servants he discovers the least valuable of the rings, and a cast-off silver tooth-pick between the mattresses. You have every confidence in your maids; but

what *can* you think? You suggest their safe custody; but your wife intercedes, and the policeman would prefer speaking to his Inspector before he locks anybody up.

Had the whole matter remained in the hands of X 49, it is possible that your troubles would have lasted you till now. A train of legal proceedings — actions for defamation of character and suits for damages — would have followed, which would have cost more than the value of the jewels, and the entire execration of all your neighbours and every private friend of your domestics. But, happily, the Inspector promptly sends a plain, earnest-looking man, who announces himself as one of the two Detectives of the X division. He settles the whole matter in ten minutes. His examination is ended in five. As a connoisseur can determine the painter of a picture at the first glance, or a wine-taster the precise vintage of a sherry by the merest sip; so the Detective at once pounces upon the authors of the work of art under consideration, by the style of performance; if not upon the precise executant, upon the "school" to which he belongs. Having finished the toilette branch of the inquiry, he takes a short view of the parapet of your house, and makes an equally cursory investigation of the attic window fastenings. His mind is made up, and most likely he will address you in these words:—

"All right, Sir. This is

done by one of 'The Dancing School!'"

"Good Heavens!" exclaims your plundered partner. "Impossible, why *our* children go to Monsieur Pettitoes, of No. 81, and I assure you he is a highly respectable professor. As to his pupils, I—"

The Detective smiles and interrupts. "Dancers," he tells her, "is a name given to the sort of burglar by whom she had been robbed; and every branch of the thieving profession is divided into gangs, which are termed 'Schools.'" From No. 82 to the end of the street the houses are unfinished. The thief made his way to the top of one of these, and crawled to your garret —"

"But we are forty houses distant, and why did he not favour one of my neighbours with his visit?" you ask.

"Either their uppermost stories are not so practicable, or the ladies have not such valuable jewels."

"But how do they know that?"

"By watching and inquiry. This affair may have been in action for more than a month. Your house has been watched; your habits ascertained; they have found out when you dine — how long you remain in the dining-room. A day is selected; while you are busy dining, and your servants busy waiting on you, the thing is done. Previously, many journeys have been made over the roofs, to find out the best means of entering your house. The attic is chosen;

the robber gets in, and creeps noiselessly, or 'dances' into the place to be robbed."

"Is there *any* chance of recovering our property?" you ask anxiously, seeing the whole matter at a glance.

"I hope so. I have sent some brother officers to watch the Fences' houses."

"Fences?"

"Fences," explains the Detective, in reply to your innocent wife's inquiry, "are purchasers of stolen goods. Your jewels will be forced out of their settings, and the gold melted."

The lady tries, ineffectually, to suppress a slight scream.

"We shall see, if, at this unusual hour of the night, there is any bustle in or near any of these places; if any smoke is coming out of any one of their furnaces, where the melting takes place. I shall go and seek out the precise 'garretter' — that's another name these plunderers give themselves — whom I suspect. By his trying to 'sell' your domestics by placing the ring and toothpick in their bed, I think I know the man. It is just in his style."

The next morning, you find all these suppositions verified. The Detective calls, and obliges you at breakfast — after a sleepless night — with a complete list of the stolen articles, and produces some of them for identification. In three months, your wife gets nearly every article back; her damsels' innocence is fully established; and the thief is taken from his "school"

to spend a long holiday in a penal colony.

This is a mere common-place transaction, compared with the achievements of the staff of the little army of Detective policemen at head-quarters. Sometimes they are called upon to investigate robberies; so executed, that no human ingenuity appears to ordinary observers capable of finding the thief. He leaves not a trail or a trace. Every clue seems cut off; but the experience of a Detective guides him into tracks quite invisible to other eyes. Not long since, a trunk was rifled at a fashionable hotel. The theft was so managed, that no suspicion could rest on any one. The Detective sergeant who had been sent for, fairly owned, after making a minute examination of the case, that he could afford no hope of elucidating the mystery. As he was leaving the bed-room, however, in which the plundered portmanteau stood, he picked up an ordinary shirt-button from the carpet. He silently compared it with those on the shirts in the trunk. It did not match them. He said nothing, but hung about the hotel for the rest of the day. Had he been narrowly watched, he would have been set down for an eccentric critic of linen. He was looking out for a shirt-front or wristband without a button. His search was long and patient; but at length it was rewarded. One of the inmates of the house showed a deficiency in his dress, which no one but a Detective would have

noticed. He looked as narrowly as he dared at the pattern of the remaining fasteners. It corresponded with that of the little tell-tale he had picked up. He went deeper into the subject, got a trace of some of the stolen property, ascertained a connexion between it and the suspected person, confronted him with the owner of the trunk, and finally succeeded in convicting him of the theft. — At another hotel-robbery, the blade of a knife, broken in the lock of a portmanteau, formed the clue. The Detective employed in that case was for some time indefatigable in seeking out knives with broken blades. At length he found one belonging to an underwaiter, who proved to have been the thief.

The swell-mob — the London branch of which is said to consist of from one hundred and fifty to two hundred members — demand the greatest amount of vigilance to detect. They hold the first place in the "profession."

Their cleverness consists in evading the law; the most expert are seldom taken. One "swell," named Mr. Clark, had an iniquitous career of a quarter of a century, and never was captured during that time. He died a "prosperous gentleman" at Boulogne, whither he had retired to live on his "savings," which he had invested in house property. An old hand named White lived unharmed to the age of eighty; but he had not been prudent, and existed on the

contributions of the "mob," till his old acquaintances were taken away, either by transportation or death, and the new race did not recognise his claims to their bounty. Hence he died in a work-house. The average run of liberty which one of this class counts upon is four years.

The gains of some of the swell-mob are great. They can always command capital to execute any especial scheme. Their travelling expenses are large; for their harvests are great public occasions, whether in town or country. As an example of their profits, the exploits of four of them at the Liverpool Cattle Show some seven years ago, may be mentioned. The London Detective Police did not attend, but one of them waylaid the rogues at the Euston Station. After an attendance of four days, the gentlemen he was looking for appeared, handsomely attired, the occupants of first-class carriages. The Detective, in the quietest manner possible, stopped their luggage; they entreated him to treat them like "gentlemen." He did so, and took them into a private room, where they were so good as to offer him fifty pounds to let them go. He declined, and over-hauled their booty; it consisted of several gold pins, watches, (some of great value,) chains and rings, silver snuff-boxes, and bank-notes of the value of one hundred pounds! Eventually, however, as owners could not be found for some of the property, and some others would not pro-

secute, they escaped with a light punishment.

In order to counteract the plans of the swell-mob, two of the sergeants of the Detective Police make it their business to know every one of them personally. The consequence is, that the appearance of either of these officers upon any scene of operations is a bar to anything or anybody being "done." This is an excellent characteristic of the Detectives, for they thus become as well a Preventive Police. We will give an illustration:—

You are at the Oxford commemoration. As you descend the broad stairs of the Roebuck to dine, you overtake on the landing a gentleman of foreign aspect and elegant attire. The variegated pattern of his vest, the jetty gloss of his boots, and the exceeding whiteness of his gloves — one of which he crushes in his somewhat delicate hand — convince you that he is going to the grand ball, to be given that evening at Merton. The glance he gives you while passing, is sharp, but comprehensive; and if his eye does rest upon any one part of your person and its accessories more than another, it is upon the gold watch which you have just taken out to see if dinner be "due." As you step aside to make room for him, he acknowledges the courtesy with "*Par-r-r-don*," in the richest Parisian *gros parle*, and a smile so full of intelligence and courtesy, that you hope he speaks English, for you set him down as an agree-

able fellow, and mentally determine that if he dines in the Coffee-room, you will make his acquaintance.

On the mat at the stair-foot there stands a man. A plain, honest-looking fellow, with nothing formidable in his appearance, or dreadful in his countenance; but the effect his apparition takes on your friend in perspective, is remarkable. The poor little fellow raises himself on his toes, as if he had been suddenly overbalanced by a bullet; his cheek pales, and his lip quivers, as he endeavours ineffectually to suppress the word "*coquin!*" He knows it is too late to turn back (he evidently would, if he could), for the man's eye is upon him. There is no help for it, and he speaks first; but in a whisper. He takes the new comer aside, and all you can overhear is spoken by the latter, who says he insists on Monsieur withdrawing his "School" by the seven o'clock train.

You imagine him to be some poor wretch of a schoolmaster in difficulties; captured, alas, by a bailiff. They leave the inn together, perhaps for a sponging house. So acute is your pity, that you think of rushing after them, and offering bail. You are, however, very hungry, and, at this moment, the waiter announces that dinner is on table.

In the opposite box there are covers for four, but only three convives. They seem quiet men — not gentlemen, decidedly, but well enough behaved.

"What has become of Monsieur?" asks one. None of them can divine.

"Shall we wait any longer for him?"

"Oh, no — Waiter — Dinner!"

By their manner, you imagine that the style of the Roebuck is a "cut above them." They have not been much used to plate. The silver forks are so curiously heavy, that one of the guests, in a dallying sort of way, balances a prong across his fingers, while the chasing of the castors engages the attention of a second. This is all done while they talk. When the fish is brought, the third casts a careless glance or two at the dish cover, and when the waiter has gone for the sauce, he taps it with his nails, and says enquiringly to his friend across the table, "Silver?"

The other shakes his head, and intimates a hint that it is *only* plated. The waiter brings the cold punch, and the party begin to enjoy themselves. They do not drink much, but they mix their drinks rather injudiciously. They take sherry upon cold punch, and champagne upon that, dashing in a little port and bottled stout between. They are getting merry, not to say jolly, but not at all inebriated. The amateur of silver dish-covers has told a capital story, and his friends are revelling in the heartiest of laughs, when an apparition appears at the end of the table. You never saw such a change as his presence causes, when he places his knuckles on

the edge of the table and looks at the diners *seriatim*; the courtiers of the sleeping beauty suddenly struck somniferous were nothing to this change. As if by magic, the loud laugh is turned to silent consternation. You now, most impressively, understand the meaning of the term "dumb-founded." The mysterious stranger makes some enquiry about "any cash?"

The answer is "Plenty."

"All square with the landlord, then?" asks the same inflexible voice as — to my astonishment — that which put the Frenchman to the torture.

"To a penny," the reply.

"Quite square?" continues the querist, taking with his busy eye a rapid inventory of the plate.

"S' help me —"

"Hush!" interrupts the dinner spoiler, holding up his hand in a cautionary manner. "Have you done anything to-day?"

"Not a thing."

Then there is some more in a low tone; but you again distinguish the word "school," and "seven o'clock train." They are too old to be the Frenchman's pupils; perhaps they are his assistants. Surely they are not all the victims of the same *capias* and the same officer!

By this time the landlord, looking very nervous, arrives with his bill: then comes the head waiter, who clears the table; carefully counting the forks. The reckoning is paid, and the trio steal out of the room with the man

of mystery behind them, — like sheep driven to the shambles.

You follow to the Railway station, and there you see the Frenchman, who complains bitterly of being "sold for nothing" by his enemy. The other three utter a confirmative groan. In spite of the evident omnipotence of their persevering follower, your curiosity impels you to address him. You take a turn on the platform together, and he explains the whole mystery. "The fact is," he begins, "I am Sergeant Witchem, of the Detective police."

"And your four victims are?" —

"Members of a crack school of swell-mobsmen."

"What do you mean by 'school?'"

"Gang. There is a variety of gangs — that is to say, of men who 'work' together, who play into one another's hands. These gentlemen hold the first rank, both for skill and enterprise, and had they been allowed to remain would have brought back a considerable booty. Their chief is the Frenchman."

"Why do they obey your orders so passively?"

"Because they are sure that if I were to take them into custody, which I could do, knowing what they are, and present them before a magistrate, they would all be committed to prison for a month, as rogues and vagabonds."

"They prefer then to have lost no inconsiderable capital in dress and dinner, to being laid up in jail."

"Exactly so."

The bell rings, and all five go off into the same carriage to London.

This is a circumstance that actually occurred; and a similar one happened when the Queen went to Dublin. The mere appearance of one of the Detective officers before a "school" which had transported itself in the Royal train, spoilt their speculation; for they all found it more advantageous to return to England in the same steamer with the officer, than to remain with the certainty of being put in prison for fourteen or twenty-eight days as rogues and vagabonds.

So thoroughly well acquainted with these men are the Detective officers we speak of, that they frequently tell what they have been about by the expression of their eyes and their general manner. This process is aptly termed "reckoning them up." Some days ago, two skilful officers, whose personal acquaintance with the swell-mob is complete, were walking along the Strand on other business, when they saw two of the best dressed and best mannered of the gang enter a jeweller's shop. They waited till they came out, and, on scrutinising them, were convinced, by a certain conscious look which they betrayed, that they had stolen something. They followed them, and in a few minutes something was passed from one to the other. The officers were convinced, challenged them with the theft, and succeeded in

eventually convicting them of stealing two gold eye-glasses, and several jewelled rings. "The eye," said our informant, "is the great detector. We can tell in a crowd what a swell-mobsmen is about by the expression of his eye."

It is supposed that the number of persons who make a trade of thieving in London is not more than six thousand; of these, nearly two hundred are first-class thieves or swell-mobsmen; six hundred "macemen," and trade swindlers, bill-swindlers, dog-stealers, &c.; About forty burglars, "dancers," "garretteers," and other adepts with the skeleton-keys. The rest are pickpockets, "gonophs —" mostly young thieves who sneak into areas, and rob tills — and other pilferers.

To detect and circumvent this fraternity, is the science of thieftaking. Here, it is, however, impossible to give even an imperfect notion of the high amount of skill, intelligence, and knowledge, concentrated in the character of a clever Detective Policeman. We shall therefore finish the sketch in another paper.

THE BALLAD OF RICHARD BURNELL.

FROM his bed rose Richard Burnell
At the early dawn of day,
Ere the bells of London City
Welcomed in the morn of May.

Early on that bright May morning
Rose the young man from his bed,
He, the happiest man in London, —
And blithely to himself he said:

"When the men and maids are dancing,
And the folk are mad with glee,
In the Temple's shady gardens
Let me walk and talk with thee!"

"Thus my Alice spake last even,
Thus with trembling lips she spake,
And those blissful words have kept me
Through the live-long night awake.

"'T is a joy beyond expression,
When we first, in truth, perceive
That the love we long have cherished
Will not our fond hearts deceive!

"Never dared I to confess it,
Deeds of homage spoke instead;
True love is its own revealer,
She must know it! oft, I said.

"All my words, and all my actions,
But one meaning could impart;
Love can love's least sign interpret,
And she reads my inmost heart.

"And her good, old merchant father,
— Father he has been to me —
Saw the love growing up between us,
Saw — and was well-pleased to see.

"Seven years I truly served him,
Now my time is at an end —
Master is he now no longer,
Father will be — has been friend.

"I was left betimes an orphan,
Heir unto great merchant-wealth,
But the iron rule of kinsfolk
Dimmed my youth, and sapped my health.

"Death had been my early portion
Had not my good guardian come;
He, the father of my Alice,
And conveyed me to his home.

"Here began a new existence,
— Then how new the love of friends!
And for all the child's afflictions,
Each one strove to make amends.

"Late my spring-time came, but quickly,
Youth's rejoicing currents run,
And my inner life unfolded
Like a flower before the sun.

"Hopes, and aims, and aspirations,
Grew within the growing boy;
Life had new interpretation;
Manhood brought increase of joy.

"In and over all was Alice,
Life-infusing, like the spring;
My soul's soul! even joy without her
Was a poor and barren thing!

"And she spoke last eve at parting,
'When the folk are mad with glee,
In the Temple's pleasant gardens
Let me walk and talk with thee!'

"As she spoke, her sweet voice trem-
bled —
Love such tender tones can teach!
And those words have kept me waking,
And the manner of her speech!

"For such manner has deep meaning,"
Said young Burnell, blithe and gay; —
And the bells of London City
Pealed a welcome to the May.

Whilst the folk were mad with pleasure,
'Neath the elm-tree's vernal shade,
In the Temple's quiet gardens
Walked the young man and the maid.

On his arm her hand was resting,
And her eyes were on the ground;
She was speaking, he was silent;
Not a word his tongue had found.

"Friend beloved," she thus addressed him,
"I have faith and hope in thee!
Thou canst do what no one else can —
Thou canst be a friend to me!

"Richard, we have lived together
All these years of happy youth;
Have, as sister and as brother,
Lived in confidence and truth.

"Thou from me hast hid no feelings,
Thy whole heart to me is known;
I — I only have kept from thee
One dear, little thought alone.

"Have I wronged thee in so doing,
Then forgive me! but give ear,
'T is to bare my heart before thee
That I now am with thee here.

"Well thou know'st my father loves thee;
'T is his wish that we should wed, —
I shame not to speak thus frankly —
Wish, or *will* more justly said.

"But this cannot be, my brother,
Cannot be — 't were nature's wrong! —
I have said so to my father, —
But thou know'st his will is strong."

Not a word spake Richard Burnell;
Not a word came to his lips;
Like one tranced he stood and listened;
Life to him was in eclipse.

In a lower tone she murmured,
Murmured like a brooding dove,
"Know thou, — Leonard Woodvil loves
me, —
And — that he has won my love."

— Came a pause. The words she uttered
Seemed to turn him into stone,
Pale he stood and mute beside her,
And with blushes she went on.

"This is known unto my father; —
Leonard is well known to thee,
Thou hast praised him, praised him often —
Oh, how dear such praise to me!

"But my father, stern and steadfast,
Will not list to Leonard's prayer; —
And 't is only thou canst move him, —
Only thou so much canst dare.

"Tell my father firmly, freely,
That we only love each other —
'T is the truth, thou know'st it, Richard,
As a sister and a brother!

"Tell my father, if we wedded,
Thou and I, it would be guilt! —
Thus it is that thou canst aid us, —
And thou wilt — I know thou wilt!

"Yes, 't is thus that thou must aid us,
And thou wilt! — I say no more! —
We've been friends, but this will make us
Better friends than heretofore!"

Yet some moments he was silent;
His good heart was well nigh broke;
She was blinded to his anguish; —
And "I will!" at length he spoke.

They were wedded. "T was a wedding
That had far and nigh renown,
And from morning until even
Rang the bells of London town.

Time went on: the good, old merchant
Wore a cloud upon his brow:
"Wherefore this?" his friends addressed
him,
"No man should be blithe as thou!"

"In my old age I am lonely,"
Said the merchant; "she is gone; —
And young Burnell, he I nurtured,
He who was to me a son;

"He has left me! — I'm deserted —
E'en an old man feels such woe!
'T was but natural *she* should marry,
But *he* should not have served me so?

"'T was not that which I expected! —
He was very dear to me, —
And I thought no London merchant
Would have stood as high as he!

"He grew very strange and moody,
What the cause I cannot say; —
And he left me when my daughter,
My poor Alice went away!

"This I felt a sore unkindness; —
Youth thinks little, feels still less! —
Burnell should have stayed beside me,
Stayed to cheer my loneliness!

"I had been a father to him,
He to me was like a son;
Young folks should have more reflection, —
'T was what I could not have done!

"True, he writes me duteous letters;
Calls me father, tells me all
That in foreign parts are doing: —
But young people write so small,

"That I 'm often forced to leave them,
Pleasant letters though they be,
Until Alice comes from Richmond,
Then she reads them out to me.

"Alice fain would have me with her;
Leonard well deserves my praise —
But he's not my Richard Burnell,
Knows not my old wants and ways!

"No, my friends, I'll not deny it,
It has cut me to the heart,
That the son of my adoption
'Thus has played a cruel part!"

So the merchant mourned and murmured;
And all foreign charms unheeding,
Dwelt the lonely Richard Burnell,
With his bruised heart still bleeding.

Time went on, and in the spring-tide,
When the birds begun to build,
And the heart of all creation
With a vast delight was filled.

Came a letter unto Alice —
Then a babe lay on her breast —
'T was the first which Richard Burnell
Unto Alice had addressed.

Few the words which it contained,
But each word was like a sigh;
'I am sick and very lonely; —
Let me see thee ere I die!

"In this time of tribulation
Thou wilt be a friend to me:
Therefore in the Temple Gardens
Let me once more speak with thee."

Once more in the Temple Gardens
Sat they 'neath the bright blue sky
With the leafage thick around them,
And the river rolling by.

Pale and weak was Richard Burnell,
Gone all merely outward grace,
Yet the stamp of meek endurance
Gave sad beauty to his face.

Silent by his side sat Alice
Now no word her tongue could speak,
All her soul was steeped in pity,
And large tears were on her cheek.

Burnell spake; "Within these Gardens
Thy commands on me were laid,
And although my heart was breaking
Yet were those commands obeyed.

"What I suffered no one knoweth,
Nor shall know, I proudly said,
And, when grew the grief too mighty,
Then — there was no help — I fled.

"Yes, I loved thee, long had loved thee,
And alone the God above,
He, who at that time sustained me,
Knows the measure of my love!

"Do not let these words displease thee;
Life's sore battle will soon cease;
I have fallen amid the conflict,
But within my soul is peace.

"It has been a fiery trial,
But the fiercest pang it past;
Once more I am come amongst you —
Oh, stand by me at the last!

"Leonard will at times come to me,
And thy father, I will try
To be cheerful in his presence,
As I was in days gone by.

"Bitter had it been to leave him,
But in all my heart's distress,
The great anguish which consumed me,
Seemed to swallow up the less.

"Let me go! my soul is wearied,
No fond heart of me has need,
Life has no more duties for me; —
I am but a broken reed!

"Let me go, ere courage falleth,
Gazing, gazing thus on thee! —
But in life's last awful moment,
Alice! thou wilt stand by me!"

From her seat rose Alice Woodvil,
And in stedfast tones began,
Like a strong yet mourning angel,
To address the dying man.

"Not in death alone, my brother,
Would I aid thee in the strife,
I would fain be thy sustainer,
In the fiercer fight of life.

"With the help of God, thy spirit
Shall not sink an easy prey.
Oh, my friend, prayer is a weapon
Which can turn whole hosts away!

"God will aid thee! We will hold thee
By our love! — thou shalt not go! —
And from out thy wounded spirit,
We will pluck the thorns of woe.

"Say not life has no more duties
Which can claim thee! where are then,
All the sinners; the neglected;
All the weeping sons of men?

"Ah, my friend, hast thou forgotten
All our dreams of early days?
How we would instruct poor children,
How we would the fallen raise!

"God has not to me permitted,
Such great work of human love,
He has marked me out a lower
Path of duty where to move.

"But to thee, His chosen servant,
Is this higher lot allowed;
He has brought thee through deep waters,
Through the furnace, through the cloud;

"He has made of thee, a mourner
Like the Christ, that thou may'st rise,
To a purer height of glory,
Through the pangs of sacrifice!

"'Tis alone of his appointing,
That thy feet on thorns have trod;
Suffering, woe, renunciation,
Only bring us nearer God.

"And when nearest Him then largest
The enfurnished heart's embrace: —
It was Christ, the man rejected,
Who redeemed the human race.

"Say not then thou hast no duties; —
Friendless outcasts on thee call,
And the sick and the afflicted,
And the children, more than all.

"Oh, my friend, rise up and follow,
Where the hand of God shall lead;
He has brought thee through affliction,
But to fit thee for his need!"

— Thus she spoke, and as from midnight,
Springs the opal-tinted morn,
So, within his dreary spirit,
A new day of life was born.

Strength sublime may rise from weakness,
Groans be turned to songs of praise,
Nor are life's divinest labours,
Only told by length of days.

Young he died: but deeds of mercy,
Beautified his life's short span,
And he left his worldly substance,
To complete what he began.

A FEW FACTS ABOUT MATRIMONY.

MODERN science is invading all the old realms of whims and fancies, charms and witchcrafts, prejudices and superstitions. No kind of ignorance seems sacred from attack. The wise men of our generation are evidently bent beyond recall on finding out all things that may by possibility be discoverable, no matter what pains the search may impose. Not content with making lightning run messages, chemistry polish boots, and steam deliver parcels and passengers, the *savants* are

superseding the astrologers of old days, and the gipsies and wise women of modern ones, by finding out and revealing the hitherto hidden laws which rule that charming mystery of mysteries — that lode star of young maidens and gay bachelors — matrimony.

In the pages from 273 to 279 we gave a description of the facts made out by the returns of the Registrar-General on the subject of life and death in London and the Country. The office of that official has some other duties, however, beyond that of chronicling the business of mortality and birth in this land of ours. There is a third great heading in his tables, under which there are long lists of serious looking figures, and they tell, not in units, or in *fews*, like the back page of a newspaper, but in tens of thousands, how many marriages take place in England. And besides the mere number of these interesting events, these figures reveal what are found to be the laws regulating their frequency and other circumstances connected with them, such as how many couples are joined by the costly and unusual mode of special license; how many by ordinary license; how many (and they are the great majority) by the old English fashion of "out-asking" by banns; how many by the new systems introduced for the union of various classes of dissenters, at Registrars' offices, in registered places of worship; how many between Quakers and between Jews; and, beyond

all these particulars, how many young folks, hot of heart and full of courage, take the awful plunge into matrimony whilst "not of full age;" how many men reject the advice of Sir Roger de Coverley, and marry widows; and how many widows, like the wife of Bath, love matrimony so well that when once released from its bonds they tie themselves up in them again. The history of this registration of marriages is soon told. This plan of recording the matrimonial engagements of the country commenced in 1745, when the marriage act came into operation. Before that date marriages were performed clandestinely, and by such extraordinary persons that any correct record of their number was impossible. "Fleet marriages" are thus noticed by Smollett: — "There was a band of profligate miscreants, the refuse of the clergy, dead to every sentiment of virtue, abandoned to all sense of decency and decorum, for the most part prisoners for debt or delinquency, and indeed the very outcasts of human society, who hovered about the verge of the Fleet Prison to intercept customers, plying like porters for employment, and performed the ceremony of marriage without license or question, in cellars, garrets, or ale-houses, to the scandal of religion, and the disgrace of that order which they professed. The ease with which this ecclesiastical sanction was obtained, and the vicious disposition of those wretches open to the practices of

fraud and corruption, were productive of polygamy, indigence, conjugal infidelity, prostitution, and every curse that could embitter the married state. A remarkable case of this nature having fallen under the cognizance of the Peers (in 1758) in an appeal from an inferior tribunal, that House ordered the judges to prepare a new Bill for preventing such abuses; and one was accordingly framed, under the auspices of Lord Hardwick, at that time Lord High Chancellor of England."

"It underwent a great number of alterations and amendments, which were not effected without violent contest and altercation; at length, however, it was floated through both houses on the tide of a great majority, and steered into the safe harbour of royal approbation."

For seventy-seven years after the passing of this bill the number of marriages was collected with tolerable accuracy, and published in the Parish Register Abstracts. No other country has so valuable an abstract of tables. Since that time the Registrar-General's office has made this branch of our national statistics almost accurate.

Premising that the documents from which our statements are derived are the Annual Reports of the Registrar-General, of Births, Deaths, and Marriages, in England, issued — not for a short term, but during the last six years—that the observations extend over a still longer period — we may proceed

to cull out what appear to be the economical laws regulating matrimony, with any peculiarities characterising their operation amongst us. We would say the *general laws* — for individual peculiarities will, of course, influence individual matches. One young lady will secure the youth of her choice by force of beauty, or by mere weight of purse; managing mothers will get husbands for their girls, whatever wind may blow, or however trade or politics may influence the less fortunate or less clever world. The great beauty, the great talents, and the great wealth are the exceptions in the lottery of life. In speaking of matrimonial prospects we, like the Registrar-General, mean the prospects of the great family of twenty millions of souls that make up the population of this land we live in.

About a century ago, the marriages in London were under six thousand a-year — they are now four times as many. In all the country, the increase has been most remarkable in the Metropolis and in Manchester. In particular localities the proportion is found to differ. Thus Yorkshire, the seat of the Woollen manufactures and of prosperous agriculturists, appears to be the most marrying district of all England; Lancashire and Cheshire, the Cotton districts, coming next; and London third. Staffordshire and Worcestershire, Northamptonshire and Huntingdonshire stand next, followed by other counties more or less blessed by the presence of Hymen, but

descending gradually till we reach the matrimonial zero which is found in the agricultural parts of Middlesex. The average annual number of weddings is about one hundred and twenty-three thousand. It would help a winter night's amusement to decide how many pounds weight of Californian produce must be wanted for the rings? How many garlands of orange blossoms for the hair and bonnets of the brides? The probabilities of marriage, of course, vary; but the rule seems to hold, that about one in seventeen unmarried women, between the ages of fifteen and forty-five, are married in a year throughout the country. Marriages have their seasons. They are least numerous in winter, and most numerous after harvest in the December quarter; the births and deaths, on the contrary, are most numerous in the winter quarter ending in March, and least numerous in the summer quarter ending September. War diminishes marriages by taking great numbers of marriageable men away from their homes; whilst a return of peace increases marriages, when soldiers and sailors with small pensions are discharged. Trade and manufactures have also become more active in England on the cessation of wars, and the employment and wages thus induced, have contributed still more to add to the numbers of those entering the married state. The establishment of new, or the extension of old, employments promotes marriages; the cotton manufactures, the canals of the last century, the railways of the present day, are examples. Indeed, an increase of their incomes, is taken by the generality of the people for the beginning of perennial prosperity, and is followed by a multitude of marriages. There are only about fifteen persons married annually, for the first time, out of a thousand living. There are about five children born in wedlock to every marriage. The births now exceed the deaths in England, in about the proportion of three to two—three young subjects present themselves for Queen Victoria, in place of every two that pass away. "The number of marriages in a nation," says the Registrar, "perhaps fluctuates independently of external causes; but it is a fair deduction from the facts, that the marriage returns in England point to periods of prosperity, little less distinctly than the funds measure the hopes and fears of the money market. If the one is the barometer of credit, the other is the barometer of prosperity—a prosperity partly in possession, and still more in hope." The year 1845 was a great matrimonial year, the proportion of persons married being more than had been known in England for ninety years before. It was a season of great speculation, activity, and temporary prosperity. Three years before, in 1842, on the contrary, there was a great diminution in the number of weddings. It was a year of difficulty and high prices. Rather

more than ten per cent. of the persons married in 1845, had been married more than once. When food is dear, as in 1839, marriages are few; as food becomes cheap, as in 1845, marriages are many. When a cheap food year indicates a year of "marrying and giving in marriage," another sign is generally found; the price of consols indicates a condition of national affairs much more conducive to matrimonial arrangements, than young ladies would imagine. In what may be called the great English matrimonial period, the three per cents. were about par, instead of being about 88, as they were in the unfavourable season a short time before. When employment is plenty, trade active, and money *easy*, Doctors Commons becomes brisk, clergymen have long lists of banns to declare, and the Registrar's column of marriages fills up.

As an instance of the influence of the price of food and want of employment upon the number of marriages, let us take an illustration from the Registrar as to the period from 1792 to 1798. The weather was bad, the funds low, and bread excessively dear, and upon particular districts a change of fashion made the burthen fall with still additional weight. The "Church and King" riots broke out in July, 1791, in Birmingham; and the mob burnt Dr. Priestley's library, several houses, and some dissenting chapels; in May, 1792, they again rose, but the magistrates this time evinced some vigour, and

put a stop to the outrages. A staple manufacture of Birmingham had been subject to one of the mutations of fashion, which caused great distress; for it is recorded, that, on December 21st, 1791, "several respectable buckle-manufacturers from Birmingham, Walsall, and Wolverhampton, waited upon His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, with a petition setting forth the distressed situation of thousands in the different branches of the buckle-manufacture, from the fashion now, and for some time back, so prevalent, of wearing shoe-strings instead of buckles. His Royal Highness graciously promised his utmost assistance by his example and influence." After the recovery of George III. from his first illness, in 1789, an immense number of buckles were manufactured about Birmingham; Walsall among other places invested the greater part of its available wealth in the speculation. The king unfortunately went in the state procession to St. Paul's without buckles: and Walsall was nearly ruined. Shoe-strings gradually supplied the place of straps. The effect of this freak of fashion and speculation on the marriages of Birmingham was to reduce them most seriously; and it had probably more to do with the licentious Birmingham riots, than the more patent political agitation of the day. The disuse of wigs, buckles, buttons, and leather breeches at the close of the eighteenth century, is supposed to have affected the business of a million of people,

In 1765, the peace of London had been disturbed by the periwig-makers, who went in procession to petition the young king, "submitting to His Majesty's goodness and wisdom, whether his own example was not the only means of rescuing them from their distress, as far as it was occasioned by so many people wearing their own hair." When change of fashions influence unfavourably the employment of the people, and when, at the same time, influenced or increased by lack of work, their poverty increases, matrimony is at a discount. It is not simply the poorer classes, dependent on weekly wages for their support, who feel the influence of times of business activity, and allow it to impel them to matrimony. When the workman is busy, the trader makes profits, the landlord gets his rents, and all sections of the community feel the beneficial influence of a prosperous season. The number of those persons entirely removed from such social sympathies is very few; indeed, as a great rule, when the workmen are prosperous, all classes above them are thriving too: and when the one section of the great English family is influenced to matrimony in an unusual degree, the others feel the influence of the same law. When the reaction, a period of depression, arrives, the number of marriages declines, but they have never fallen back to their original numbers. A time of prosperity lifts up the total in a remarkable manner, and when the happy time

ceases, the number falls—but not equal to the level from which it sprung. It is to a certain degree a permanent increase.

As to the mode in which marriages are performed, it appears that nine out of ten take place according to the rites of the established church. The marriages by banns are about six times as numerous as those by license. Upon these weddings, by aid of Doctors Commons, there is, it seems, a vast sum of money spent; but who are the lucky men receiving it, does not appear very clearly, and the services they render for the cash is still more doubtful. There are about eighteen thousand licenses granted by Doctors Commons and by country surrogates every year. The usual cost of the license at Doctors Commons is 2*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.* There is 10*s.* 6*d.* additional for minors; and in the country, surrogates, it is said, obtain higher fees. At only 2*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*, the tax on eighteen thousand licenses is 47,250*l.* a year. The stamps on each license are 12*s.* 6*d.* Deducting this sum, the licenses to marry yield at least 36,000*l.* a year. The expense of granting licenses in a manner the most useful and convenient to the public would not be considerable; and it is not easy to see why the surplus revenue derivable from the tax, should not go into the public treasury, when a portion of the expenses of the registration of births, deaths, and marriages, is paid out of the Consolidated Fund. The aggregate

amount of charges for the General Register Office, at which all the returns of the country are examined, indexed, and analysed, and the Act is administered, was 13,794*l.* in 1846; and the six hundred and twenty-one superintendent registrars received 9097*l.* for examining certified copies. After discharging the expenses of the civil registration, defrayed by the Consolidated Fund, and the cost of the decennial census, a large surplus would be left, out of 47,250*l.* for licenses, to go to the public revenue of the country. And this would not interfere in the slightest degree with the marriage fees; which would continue to be paid to the officiating clergy. In the places of worship registered by Dissenters, there were not quite ten thousand marriages in one year; nearly four thousand in the same year took place in the Superintendent Registrar's offices; one hundred and eighty-four according to the rites of the Jews; and seventy-four marriages between Quakers. The only fortune-teller who can henceforth be believed, is the one who answers the question, "When will the wedding take place?" by saying, "When trade flourishes, and when bread is cheap."

CHIPS.

FROM MR. THOMAS BOVINGTON.

Long Hornets, June, 1850.

SIR,

I want to ask you a few questions, Mr. Conductor. In the first place—

What am I to do with my beasts? Those I got back from Smithfield, after two months' care and no small expense, have come round again, and I've got a few others ready for market; but *what* market? Country markets don't suit me, for I can't get my price at them; and, as you know, I would rather kill the cattle myself than send them to Smithfield.

Again, — What is the Royal Commission about? They have reported against Smithfield, and why don't Government shut it up? Isn't there Islington? Everything is ready there to open a market to-morrow. I can answer for that, for I was there yesterday and went over it. I inquired particularly about the drainage, for, if you remember, Brumpton told me they could not drain it. Well, perhaps they could not very conveniently when he was last there, but now they tell me that a thousand pounds would do the entire job. I'll tell you how: — You see the market stands about fifty-one feet above the Trinity highwater mark of the Thames. Well, close by, in the Southgate road, there is a new sewer, that runs into a regular system of sewers which drain Hoxton, Spitalfields, and all that part down to London bridge — and the cattle market being eighteen feet above the level of the Southgate sewer, it will only be requisite to cut a culvert into it, for the entire space to be drained out and out.

Now, my last question is this: Why don't the people belonging

to the Islington market make the necessary sewer at once? If they did, what excuse could government have for not shutting up Smithfield, and moving the cattle market to Islington?

I am, Sir,

Yours to command,
T. BOVINGTON.

THE OLD CHURCHYARD TREE.

A Prose Poem.

THERE is an old yew tree which stands by the wall in a dark quiet corner of the churchyard.

And a child was at play beneath its wide-spreading branches, one fine day in the early spring. He had his lap full of flowers, which the fields and lanes had supplied him with, and he was humming a tune to himself as he wove them into garlands.

And a little girl at play among the tombstones crept near to listen; but the boy was so intent upon his garland, that he did not hear the gentle footsteps, as they trod softly over the fresh green grass. When his work was finished, and all the flowers that were in his lap were woven together in one long wreath, he started up to measure its length upon the ground, and then he saw the little girl, as she stood with her eyes fixed upon him. He did not move or speak, but thought to himself that she looked very beautiful as she stood there with her flaxen ringlets hanging down upon her neck. The little girl was so startled

by his sudden movement, that she let fall all the flowers she had collected in her apron, and ran away as fast as she could. But the boy was older and taller than she, and soon caught her, and coaxed her to come back and play with him, and help him to make more garlands; and from that time they saw each other nearly every day, and became great friends.

Twenty years passed away. Again, he was seated beneath the old yew tree in the churchyard.

It was summer now; bright, beautiful summer, with the birds singing, and the flowers covering the ground, and scenting the air with their perfume.

But he was not alone now, nor did the little girl steal near on tiptoe, fearful of being heard. She was seated by his side, and his arm was round her, and she looked up into his face, and smiled as she whispered: "The first evening of our lives we were ever together was passed here: we will spend the first evening of our wedded life in the same quiet, happy place." And he drew her closer to him as she spoke.

The summer is gone; and the autumn; and twenty more summers and autumns have passed away since that evening, in the old churchyard.

A young man, on a bright moonlight night, comes reeling through the little white gate, and stumbling over the graves. He shouts and he sings, and is presently followed by others like unto himself, or worse. So, they all laugh at the

dark solemn head of the yew tree, and throw stones up at the place where the moon has silvered the boughs.

Those same boughs are again silvered by the moon, and they droop over his mother's grave. There is a little stone which bears this inscription: —

"HER HEART BRAKE IN SILENCE."

But the silence of the churchyard is now broken by a voice — not of the youth — nor a voice of laughter and ribaldry.

"My son! — dost thou see this grave? and dost thou read the record in anguish, whereof may come repentance?"

"Of what should I repent?" answers the son; "and why should my young ambition for fame relax in its strength because my mother was old and weak?"

"Is this indeed our son?" says the father, bending in agony over the grave of his beloved.

"I can well believe I am not;" exclaimeth the youth. "It is well that you have brought me here to say so. Our natures are unlike; our courses must be opposite. Your way lieth here — mine yonder!"

So the son left the father kneeling by the grave.

Again a few years are passed. It is winter, with a roaring wind and a thick grey fog. The graves in the churchyard are covered with snow, and there are great icicles in the churchporch. The wind now carries a swathe of snow along the tops of the graves, as

though the "sheeted dead" were at some melancholy play; and hark! the icicles fall with a crash and jingle, like a solemn mockery of the echo of the unseemly mirth of one who is now coming to his final rest.

There are two graves near the old yew tree; and the grass has overgrown them. A third is close by; and the dark earth at each side has just been thrown up. The bearers come; with a heavy pace they move along; the coffin heaveth up and down, as they step over the intervening graves.

Grief and old age had seized upon the father, and worn out his life; and premature decay soon seized upon the son, and gnawed away his vain ambition, and his useless strength, till he prayed to be borne, not the way yonder that was most opposite to his father and his mother, but even the same way they had gone — the way which leads to the Old Churchyard Tree.

SABBATH PARIAHS.

WE are overwhelmed with "Chips" from letter-writers, letter-senders, letter-receivers, letter-sorters, and post-office clerks. Our own office has become a post-office. It would seem as if all the letters that ought to have been written for delivery on several previous Sundays in the ordinary course, and by the agency of the great establishment in St. Martin's-le-Grand, have only not been

indited in order that we might be the sufferers. Doubtless, the other channels of public information have equally received in the course of each week the surplus of what would have been, but for the Plumptre and Ashley obstruction, Sunday letters. The public are in arms, and every arm has a pen at the end; every pen is dipped in the blackest ink of indignation, or is tinged with the milder tint of remonstrance.

Our most desperate remonstrants are provincial post-office clerks; for it would appear that Lord Ashley's outcasts from Sunday society have a worse chance of being received into it now than ever. Their labours are in many cases so heavy on Saturday nights, that they are obliged to lie in bed during the whole of church time on Sunday, to recover from their fatigues.

We select one from the heap, for publication. The writer gives a clear account of the hardships of a provincial post-office clerk before he was relieved from Sunday duty by the Royal mandate.

"Sir,

"For three years I was what you are pleased to call in your article on the 'Sunday Screw' a Post-Office Pariah, at an office in a most 'corresponding' town; my Sunday duties were as follows: — at four I rose, sorted my letters and newspapers, delivered them to the messengers, sorted and stamped (both sides) the letters

for the cross-country mails, swept out and dusted the place, then I went to my room again, had a nap, rose, washed, and dressed in my best; I came down to breakfast at eight, took a walk, till Church time, and amused myself till five in the afternoon, when I attended at the office and received letters till half-past six.

"I usually attended divine service; at eight I sorted and stamped the letters and dispatched the mails; at nine I had done my work; all this I did myself and never dreamed of being assisted. The rush of business is now, I understand, so great on the arrival of the Saturday afternoon mails, that every assistant and Post-Office clerk will wish Lord Ashley safely imprisoned in the Whited Sepulchres.

"Your, very obediently,
"EX-PARIAH."

Judging from the tone in which the earnest remonstrances from all kinds of people that pile our table are couched, we fear that, during the last few Sundays, the bulk of the disappointed public in the provinces has benefited very little by the change in a moral point of view. Vexation has, we fear, taken the place of that religious, calm, and beneficent state of mind in which the Sabbath ought to be passed. The object, therefore, of the promoters of the measure — increased veneration for the first day of the week — has failed; for of course their whole and sole object in the affair has

been the furtherance of the cause of religion, and not a desire to get quits with Mr. Rowland Hill for the calm, manly, triumphant manner in which he caused truth to vanquish them in the recent agitation on the same question.

DUST;

OR UGLINESS REDEEMED.

ON a murky morning in November, wind north-east, a poor old woman with a wooden leg was seen struggling against the fitful gusts of the bitter breeze, along a stony zigzag road full of deep and irregular cart-ruts. Her ragged petticoat was blue, and so was her wretched nose. A stick was in her left hand, which assisted her to dig and hobble her way along; and in her other hand, supported also beneath her withered arm, was a large rusty iron sieve. Dust and fine ashes filled up all the wrinkles in her face; and of these there were a prodigious number, for she was eighty-three years old. Her name was Peg Dotting.

About a quarter of a mile distant, having a long ditch and a broken-down fence as a foreground, there rose against the muddled-greysky, a huge Dust-heap of a dirty black colour, — being, in fact, one of those immense mounds of cinders, ashes, and other emptyings from dust-holes and bins, which have conferred celebrity on certain suburban neighbourhoods of a great city. Towards this dusky moun-

tain old Peg Dotting was now making her way.

Advancing towards the Dust-heap by an opposite path, very narrow and just reclaimed from the mud by a thick layer of freshly broken flints, there came at the same time Gaffer Doubleyear, with his bone-bag slung over his shoulder. The rags of his coat fluttered in the east-wind, which also whistled keenly round his almost rimless hat, and troubled his one eye. The other eye, having met with an accident last week, he had covered neatly with an oyster-shell, which was kept in its place by a string at each side, fastened through a hole. He used no staff to help him along, though his body was nearly bent double, so that his face was constantly turned to the earth, like that of a four-footed creature. He was ninety-seven years of age.

As these two patriarchal labourers approached the great Dust-heap, a discordant voice hallooed to them from the top of a broken wall. It was meant as a greeting of the morning, and proceeded from little Jem Clinker, a poor deformed lad whose back had been broken when a child. His nose and chin were much too large for the rest of his face, and he had lost nearly all his teeth from premature decay. But he had an eye gleaming with intelligence and life, and an expression at once patient and hopeful. He had balanced his misshapen frame on the top of the old wall, over which one shrivelled leg dangled, as if by the

weight of a hob-nailed boot that covered a foot large enough for a ploughman.

In addition to his first morning's salutation of his two aged friends, he now shouted out in a tone of triumph and self-gratulation, in which he felt assured of their sympathy — "Two white skins, and a tor'shell-un."

It may be requisite to state that little Jem Clinker belonged to the dead-cat department of the Dust-heap, and now announced that a prize of three skins, in superior condition, had rewarded him for being first in the field. He was enjoying a seat on the wall in order to recover himself from the excitement of his good fortune.

At the base of the great Dust-heap the two old people now met their young friend — a sort of great-grandson by mutual adoption — and they at once joined the party who had by this time assembled as usual, and were already busy at their several occupations.

But besides all these, another individual, belonging to a very different class, formed a part of the scene, though appearing only on its outskirts. A canal ran along at the rear of the Dust-heap, and on the banks of its opposite side slowly wandered by — with hands clasped and hanging down in front of him, and eyes bent vacantly upon his hands — the forlorn figure of a man in a very shabby great-coat, which had evidently once belonged to one in the position of a gentleman. And

to a gentleman it still belonged — but in *what* a position? A scholar, a man of wit, of high sentiment, of refinement, and a good fortune withal — now by a sudden "turn of law" bereft of the last only, and finding that none of the rest, for which (having his fortune) he had been so much admired, enabled him to gain a livelihood. His title-deeds had been lost or stolen, and so he was bereft of everything he possessed. He had talents, and such as would have been profitably available had he known how to use them for this new purpose; but he did not; he was misdirected; he made fruitless efforts, in his want of experience; and he was now starving. As he passed the great Dust-heap, he gave one vague, melancholy gaze that way, and then looked wistfully into the canal. And he continued to look into the canal as he slowly moved along, till he was out of sight.

A Dust-heap of this kind is often worth thousands of pounds. The present one was very large and very valuable. It was in fact a large hill, and being in the vicinity of small suburb cottages, it rose above them like a great black mountain. Thistles, groundsel, and rank grass grew in knots on small parts which had remained for a long time undisturbed; crows often alighted on its top, and seemed to put on their spectacles and become very busy and serious; flocks of sparrows often made predatory descents upon it; an old goose and gander might sometimes be seen following each

other up its side, nearly midway; pigs routed round its base, — and, now and then, one bolder than the rest would venture some way up, attracted by the mixed odours of some hidden marrow-bone enveloped in a decayed cabbage-leaf — a rare event, both of these articles being unusual oversights of the Searchers below.

The principal ingredient of all these Dust-heaps is fine cinders and ashes; but as they are accumulated from the contents of all the dust-holes and bins of the vicinity, and as many more as possible, the fresh arrivals in their original state present very heterogeneous materials. We cannot better describe them, than by presenting a brief sketch of the different departments of the Searchers and Sorters, who are assembled below to busy themselves upon the mass of original matters which are shot out from the carts of the dustmen.

The bits of coal, the pretty numerous results of accident and servants' carelessness, are picked out, to be sold forthwith; the largest and best of the cinders are also selected, by another party, who sell them to laundresses, or to braziers (for whose purposes coke would not do so well); and the next sort of cinders, called the *breeze*, because it is left after the wind has blown the finer cinders through an upright sieve, is sold to the brickmakers.

Two other departments, called the "soft-ware" and the "hard-ware," are very important. The

former includes all vegetable and animal matters — everything that will decompose. These are selected and bagged at once, and carried off as soon as possible, to be sold as manure for ploughed land, wheat, barley, &c. Under this head, also, the dead cats are comprised. They are, generally, the perquisites of the women searchers. Dealers come to the wharf, or dust-field, every evening; they give sixpence for a white cat, fourpence for a coloured cat, and for a black one according to her quality. The "hard-ware" includes all broken pottery, — pans, crockery, earthenware, oyster-shells, &c., which are sold to make new roads.

"The bones" are selected with care, and sold to the soap-boiler. He boils out the fat and marrow first, for special use, and the bones are then crushed and sold for manure.

Of "rags," the woollen rags are bagged and sent off for hop-manure; the white linen rags are washed, and sold to make paper, &c.

The "tin things" are collected and put into an oven with a grating at the bottom, so that the solder which unites the parts melts, and run through into a receiver. This is sold separately; the detached pieces of tin are then sold to be melted up with old iron, &c.

Bits of old brass, lead, &c., are sold to be melted up separately, or in the mixture of ores.

All broken glass vessels, as cruets, mustard-pots, tumblers,

wine-glasses, bottles, &c., are sold to the old-glass shops.

As for any articles of jewellery, — silver spoons, forks, thimbles, or other plate and valuables, they are pocketed off-hand by the first finder. Coins of gold and silver are often found, and many “coppers.”

Meantime, everybody is hard at work near the base of the great Dust-heap. A certain number of cart-loads having been raked and searched for all the different things just described, the whole of it now undergoes the process of sifting. The men throw up the stuff, and the women sift it.

“When I was a young girl,” said Peg Dotting —

“That’s a long while ago, Peggy,” interrupted one of the sisters: but Peg did not hear her.

“When I was quite a young thing,” continued she, addressing old John Doubleyear, who threw up the dust into her sieve, “it was the fashion to wear pink roses in the shoes, as bright as that morsel of ribbon Sally has just picked out of the dust; yes, and sometimes in the hair, too, on one side of the head, to set off the white powder and salve-stuff. I never wore ‘one of these head-dresses myself — don’t throw up the dust so high, John — but I lived only a few doors lower down from those as *did*. Don’t throw up the dust so high. I tell ‘ee — the wind takes it into my face.”

“Ah! There! What’s that?” suddenly exclaimed little Jem,

running, as fast as his poor withered legs would allow him, towards a fresh heap, which had just been shot down on the wharf from a dustman’s cart. He made a dive and a search — then another — then one deeper still. “I’m sure I saw it!” cried he, and again made a dash with both hands into a fresh place, and began to distribute the ashes and dust and rubbish on every side, to the great merriment of the rest.

“What did you see, Jemmy?” asked old Doubleyear, in a compassionate tone.

“Oh, I don’t know,” said the boy, “only it was like a bit of something made of real gold!”

A fresh burst of laughter from the company assembled followed this somewhat vague declaration, to which the dustmen added one or two elegant epithets, expressive of their contempt of the notion that *they* could have overlooked a bit of anything valuable in the process of emptying sundry dust-holes, and carting them away.

“Ah,” said one of the sisters, “poor Jem’s always a-fancying something or other good — but it never comes.”

“Didn’t I find three cats this morning!” cried Jem, “two on ‘em white ‘uns! How you go on!”

“I meant something quite different from the like o’ that,” said the other; “I was a-thinking of the rare sights all you three there have had, one time and another.”

The wind having changed and the day become bright, the party at work all seemed disposed to be

more merry than usual. The foregoing remark excited the curiosity of several of the sifters, who had recently joined the "company," the parties alluded to were requested to favour them with the recital; and though the request was made with only a half-concealed irony, still it was all in good-natured pleasantry, and was immediately complied with. Old Doubleyear spoke first.

"I had a bad night of it with the rats some years ago — they run'd all over the floor, and over the bed, and one on 'em come'd and guv a squeak close into my ear — so I couldn't sleep comfortable. I wouldn't ha' minded a trifle of it; but this was too much of a good thing. So, I got up before sunrise, and went out for a walk; and thinking I might as well be near our work-place, I slowly come'd down this way. I worked in a brickfield at that time, near the canal yonder. The sun was just a-rising up behind the Dust-heap as I got in sight of it; and soon it rose above, and was very bright; and though I had two eyes then, I was obligated to shut them both. When I opened them again, the sun was higher up; but in his haste to get over the Dust-heap, he had dropped something. You may laugh. I say he had dropped something. Well — I can't say what it was, in course — a bit of his-self, I suppose. It was just like him — a bit on him, I mean — quite as bright — just the same — only not so big. And not up in the sky, but a-lying and sparkling

all on fire upon the Dust-heap. Thinks I — I was a younger man then by some years than I am now — I'll go and have a nearer look. Though you be a bit o' the sun, maybe you won't hurt a poor man. So, I walked towards the Dust-heap, and up I went, keeping the piece of sparkling fire in sight all the while. But before I got up to it, the sun went behind a cloud — and as he went out-like, so the young 'un he had dropped, went out arter him. And I had my climb up the heap for nothing, though I had marked the place vere it lay very percizely. But there was no signs at all on him, and no morsel left of the light as had been there. I searched all about; but found nothing 'cept a bit o' broken glass as had got stuck in the heel of an old shoe. And that's my story. But if ever a man saw anything at all, I saw a bit o' the sun; and I thank God for it. It was a blessed sight for a poor ragged old man of three score and ten, which was my age at that time."

"Now, Peggy!" cried several voices, "tell us what you saw. Peg saw a bit o' the moon."

"No," said Mrs. Dotting, rather indignantly; "I'm no moon-raker. Not a sign of the moon was there, nor a spark of a star — the time I speak on."

"Well — go on, Peggy — go on."

"I don't know as I will," said Peggy.

But being pacified by a few good-tempered, though somewhat humorous, compliments, she thus fa-

voured them with her little adventure.

"There was no moon, nor stars, nor comet, in the 'versal heavens, nor lamp nor lantern along the road, when I walked home one winter's night from the cottage of Widow Pin, where I had been to tea, with her and Mrs. Dry, as lived in the almshouses. They wanted Davy, the son of Bill Davy the milkman, to see me home with the lantern, but I wouldn't let him 'cause of his sore throat. Throat! — no, it wasn't his throat as was rare sore — it was — no, it wasn't — yes, it was — it was his toe as was sore. His big toe. A nail out of his boot had got into it. I told him he'd be sure to have a bad toe, if he didn't go to church more regular, but he wouldn't listen; and so my words come'd true. But, as I was a-saying, I wouldn't let him light me with the lantern by reason of his sore throat — *toe*, I mean — and as I went along, the night seemed to grow darker and darker. A straight road, though, and I was so used to it by day-time, it didn't matter for the darkness. Hows'ever, when I come'd near the bottom of the Dust-heap as I had to pass, the great dark heap was so zackly the same as the night, you couldn't tell one from t' other. So, thinks I to myself — *what* was I thinking of at this moment? — for the life o' me I can't call it to mind; but that's neither here nor there, only for this, — it was a something that led me to remember the story of how the devil goes about like a

roaring lion. And while I was a-hoping he might not be out a-roaring that night, what should I see rise out of one side of the Dust-heap, but a beautiful shining star of a violet colour. I stood as still — as stock-still as any I don't-know-what! There it lay, as beautiful as a new-born babe, all a-shining in the dust! By degrees I got courage to go a little nearer — and then a little nearer still — for, says I to myself, I'm a sinful woman, I know, but I have repented, and do repent constantly of all the sins of my youth, and the backslidings of my age — which have been numerous; and once I had a very heavy backsliding — but that's neither here nor there. So, as I was a-saying, having collected all my sinfulness of life, and humbleness before heaven, into a goodish bit of courage, forward I steps — a little furdur — and a leetle furdur more — *un-till* I come'd just up to the beautiful shining star lying upon the dust. Well, it was a long time I stood a-looking down at it, before I ventured to do, what I arterwards did. But *at last* I did stoop down with both hands slowly — in case it might burn, or bite — and gathering up a good scoop of ashes as my hands went along, I took it up, and began a-carrying it home, all shining before me, and with a soft blue mist rising up round about it. Heaven forgive me! — I was punished for meddling with what Providence had sent for some better purpose than to be carried home by an old woman like me;

whom it has pleased heaven to afflict with the loss of one leg, and the pain, ixpinse, and inconvenience of a wooden one. Well — I was punished; covetousness had its reward; for, presently, the violet light got very pale, and then went out; and when I reached home, still holding in both hands all I had gathered up, and when I took it to the candle, it had turned into the red shell of a lobster's head, and its two black eyes poked up at me with a long stare, — and I may say, a strong smell, too, — enough to knock a poor body down."

Great applause, and no little laughter, followed the conclusion of old Peggy's story, but she did not join in the merriment. She said it was all very well for young folks to laugh, but at her age she had enough to do to pray; and she had never said so many prayers, nor with so much fervency, as she had done since she received the blessed sight of the blue star on the Dust-heap, and the chastising rod of the lobster's head at home.

Little Jem's turn now came; the poor lad was, however, so excited by the recollection of what his companions called "Jem's Ghost," that he was unable to describe it in any coherent language. To his imagination it had been a lovely vision, — the one "bright consummate flower" of his life, which he treasured up as the most sacred image in his heart. He endeavoured, in wild and hasty words, to set forth, how that he had been bred a chimney-sweep; that one

Sunday afternoon he had left a set of companions, most on 'em sweeps, who were all playing at marbles in the church-yard, and he had wandered to the Dust-heap, where he had fallen asleep; that he was awoke by a sweet voice in the air, which said something about some one having lost her way! — that he, being now wide awake, looked up, and saw with his own eyes a young Angel, with fair hair and rosy cheeks, and large white wings at her shoulders, floating about like bright clouds, rise out of the Dust! She had on a garment of shining crimson, which changed as he looked upon her to shining gold, then to purple and gold. She then exclaimed, with a joyful smile, "I see the right way!" and the next moment the Angel was gone!

As the sun was just now very bright and warm for the time of year, and shining full upon the Dust-heap in its setting, one of the men endeavoured to raise a laugh at the deformed lad, by asking him if he didn't expect to see just such another angel at this minute, who had lost her way in the field on the other side of the heap; but his jest failed. The earnestness and devout emotion of the boy to the vision of reality which his imagination, aided by the hues of sunset, had thus exalted, were too much for the gross spirit of banter, and the speaker shrunk back into his dust-shovel, and affected to be very assiduous in his work as the day was drawing to a close.

Before the day's work was end-

ed, however, little Jem again had a glimpse of the prize which had escaped him on the previous occasion. He instantly darted, hands and head foremost into the mass of cinders and rubbish, and brought up a black mash of half-burnt parchment, entwined with vegetable refuse, from which he speedily disengaged an oval frame of gold, containing a miniature, still protected by its glass, but half covered with mildew from the damp. He was in ecstasies at the prize. Even the white cat-skins paled before it. In all probability some of the men would have taken it from him "to try and find the owner," but for the presence and interference of his friends l'eg Dotting and old Doubleyear, whose great age, even among the present company, gave them a certain position of respect and consideration. So all the rest now went their way, leaving the three to examine and speculate on the prize.

These Dust-heaps are a wonderful compound of things. A banker's cheque for a considerable sum was found in one of them. It was on Herries and Farquhar, in 1847. But bankers' cheques, or gold and silver articles, are the least valuable of their ingredients. Among other things, a variety of useful chemicals are extracted. Their chief value, however, is for the making of bricks. The fine cinder-dust and ashes are used in the clay of the bricks, both for the red and grey stacks. Ashes are also used as fuel between the

layers of the clump of bricks, which could not be burned in that position without them. The ashes burn away, and keep the bricks open. Enormous quantities are used. In the brickfields at Uxbridge, near the Drayton Station, one of the brickmakers alone will frequently contract for fifteen or sixteen thousand chaldron of this cinder-dust, in one order. Fine coke or coke-dust, affects the market at times as a rival; but fine coal, or coal-dust, never, because it would spoil the bricks.

As one of the heroes of our tale had been originally — before his promotion — a chimney-sweeper, it may be only appropriate to offer a passing word on the genial subject of soot. Without speculating on its origin and parentage, whether derived from the cooking of a Christmas dinner, or the production of the beautiful colours and odours of exotic plants in a conservatory, it can briefly be shown to possess many qualities both useful and ornamental.

When soot is first collected, it is called "rough soot," which, being sifted, is then called "fine soot," and is sold to farmers for manuring and preserving wheat and turnips. This is more especially used in Herefordshire, Bedfordshire, Essex, &c. It is rather a costly article, being fivepence per bushel. One contractor sells annually as much as three thousand bushels; and he gives it as his opinion, that there must be at least one hundred and fifty times this quantity (four hundred and

fifty thousand bushels per annum) sold in London. Farmer Smut-wise, of Bradford, distinctly asserts that the price of the soot he uses on his land is returned to him in the straw, with improvement also to the grain. And we believe him. Lime is used to dilute soot when employed as a manure. Using it pure will keep off snails, slugs, and caterpillars, from peas and various other vegetables, as also from dahlias just shooting up, and other flowers; but we regret to add that we have sometimes known it kill, or burn up, the things it was intended to preserve from unlawful eating. In short, it is by no means so safe to use for any purpose of garden manure, as fine cinders and wood-ashes, which are good for almost any kind of produce, whether turnips or roses. Indeed, we should like to have one fourth or fifth part of our garden-beds composed of excellent stuff of this kind. From all that has been said, it will have become very intelligible why these Dust-heaps are so valuable. Their worth, however, varies not only with their magnitude (the quality of all of them is much the same), but with the demand. About the year 1820, the Marylebone Dust-heap produced between four thousand and five thousand pounds. In 1832, St. George's paid Mr. Stapleton five hundred pounds a year, not to leave the Heap standing, but to carry it away. Of course he was only too glad to be paid highly for selling his Dust.

But to return. The three

friends having settled to their satisfaction the amount of money they should probably obtain by the sale of the golden miniature-frame, and finished the castles which they had built with it in the air, the frame was again enfolded in the sound part of the parchment, the rags and rottenness of the law were cast away, and up they rose to bend their steps homeward to the little hovel where Peggy lived, she having invited the others to tea that they might talk yet more fully over the wonderful good luck that had befallen them.

"Why, if there isn't a man's head in the canal!" suddenly cried little Jem. "Looky there! — isn't that a man's head? — Yes; it's a drowneddd man?"

"A drowneddd man, as I live!" ejaculated old Doubleyear.

"Let's get him out, and see!" cried Peggy. "Perhaps the poor soul's not quite gone."

Little Jem scuttled off to the edge of the canal, followed by the two old people. As soon as the body had floated nearer, Jem got down into the water, and stood breast-high, vainly measuring his distance with one arm out, to see if he could reach some part of the body as it was passing. As the attempt was evidently without a chance, old Doubleyear managed to get down into the water behind him, and holding him by one hand, the boy was thus enabled to make a plunge forward as the body was floating by. He succeeded in reaching it; but the jerk

was too much for the weakness of his aged companion, who was pulled forwards into the canal. A loud cry burst from both of them, which was yet more loudly echoed by Peggy on the bank. Doubleyear and the boy were now struggling almost in the middle of the canal with the body of the man swirling about between them. They would inevitably have been drowned, had not old Peggy caught up a long dust-rake that was close at hand — scrambled down up to her knees in the canal — clawed hold of the struggling group with the teeth of the rake, and fairly brought the whole to land. Jem was first up the bank, and helped up his two heroic companions; after which, with no small difficulty, they contrived to haul the body of the stranger out of the water. Jem at once recognised in him the forlorn figure of the man who had passed by in the morning, looking so sadly into the canal, as he walked along.

It is a fact well known to those who work in the vicinity of these great Dust-heaps, that when the ashes have been warmed by the sun, cats and kittens that have been taken out of the canal and buried a few inches beneath the surface, have usually revived; and the same has often occurred in the case of men. Accordingly the three, without a moment's hesitation, dragged the body along to the Dust-heap, where they made a deep trench, in which they placed it, covering it all over up to the neck.

"There now," ejaculated Peggy, sitting down with a long puff to recover her breath, "he'll lie very comfortable, whether or no."

"Couldn't lie better," said old Doubleyear, "even if he knew it."

The three now seated themselves close by, to await the result.

"I thought I'd a lost him," said Jem, "and myself too; and when I pulled Daddy in arter me, I guv us all three up for this world."

"Yes," said Doubleyear, "it must have gone queer with us if Peggy had not come in with the rake. How d' yee feel, old girl; for you 've had a narrow escape too. I wonder we were not too heavy for you, and so pulled you in to go with us."

"The Lord be praised!" fervently ejaculated Peggy, pointing towards the pallid face that lay surrounded with ashes. A convulsive twitching passed over the features, the lips trembled, the ashes over the breast heaved, and a low moaning sound, which might have come from the bottom of the canal, was heard. Again the moaning sound, and then the eyes opened, but closed almost immediately. "Poor dear soul!" whispered Peggy, "how he suffers in surviving. Lift him up a little. Softly. Don't be afeared. We're only your good angels, like — only poor cinder-sifters — don'tee be afeared."

By various kindly attentions and manœuvres such as these poor people had been accustomed to practise on those who were taken

out of the canal, the unfortunate gentleman was gradually brought to his senses. He gazed about him, as well he might — now looking in the anxious, though begrimed, faces of the three strange objects, all in their “weeds” and dust — and then up at the huge Dust-heap, over which the moon was now slowly rising.

“Land of quiet Death!” murmured he, faintly, “or land of Life, as dark and still — I have passed from one into the other; but which of ye I am now in, seems doubtful to my senses.”

“Here we are, poor gentleman,” cried Peggy, “here we are, all friends about you. How did ’ee tumble into the canal?”

“The Earth, then, once more!” said the stranger, with a deep sigh. “I know where I am, now. I remember this great dark hill of ashes — like Death’s kingdom, full of all sorts of strange things, and put to many uses.”

“Where do you live?” asked Old Doubleyear; “shall we try and take you home, Sir?”

The stranger shook his head mournfully. All this time, little Jem had been assiduously employed in rubbing his feet and then his hands; in doing which the piece of dirty parchment, with the miniature-frame, dropped out of his breast-pocket. A good thought instantly struck Peggy.

“Run, Jemmy dear — run with that golden thing to Mr. Spikechin, the pawnbroker’s — get something upon it directly, and buy some nice brandy — and

some Godfrey’s cordial — and a blanket, Jemmy — and call a coach, and get up outside on it, and make the coachee drive back here as fast as you can.”

But before Jemmy could attend to this, Mr. Waterhouse, the stranger whose life they had preserved, raised himself on one elbow, and extended his hand to the miniature-frame. Directly he looked at it, he raised himself higher up — turned it about once or twice — then caught up the piece of parchment, and uttering an ejaculation, which no one could have distinguished either as of joy or of plain, sank back fainting.

In brief, this parchment was a portion of the title-deeds he had lost; and though it did not prove sufficient to enable him to recover his fortune, it brought his opponent to a composition, which gave him an annuity for life. Small as this was, he determined that these poor people, who had so generously saved his life at the risk of their own, should be sharers in it. Finding that what they most desired was to have a cottage in the neighbourhood of the Dust-heap, built large enough for all three to live together, and keep a cow, Mr. Waterhouse paid a visit to Manchester Square, where the owner of the property resided. He told his story, as far as was needful, and proposed to purchase the field in question.

The great Dust-Contractor was much amused, and his daughter — a very accomplished young lady

— was extremely interested. So the matter was speedily arranged to the satisfaction and pleasure of all parties. The acquaintance, however, did not end here. Mr. Waterhouse renewed his visits very frequently, and finally made proposals for the young lady's hand, she having already expressed her hopes of a propitious answer from her father.

"Well, Sir," said the latter, "you wish to marry my daughter, and she wishes to marry you. You are a gentleman and a scholar, but you have no money. My daughter is what you see, and she has no money. But I have; and therefore, as she likes you, and I like you, I'll make you both an offer. I will give my daughter twenty thousand pounds, — or you shall have the Dust-heap. Choose!"

Mr. Waterhouse was puzzled and amused, and referred the matter entirely to the young lady. But she was for having the money, and no trouble. She said the Dust-heap might be worth much, but they did not understand the business. "Very well," said her father, laughing, "then, there's the money."

This was the identical Dust-heap, as we know from authentic information, which was subsequently sold for forty thousand pounds, and was exported to Russia to rebuild Moscow.

THE GHOST OF ART.

I AM a bachelor, residing in rather a dreary set of chambers in the Temple. They are situated in a square court of high houses, which would be a complete well, but for the want of water and the absence of a bucket. I live at the top of the house, among the tiles and sparrows. Like the little man in the nursery-story, I live by myself, and all the bread and cheese I get — which is not much — I put upon a shelf. I need scarcely add, perhaps, that I am in love, and that the father of my charming Julia objects to our union.

I mention these little particulars as I might deliver a letter of introduction. The reader is now acquainted with me, and perhaps will condescend to listen to my narrative.

I am naturally of a dreamy turn of mind; and my abundant leisure — for I am called to the bar — coupled with much lonely listening to the twittering of sparrows, and the pattering of rain, has encouraged that disposition. In my "top set," I hear the wind howl, on a winter night, when the man on the ground floor believes it is perfectly still weather. The dim lamps with which our Honourable Society (supposed to be as yet unconscious of the new discovery called Gas) make the horrors of the staircase visible, deepen the gloom which generally settles on my soul when I go home at night.

I am in the Law; but not of it.

I can't exactly make out what it means. I sit in Westminster Hall sometimes (in character) from ten to four; and when I go out of Court, I don't know whether I am standing on my wig or my boots.

It appears to me (I mention this in confidence) as if there were too much talk and too much law — as if some grains of truth were started overboard into a tempestuous sea of chaff.

All this may make me mystical. Still, I am confident that what I am going to describe myself as having seen and heard, I actually did see and hear.

It is necessary that I should observe that I have a great delight in pictures. I am no painter myself, but I have studied pictures and written about them. I have seen all the most famous pictures in the world; my education and reading have been sufficiently general to possess me beforehand with a knowledge of most of the subjects to which a Painter is likely to have recourse; and, although I might be in some doubt as to the rightful fashion of the scabbard of King Lear's sword, for instance, I think I should know King Lear tolerably well, if it happened to meet with him.

I go to all the Modern Exhibitions every season, and of course I revere the Royal Academy. I stand by its forty Academical articles almost as firmly as I stand by the thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England. I am convinced that in neither case could there be, by any rightful possibility, one article more or less.

It is now exactly three years — three years ago, this very month (July, 1850) — since I went from Westminster to the Temple, one Thursday afternoon, in a cheap steam-boat. The sky was black, when I imprudently walked on board. It began to thunder and lighten immediately afterwards, and the rain poured down in torrents. The deck seeming to smoke with the wet, I went below; but so many passengers were there, smoking too, that I came up again, and buttoning my pea-coat, and standing in the shadow of the paddle-box, stood as upright as I could, and made the best of it.

It was at this moment that I first beheld the terrible Being, who is the subject of my present recollections.

Standing against the funnel, apparently with the intention of drying himself by the heat as fast as he got wet, was a shabby man in threadbare black, and with his hands in his pockets, who fascinated me from the memorable instant when I caught his eye.

Where had I caught that eye before? Who was he? Why did I connect him, all at once, with the Vicar of Wakefield, Alfred the Great, Gil Blas, Charles the Second, Joseph and his Brethren, the Fairy Queen, Tom Jones, the Decameron of Boccaccio, Tam O'Shanter, the Marriage of the Doge of Venice with the Adriatic, and the Great Plague of London? Why, when he bent one leg, and placed one hand upon the back of the seat near him, did my mind

associate him wildly with the words, "Number one hundred and forty-two, Portrait of a gentleman?" Could it be that I was going mad?

I looked at him again, and now I could have taken my affidavit that he belonged to the Vicar of Wakefield's family. Whether he was the Vicar, or Moses, or Mr. Burchill, or the Squire, or a conglomeration of all four, I knew not; but I was impelled to seize him by the throat, and charge him with being, in some fell way, connected with the Primrose blood. He looked up at the rain, and then — oh Heaven! — he became Saint John. He folded his arms, resigning himself to the weather, and I was frantically inclined to address him as the Spectator, and firmly demand to know what he had done with Sir Roger de Coverley.

The frightful suspicion that I was becoming deranged, returned upon me with redoubled force. Meantime, this awful stranger, inexplicably linked to my distress, stood drying himself at the funnel; and ever, as the steam rose from his clothes, diffusing a mist around him, I saw through the ghostly medium all the people I have mentioned, and a score more, sacred and profane.

I am conscious of a dreadful inclination that stole upon me, as it thundered and lightened, to grapple with this man, or demon, and plunge him over the side. But, I constrained myself—I know not how — to speak to him, and in

a pause of the storm, I crossed the deck, and said:

"What are you?"

He replied, hoarsely, "A Model."

"A what?" said I.

"A Model," he replied. "I sets to the profession for a bob a-hour." (All through this narrative I give his own words, which are indelibly imprinted on my memory.)

The relief which this disclosure gave me, the exquisite delight of the restoration of my confidence in my own sanity, I cannot describe. I should have fallen on his neck, but for the consciousness of being observed by the man at the wheel.

"You then," said I, shaking him so warmly by the hand, that I wrung the rain out of his coat-cuff, "are the gentleman whom I have so frequently contemplated, in connection with a high-backed chair with a red cushion, and a table with twisted legs."

"I am that Model," he rejoined moodily, "and I wish I was anything else."

"Say not so," I returned. "I have seen you in the society of many beautiful young women;" as in truth I had, and always (I now remembered) in the act of making the most of his legs.

"No doubt," said he. "And you've seen me along with wares of flowers, and any number of table-kivers, and antique cabinets, and various gammon."

"Sir?" said I.

"And various gammon," he repeated, in a louder voice. "You

might have seen me in armour, too, if you had looked sharp. Blessed if I ha'n't stood in half the suits of armour as ever came out of Pratt's shop; and sat, for weeks together, a eating nothing, out of half the gold and silver dishes as has ever been lent for the purpose out of Storrses, and Mortimerses, or Garrardses, and Davenport-seseses."

Excited, as it appeared, by a sense of injury, I thought he never would have found an end for the last word. But, at length it rolled sullenly away with the thunder.

"Pardon me," said I, "you are a well-favoured; well-made man, and yet — forgive me — I find, on examining my mind, that I associate you with — that my recollection indistinctly makes you, in short — excuse me — a kind of powerful monster."

"It would be a wonder if it didn't," he said. "Do you know what my points are?"

"No," said I.

"My throat and my legs," said he. "When I don't set for a head, I mostly sets for a throat and a pair of legs. Now, granted you was a painter, and was to work at my throat for a week together, I suppose you'd see a lot of lumps and bumps there, that would never be there at all, if you looked at me, complete, instead of only my throat. Wouldn't you?"

"Probably," said I, surveying him.

"Why, it stands to reason," said the Model. "Work another week at my legs, and it'll be the same

thing. You'll make 'em out as knotty and as knobby, at last, as if they was the trunks of two old trees. Then, take and stick my legs and throat on to another man's body, and you'll make a reg'lar monster. And that's the way the public gets their reg'lar monsters, every first Monday in May, when the Royal Academy Exhibition opens."

"You are a critic," said I, with an air of deference.

"I'm in an uncommon ill humour, if that's it," rejoined the Model, with great indignation. "As if it warn't bad enough for a bob a-hour, for a man to be mixing himself up with that there jolly old furniture that one 'ud think the public know'd the wery nails in by this time — or to be putting on greasy old ats and cloaks, and playing tambourines in the Bay o' Naples, with Wesuvius a smokin' according to pattern in the back-ground, and the wines a bearing wonderful in the middle distance — or to be unpolitely kicking up his legs among a lot o' gals, with no reason whatever in his mind, but to show 'em — as if this warn't bad enough, I'm to go and be thrown out of employment too!"

"Surely no!" said I.

"Surely yes," said the indignant Model. "BUT I'LL GROW ONE."

The gloomy and threatening manner in which he muttered the last words, can never be effaced from my remembrance. My blood ran cold.

I asked of myself, what was it that this desperate Being was re-

solved to grow? My breast made no response.

I ventured to implore him to explain his meaning. With a scornful laugh, he uttered this dark prophecy:

"I'LL GROW ONE. AND, MARK MY WORDS, IT SHALL HAUNT YOU!"

We parted in the storm, after I had forced half-a-crown on his acceptance, with a trembling hand. I conclude that something supernatural happened to the steam-boat, as it bore his reeking figure down the river; but it never got into the papers.

Two years elapsed, during which I followed my profession without any vicissitudes; never holding so much as a motion, of course. At the expiration of that period, I found myself making my way home to the Temple, one night, in precisely such another storm of thunder and lightning as that by which I had been overtaken on board the steam-boat — except that this storm, bursting over the town at midnight, was rendered much more awful by the darkness and the hour.

As I struck into my court, I really thought a thunderbolt would fall, and plough the pavement up. Every brick and stone in the place seemed to have an echo of its own for the thunder. The water-spouts were overcharged, and the rain came tearing down from the house-tops as if they had been mountain-tops.

Mrs. Parkins, my laundress — wife of Parkins the porter, then

newly dead of a dropsy — had particular instructions to place a bedroom candle and a match under the staircase lamp on my landing, in order that I might light my candle there, whenever I came home. Mrs. Parkins invariably disregarding all instructions, they were never there. Thus it happened that on this occasion I groped my way into my sitting-room to find the candle, and came out to light it.

What were my emotions when, underneath the staircase lamp, shining with wet as if he had never been dry since our last meeting, stood the mysterious Being whom I had encountered on the steam-boat in a thunderstorm, two years before! His prediction rushed upon my mind, and I turned faint.

"I said I'd do it," he observed, in a hollow voice, "and I have done it. May I come in?"

"Misguided creature, what have you done?" I returned.

"I'll let you know," was his reply, "if you'll let me in."

Could it be murder that he had done? And had he been so successful that he wanted to do it again, at my expense?

I hesitated.

"May I come in?" said he.

I inclined my head, with as much presence of mind as I could command, and he followed me into my chambers. There, I saw that the lower part of his face was tied up, in what is commonly called a Belcher handkerchief. He slowly removed this bandage, and ex-

posed to view a long dark beard, curling over his upper lip, twisting about the corners of his mouth, and hanging down upon his breast.

"What is this?" I exclaimed involuntarily, "and what have you become?"

"I am the Ghost of Art!" said he.

The effect of these words, slowly uttered in the thunder-storm at midnight, was appalling in the last degree. More dead than alive, I surveyed him in silence.

"The German taste came up," said he, "and threw me out of bread. I am ready for the taste now."

He made his beard a little jagged with his hands, folded his arms, and said,

"Severity!"

I shuddered. It was so severe.

He made his beard flowing on his breast, and, leaning both hands on the staff of a carpet-broom which Mrs. Parkins had left among my books, said:

"Benevolence."

I stood transfixed. The change of sentiment was entirely in the beard. The man might have left his face alone, or had no face. The beard did everything.

He laid down, on his back, on my table, and with that action of his head threw up his beard at the chin.

"That's death!" said he.

He got off my table and, looking up at the ceiling, cocked his beard a little awry; at the same

time making it stick out before him.

"Adoration, or a vow of vengeance," he observed.

He turned his profile to me, making his upper lip very bulgy with the upper part of his beard.

"Romantic character," said he.

He looked sideways out of his beard, as if it were an ivy-bush. "Jealousy," said he. He gave it an ingenious twist in the air, and informed me that he was carousing. He made it shaggy with his fingers — and it was Despair; lank — and it was avarice; tossed it all kinds of ways — and it was rage. The beard did everything.

"I am the Ghost of Art," said he. "Two bob a-day now, and more when it's longer! Hair's the true expression. There is no other. I SAID I'D GROW IT, AND I'VE GROWN IT, AND IT SHALL HAUNT YOU!"

He may have tumbled down stairs in the dark, but he never walked down or ran down. I looked over the bannisters, and I was alone with the thunder.

Need I add more of my terrific fate? It HAS haunted me ever since. It glares upon me from the walls of the Royal Academy, (except when MACLISE subdues it to his genius,) it fills my soul with terror at the British Institution, it lures young artists on to their destruction. Go where I will, the Ghost of Art, eternally working the passions in hair, and expressing everything by beard, pursues me. The prediction is

accomplished, and the Victim has no rest.

THE WONDERS OF 1851.

A CERTAIN Government office having a more than usual need of some new ideas, and wishing to obtain them from the collective mind of the country, consulted Mr. Trappem, the official solicitor—a gentleman of great experience—on the subject. “A new idea,” said he, “is not the only thing you will want; these new ideas, to be worth anything, must be reduced to practical demonstration, by models, plans, or experiments. This will cost much time, labour, and money, and be attended through its progress with many disappointments. The rule, therefore, is to *throw it open* to the public. Let the inventive spirits of the whole public be set to work; let them make the calculations, designs, models, plans; let them try all the experiments at their own expense; let them all be encouraged to proceed by those suggestions which are sure to excite the greatest hopes and the utmost emulation, without committing the Honourable Board to anything. When at length two or three succeed, then the Honourable Board steps in, and taking a bit from one, and a bit from another, but the whole, or chief part, from no one in a direct way, rejects them all individually and collectively, and escapes all claims and contingencies. A few com-

pliments, enough to keep alive hope, and at the same time keep the best men quiet, should finally be held out, and the competitors may then be safely left to long delays and the course of events. That’s the way.”

Too true, Mr. Trappem—that is the way; and many a Government office, or other imposing array of Committee-men, and Honourable Boards, have practised this same expedient upon the inventive genius and collective knowledge and talent of the public. The last instances which deserve to be recorded, not merely because they are the most recent, but rather on account of their magnitude and completeness, are the invitations to competitors for models and plans, issued by the Metropolitan Commissioners of Sewers,—and by the Commissioners of the Exhibition of Industry of all Nations.

In order to supersede prevaricating denials and evasions of what we have to say concerning the Metropolitan Commissioners of Sewers, it may be as well to premise that they have for some time adopted the cunning “fence” of a “Committee of Commissioners,” behind which the Commissioners make a dodge on all difficult, alarming, and responsible occasions. When all is safe, and clear, and sunshiny, it is the Commissioners who have done the thing; directly matters look awkward, and a bad business, the diplomatic bo-peeps leap away from the bursting clouds—and the Com-

mittee of Commissioners have done it all, for which the main body of the Right Honourable Board is by no means responsible. A similar manœuvre has been adopted by the Commissioners of the Exhibition of Industry, who have got two Committees to screen them.

Now, in the name of all worthily striving spirits, — of all those who have devoted their talents, time, and money to the production of models, designs, or plans, — of all those who have laboured hard by day or by night, perhaps amidst other arduous and necessary avocations, — in the name of all those, who, possessing real knowledge and skill, have naturally and inevitably been led to indulge in high hopes, if not of entire success, at least of fair play and of some advantage to themselves in reward, remuneration for reasonable and necessary expenses incurred, or, at any rate, in receiving honourable mention, — and, finally, in the name of common justice, we do most loudly and earnestly protest against all these and similar appeals to the collective intellect of the public, unless conducted upon some liberal and definite method of compensation for all eminently meritorious labours.

That one great prize — either as a substantial tribute, or in the exclusive adoption of an entire plan — should be awarded to one man, and that the half-dozen next to him in merit, perhaps equal or superior, should derive no benefit

at all, is manifestly a most clumsy and unjust arrangement. But when we find great appeals to the public, nobly answered, and yet *no one* work selected as the work desired, — *no one* rewarded — but every one *used* and got rid of — then, indeed, we see an abuse of that kind which ought to be most fully exposed, so that it may serve as a warning in future “to all whom it may concern.”

It is curious to observe how much more quickly some nations, as well as individuals, take a hint than others. Among the models and plans sent in answer to the public invitation of the Commissioners of the Exhibition of Industry, there are a great many, and of a most excellent kind, from our sprightly and sanguine friends, the French — while, notwithstanding the chief originator and patron is from the *Faderland*, not one of those who are more especially distinguished as entitled to the highest honours, is from Germany! Out of the eighteen names thus selected, no less than twelve are Frenchmen; four are English; one Austrian; and a solitary Dutchman. In all Prussia, there was not found one man to venture. It would seem as though they were aware of these tricks. But how is it that so few of our own countrymen are thus distinguished and complimented? Is it because they are deficient in the requisite talent, or do they not take sufficient interest in the matter? Surely neither of these reasons will be satisfactory to

account for the fact of our native architects and designers having been so palpably beaten at this first trial of skill. We shall probably be told that the best men of France have entered the lists in this competition; whereas our best men have stood aloof. Why is this? May it not be that "old birds are not caught with chaff?" Our best men are generally well employed, and it is not worth their while to waste their time in competitions which almost invariably end in so unsatisfactory a manner. The same thing occurred, and may be answered in the same way, with regard to the hundred and sixty or seventy Plans sent in for the Drainage of London. Our most eminent civil engineers stood aloof. A few very able men, it is true, entered into the contest with enthusiasm, at great expense of time, labour, and money, (one of them, Mr. J. B. McClean, spent nearly 500*l.* in surveys, &c.) but very few of them will ever do this again. Out of the two hundred and forty-five competitors who have sent designs and plans, in reply to the equally vague and formal invitation of the Commissioners of the Exhibition of 1851, not a single name of the hundred and sixty or seventy engineers, surveyors, architects, builders, &c., who sent in designs for the Drainage of London, is to be found either in List A, or List B, of those whom the Commissioners of the Exhibition have mentioned as entitled to honorary distinction. They were, no doubt, very

thoroughly sickened by the previous affair.

We have said that, at the very least, those who have sent in excellent designs should receive honourable mention. This is liberally bestowed by the Commissioners of the Exhibition on eighteen individuals; but that is not sufficient. Neither is the longer list of names, thus honoured, perfectly just, inasmuch as it excludes many whose plans display very great merit. As for the Commissioners of Sewers, the report they issued concerning the plans sent to them, was meagre and mean to the last degree. Its timidity at a just and decent compliment, absolutely amounted to the ludicrous. If they thanked anybody at all, the thanks seemed warily pushed towards the parties by the Solicitor of the Commission at the end of a long pole. They had not even a word of commendation to offer to two or three men who had sent in designs of the most comprehensive and original character, — designs which were, at least, as practicable as any of the "tunnel schemes," or others which they ventured, in their caustic way, to applaud. We would more especially mention the plans of Mr. Richard Dover, Mr. John Martin, Mr. John Sutton (*The Margin Sewer*), Mr. Jasper Rogers, Mr. William H. Smith (*Second Series*), and the one signed "*Nunc aut Nunquam*," which latter, for grandeur of conception, equals the very greatest works of ancient and modern times. Placed beside

such unmannerly treatment as this, and comparing the two reports, that of the Commissioners of the Exhibition reads like the production of gentlemen and scholars, beside the penurious reservations and dryness of the Commissioners of Sewers.

With regard, however, to the great superiority of foreign artists over our own in the present matter of competition, and our utter defeat in the first trial of the respective strength of Nations, some very excellent remarks have been put forth by the "Athenæum." "Let us see," says the writer, "if the men who did come up to this architectural battle have been fairly dealt with. It is essential to the integrity of a combat that it should be fought with the weapon prescribed. If one of two combatants bring a sword double the length of his adversary's, or a rifle to his rival's pistol, we should scarcely hold that the defeat of the latter is proof that he is inferior in fence or in aim." This is closely and fairly put. The answer must be, that our artists have *not* been fairly beaten. The advertisement of the Committee requested "information and suggestions" on the general form of the building in plan, &c., and they laid down rules and regulations to which "they earnestly requested the contributors to conform," declaring that they would not recognise any plans which were "sent in a form inconsistent with these rules." They were clearly defined. For instance — they directed that the com-

munications must consist of a single sheet of paper of given dimensions; that the drawing should be a simple ground-plan, also of limited dimensions; and that it should *only* contain "such elevations and sections of the building, on the same sheet, as might be necessary to elucidate the system proposed." Surely all this is clear enough.

Let us now see how some of the most successful of the competitors have attended to these conditions on which they were to enter the arena.

What extensive pleasure-grounds are those? — and adorned with such architectural displays? They are the work of Monsieur Cailloux. But, a little further on, we behold pleasure-grounds and architectural structures yet more ornate and refined. They are from the hand of Monsieur Charpentier. Further on, another, by Monsieur Cleemputte; and another by Monsieur Gaulle — a complicated work of thoughtful elaboration. Yet even these are destined to be surpassed by the luxurious fancies of other artists.

So far from denying or doubting that many of these designs are beautiful, we close our eyes, and see in imagination the exquisite magnificence of the structures into which no coarse and profane hands should dare to wheel or carry rude raw materials of any kind; there, everything must be finished to the highest degree of polished art and refined taste. Also, no lumbering pieces of

machinery or mechanism must risk doing injury to the walls, and pillars, and profusion of glass — no uncouth agricultural implements, or other tools of horny-handed Industry. Hither, let no enthusiasts in smoke-jacks, patent capstans, door-hinges, dock-gates, double-barred gridirons, humane chimney-sweeping apparatuses, peat-charcoal, bachelor's broilers, fire-annihilators, patent filters, portable kitchens, or electric telegraphs, dare to send their uncouth machinery and compounds; but only such things as are delicate of texture, rainbow-coloured, and exquisite to the smell, while the visitors (none of whom will be admitted except in full dress, and great numbers of whom will always appear in court dresses) perambulate about, gazing now on this side, and now on that, to the sound of the seraphine and Moorish flutes.

Let us awake from this charming vision; but it was natural to fall into it on such suggestions. Again we are in danger. For who can contemplate the elegant originality of Monsieur Jacquet (No. 25) without emotion, or a "wish to be there?" His ground-plan resembles a section of some enormous fan-light of painted glass, or like part of a gigantic Oriental fan, made of the plumes of some fabulous peacock. Nor must we pass over the suggestion of our countrymen, Messrs. Felix and White (No. 72), because they are not equally imaginative, for they certainly manifest very much and

excellent thought in their architectural display; though, like our foreign friends, no thought at all of the cost of such a work. The same may be said of the beautiful pleasure-grounds designed by Mr. Reilly (No. 102), with circular, oval, and serpentine garden-plots, flower-beds, and shrubberies, and labyrinthine walks or covered ways of glass.

But there are more — yet more of these delightful and deliberate violations of the terms on which competitors were to enter the lists — one vying with another, not in producing the most excellently useful and economical structure for the purpose required, but the most perfect exhibition of the artist's especial taste, "regardless of expense." Yes, there are more of these deserving notice. One competitor — nay, three of them — propose that the entire building should be made of iron, domes and towers inclusive; another, that it shall be all made of glass, such as we might find in an Arabian Nights' Tale. Monsieur Soyer, the mighty cook (No. 165), begins the synopsis of his design by proposing to take up, and remove the great marble arch from Buckingham Palace, as though it were a "trifle," and serve it up for a grand entrance opposite the Prince of Wales's Gate. Here, also, is a structure which arrests the attention even amidst the surrounding wonders, and appears to be several conservatories and libraries on a colossal scale of glass framework, delightfully intermingled with

domes and turrets, and observatories, with here and there minarets and pagodas, of the delicious character presented by those fragile structures which make such a tempting figure on the festive board, standing erect among the dessert-plates. Yet, once more, behold the prodigal laying out of palace-gardens, not to speak of the ante-industrial palace itself (which reminds one of Thomson's "Caste of Indolence"), gardens with alcoves and aviaries, and fountains, glass temples, green labyrinths, flower-beds and flower-stands, vases and *jets-d'eau*, sculpture, shrubberies, shaded lovers' walks, public promenades, with lords and ladies and princes and princesses, of all nations, sauntering about, and the clouds and sky of an Italian sunset lighting up and colouring the whole. For this, and similar *châteaux*, we are quite at a loss to conjecture the principle on which they present themselves on this occasion; but we have no doubt that they all belong to that munificent patron of art, and great landed proprietor, the Marquis of Carrabas.

Now, that our own architects are able to compete successfully with the best of our foreign friends in works of imaginative design, we do not affirm; neither, for the reasons previously adduced by the "Athenæum," do we consider ourselves justified in denying it, from the result of the present struggle. But for our own artists and others, who have confined

themselves to the terms and preliminaries announced by the Commissioners, have they succeeded? — that is the question. Not satisfactorily, we think. Our architects are, for the most part, impracticable, from the expense required, and the wilful forgetfulness that the building is to be of a temporary character; while our surveyors and builders have been thinking too much of railway-stations, not of that sober, simple, and sufficient kind which the occasion requires, but (according to the error in these stations) of that large, ornate, and redundant kind which is meant to be admired as much as used, and also to last for ages. This latter mistake is very characteristic of our countrymen. They do not feel, nor comprehend, the art of knocking up a temporary structure; they are always for something that will endure.

In certain matters requiring great skill and many forethoughts, most of these plans are not very successful. For instance, the prevention of terrible confusion and danger in the constant arrivals and departures of visitors — carriages, vehicles of all sorts, horsemen, and shoals of pedestrians. This relates to the approaches and entrances outside; and the position and approaches of the exit-doors inside; also, the best means of directing and managing the currents of visitors within. It seems pretty clear that everybody must not be allowed to follow his "own sweet will" in all respects, or there will be many a dead-lock,

and perhaps a deadly struggle, with all the usual disastrous consequences. Many of the plans seek to direct the current of visitors (indicated by shoals of little arrows with their heads pointing the same way) not so much for the convenience and freedom of the public, as in accordance with the architectural points to be displayed. Others appear to intend that the direction of the current shall be forced by the pressure from the column constantly advancing behind. This might be dangerous. The current might surely be managed so as to combine direction on a large scale with a considerable amount of individual freedom; and, in any case, the amount of pressure from the masses behind should be regulated by sectional barriers.

How to find your way out? This may be a question well worth consideration. Of course there will be a sufficient number of exit-doors; but if you have to walk and struggle through several miles of bazaar-counters or winding ways, amidst dense crowds, before you can discover a means of egress, your amount of pleasure is not likely to induce a second visit. Mr. Brandon for instance (No. 207), has beautiful domed temples and libraries (so they appear) or other "glass cases," while the ground-plan presents a series of circuitous batches of stalls, or bazaar-counters, not unlike large circles of sheep-pens, except that there is a free passage between them. Hence, the cur-

rents, or rather, the "rapids," of visitors must inevitably be going and coming, and jostling, and conflicting; and others arriving at a dead stand, and having no chance of progression, or retreat, without a "trial of strength," — the whole producing of necessity an inextricable maze and confusion, with an impossibility for a long time of finding a way out, even when able to move.

This question of the current of visitors, and of movement in general, is ingeniously settled by one gentleman, who proposes to have a railway along the grand central line, for the conveyance up and down of all sorts of goods and articles, heavy or light. We presume that the progress of the carriages and trucks would be very slow, so that the visitors, when fatigued, might, at their pleasure, step up to a seat, and be quietly conveyed along to any part of the line. This notion has, of course, been laughed at, and we confess to having amused ourselves considerably with the "train" of thought induced by it; but we are not sure, in the present state of mechanical science, whether something very commodious might not result from a modification of the idea. The fares, if any (and we think there should be a trifle paid to check reckless crowding), should not exceed a penny. The inventor will thus perceive that, if we have laughed, we have also sympathised, and are quite ready to get up and have a ride. One gentleman (Mr. C. H. Smith) pro-

poses to erect three octagonal vestibules, communicating with all principal compartments; the roof to be upheld by suspension chains. Cast-iron frames are to hold rough glass, laid in plates lapping over each other, like tiles. This is certainly a sensible provision against a hail-storm, which has occurred to no one else, amidst their prodigalities in glass.

But, amidst all these wonders of 1851, are there no plain, simple, practical plans sent in? There are a good many. Some of these are certainly not very attractive, presenting, as they do, the appearance of a superior kind of barracks, hospitals, alms-houses, nursery-grounds; and one of these plans is laid out entirely like a series of cucumber-frames, with shifting lights at top. There are, however, several of these sober designs which possess great practical merit, and have preserved a due consideration of the terms on which the competition was proposed. Of these, the Commissioners and Committees have availed themselves in all respects suited to their own views and wishes; and out of all these, combined with their own especial fancies, they seem likely to produce an interminable range of cast-iron cow-sheds, having (as a specimen of the present high state of constructive genius) an enormous slop-basin, of iron frame-work, inverted in the centre, as an attraction for the admiring eyes of all the nations.

But other problems have to be solved. The classification and arrangement of the raw materials, the manufactured articles, the machinery, and the works of plastic art, is a question of very great importance. It not only involves the things themselves, but their respective countries. Should the productions of each country be kept separate? This appears the natural arrangement, or how should any one make a study of the powers of any special country. Prince Albert, it seems, wishes otherwise. He thinks that a fusion of the productions of all nations will be more in accordance with the broad general principle of the Exhibition — more tending to amalgamate and fraternise one country with another. This feeling is excellent; but we fear it would cause an utter confusion, and amidst the heterogeneous masses, nobody would be able to make a study of the productions of any particular nation. An eminent civil engineer suggests that the productions of the respective countries should be ranged together from side to side of the entire width of the edifice — thus you can at once see the works of industry of England, France Germany, America, Switzerland, &c., &c., by walking up and down from one side to the other; and you can obtain a collective view of the works of all these countries by walking longitudinally, or from end to end of the building. To some such classification and arrangement as this, we think, the

Committee will be compelled to have recourse at last.

The other problem to which we adverted, is one which is not so liable to be solved as saturated with hot water, and then dragged from one quarter of the Metropolis to another before it is settled by some arbitrary decision. We allude to the spot on which the buildings of the Exhibition are to be erected. Hyde Park is not unlikely to be a subject of much contest. The latent idea of preserving the most important part of the "temporary" structure has alarmed all the drivers and riders in Hyde Park, and all those whose windows overlook it. And no wonder; — to say nothing of the crowds and stoppages outside the park, and the slough within, produced by the enormous traffic of heavy wheels, long before the Exhibition opens. Battersea Fields was next mentioned, and thought advantageous, not only from the open space they present, but the facilities of water-conveyance for goods and passengers. Still, the distance is rather against such a choice. It would probably reduce the number of times each visitor would go to the Exhibition, and, consequently, be a check upon the money taken at the doors. Hundreds of thousands flock daily to Greenwich during the Fair; but the argument will not hold good, in all respects, as regards the present question. Regent's Park has been named as more appropriate; but there is a strong and manifest objection to any interference with

that much-used place of public recreation. To cut up its green turf, and gravelled roads, would be even more monstrous than any spoliation of Hyde Park. No locality could be selected, perhaps, for such a purpose that would be perfectly free from all objections. Still we are so convinced of the multitude of inconveniences inevitably attendant on such an Exhibition in the midst of the Metropolis — and we feel so strongly the cool, high-handed injustice of parcelling out the public property at Court, and stopping up the public breathing-places, for any purpose — that we urge its removal to some spot out of the town, easily accessible both by railway and river.

"I WOULD NOT HAVE THEE YOUNG AGAIN."

I WOULD not have thee young again

Since I myself am old;
Not that thy youth was ever vain,
Or that my age is cold;
But when upon thy gentle face
I see the shades of time,
A thousand memories replace
The beauties of thy prime.

Though from thine eyes of softest blue
Some light hath passed away,
Love looketh forth as warm and true
As on our bridal day.
I hear thy song, and though in part
'Tis fainter in its tone,
I heed it not, for still thy heart
Seems singing to my own.

LITTLE MARY.

A TALE OF THE BLACK YEAR.

THAT was a pleasant place where I was born, though 'twas only a thatched cabin by the side of a mountain stream, where the country was so lonely, that in summer time the wild ducks used to bring their young ones to feed on the bog, within a hundred yards of our door; and you could not stoop over the bank to raise a pitcher full of water, without frightening a shoal of beautiful speckled trout. Well, 'tis long ago since my brother Richard, that's now grown a fine clever man, God bless him! — and myself, used to set off together up the mountain to pick bunches of the cotton plant and the bog myrtle, and to look for birds' and wild bees' nests. 'Tis long ago — and though I'm happy and well off now, living in the big house as own maid to the young ladies, who, on account of my being foster-sister to poor darling Miss Ellen, that died of decline, treat me more like their equal than their servant, and give me the means to improve myself; still at times, especially when James Sweeney, a dacent boy of the neighbours, and myself are taking a walk together through the fields in the cool and quiet of a summer's evening, I can't help thinking of the times that are passed, and talking about them to James with a sort of peaceful sadness, more happy maybe than if we were laughing aloud."

Every evening, before I say my

prayers, I read a chapter in the Bible that Miss Ellen gave me; and last night I felt my tears dropping for ever so long over one verse, — "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away." The words made me think of them that are gone — of my father, and his wife that was a true fond mother to me; and, above all, of my little sister Mary, the *clureen bawn** that nestled in her bosom.

I was a wild slip of a girl, ten years of age, and my brother Richard about two years older, when my father brought home his second wife. She was the daughter of a farmer up at Lackabawn, and was reared with care and decency; but her father held his ground at a rack-rent, and the middleman that was between him and the head landlord did not pay his own rent, so the place was ejected, and the farmer collected every penny he had, and set off with his family to America. My father had a liking for the youngest daughter, and well become him to have it, for a sweeter creature never drew the breath of life; but while her father passed for a *strong*** farmer, he was timorous-like about asking her to share his little cabin; however, when he found how matters stood, he didn't lose much time in finding out that she was willing to be his wife, and a mother to his

*. White dove, **. Rich.

boy and girl. *That* she was, a patient loving one. Oh! it often sticks me like a knife, when I think how many times I fretted her with my foolishness and my idle ways, and how 'twas a long time before I'd call her "mother." Often, when my father would be going to chastise Richard and myself for our provoking doings, especially the day that we took half-a-dozen eggs from under the hatching hen, to play "Blind Tom" with them, she'd interfere for us, and say, — "Tim, *aleagh*, don't touch them this time; sure 'tis only *arch* they are: they'll get more sense in time." And then, after he was gone out, she'd advise us for our good so pleasantly, that a thunder-cloud itself couldn't look black at her. She did wonders too about the house and garden. They were both dirty and neglected enough when she first came over them; for I was too young and foolish, and my father too busy with his out-door work, and the old woman that lived with us in service too feeble and too blind to keep the place either clean or decent; but my mother got the floor raised, and the green pool in front drained, and a parcel of roses and honey-suckles planted there instead. The neighbours' wives used to say "T was all pride and upsetting folly, to keep the kitchen-floor swept clean, and to put the potatoes on a dish, instead of emptying them out of the pot into the middle of the table; and, besides, 'twas a cruel unnatural thing, they said, to take away the pool from the

ducks, that they were always used to paddle in so handy. But my mother was always too busy and too happy to heed what they said; and, besides, she was always so ready to do a kind turn for any of them, that, out of pure shame, they had at last to leave off abusing her "fine English ways."

West of our house there was a straggling, stony piece of ground, where, within the memory of man, nothing ever grew but nettles, docks, and thistles. One Monday, when Richard and myself came in from school, my mother told us to set about weeding it, and to bring in some basketsful of good clay from the banks of the river: she said that if we worked well at it until Saturday, she'd bring me a new frock, and Dick a jacket, from the next market-town; and encouraged by this, we set to work with right good will, and didn't leave off till supper time. The next day we did the same; and by degrees, when we saw the heap of weeds and stones that we got out, growing big, and the ground looking nice and smooth and red and rich, we got quite anxious about it ourselves, and we built a nice little fence round it to keep out the pigs. When it was manured, my mother planted cabbages, parsnips, and onions in it; and, to be sure, she got a fine crop out of it, enough to make us many a nice supper of vegetables stewed with pepper, and a small taste of bacon or a red herring. Besides, she sold in the market as much as bought a Sunday coat for my

father, a gown for herself, a fine pair of shoes for Dick, and as pretty a shawl for myself, as e'er a colleen in the country could show at mass. Through means of my father's industry and my mother's good management, we were, with the blessing of God, as snug and comfortable a poor family as any in Munster. We paid but a small rent, and we had always plenty of potatoes to eat, good clothes to wear, and cleanliness and decency in and about our little cabin.

Five years passed on in this way, and at last little Mary was born. She was a delicate fairy thing, with that look, even from the first, in her blue eyes, which is seldom seen, except where the shadow of the grave darkens the cradle. She was fond of her father, and of Richard, and of myself, and would laugh and crow when she saw us, but *the love in the core of her heart* was for her mother. No matter how tired, or sleepy, or cross the baby might be, one word from *her* would set the bright eyes dancing, and the little rosy mouth smiling, and the tiny limbs quivering, as if walking or running couldn't content her, but she must fly to her mother's arms. And how that mother doted on the very ground she trod! I often thought that the Queen in her state carriage, with her son, God bless him! alongside of her, dressed out in gold and jewels, was not one bit happier than my mother, when she sat under the shade of the mountain ash near the door, in the hush of the summer's evening, singing and

cronauning her only one to sleep in her arms. In the month of October, 1845, Mary was four years old. That was the bitter time, when first the food of the earth was turned to poison; when the gardens that used to be so bright and sweet, covered with the purple and white potato blossoms, became in one night black and offensive, as if fire had come down from heaven to burn them up. 'T was a heart-breaking thing to see the labouring men, the crathurs! that had only the one half-acre to feed their little families, going out, after work, in the evenings to dig their suppers from under the black stalks. Spadeful after spadeful would be turned up, and a long piece of a ridge dug through, before they'd get a small kish full of such withered *crohauuneens*,* as other years would be hardly counted fit for the pigs.

It was some time before the distress reached us, for there was a trifle of money in the savings' bank, that held us in meal, while the neighbours were next door to starvation. As long as my father and mother had it, they shared it freely with them that were worse off than themselves; but at last the little penny of money was all spent, the price of flour was raised; and, to make matters worse, the farmer that my father worked for, at a pooreight-pence a day, was forced to send him and three more of his labourers away, as he couldn't afford to pay them even *that* any longer. Oh! 't was a sorrowful

* Small potatoes.

night when my father brought home the news. I remember, as well as if I saw it yesterday, the desolate look in his face when he sat down by the ashes of the turf fire that had just baked a yellow meal cake for his supper. My mother was at the opposite side, giving little Mary a drink of sour milk out of her little wooden piggin, and the child didn't like it, being delicate and always used to sweet milk, so she said:

"Mammy, won't you give me some of the nice milk instead of that?"

"I haven't it *asthore*, nor can't get it," said her mother, "so don't ye fret."

Not a word more out of the little one's mouth, only she turned her little cheek in towards her mother, and stayed quite quiet, as if she was hearkening to what was going on.

"Judy," said my father, "God is good, and sure 't is only in Him we must put our trust; for in the wide world I can see nothing but starvation before us."

"God is good, Tim," replied my mother; "He won't forsake us."

Just then Richard came in with a more joyful face than I had seen on him for many a day.

"Good news!" says he, "good news, father! there 's work for us both on the Droumcarra road. The government works are to begin there to-morrow; you 'll get eight-pence a day, and I 'll get six-pence."

If you saw our delight when we heard this, you 'd think 't was the

free present of a thousand pounds that came to us, falling through the roof, instead of an offer of small wages for hard work.

To be sure the potatoes were gone, and the yellow meal was dear and dry and chippy — it hadn't the *nature* about it that a hot potato has for a poor man; but still 'twas a great thing to have the prospect of getting enough of even that same, and not to be obliged to follow the rest of the country into the poor-house, which was crowded to that degree that the crathurs there — God help them! — hadn't room even to die quietly in their beds, but were crowded together on the floor like so many dogs in a kennel. The next morning my father and Richard were off before day-break, for they had a long way to walk to Droumcarra, and they should be there in time to begin work. They took an Indian meal cake with them to eat for their dinner, and poor dry food it was, with only a draught of cold water to wash it down. Still my father, who was knowledgeable about such things, always said it was mighty wholesome when it was well cooked; but some of the poor people took a great objection against it on account of the yellow colour, which they thought came from having sulphur mixed with it — and they said, Indeed it was putting a great affront on the decent Irish to mix up their food as if 't was for mangy dogs. Glad enough, poor creatures, they were to get it afterwards, when seaweed and nettles, and the very

grass by the roadside, was all that many of them had to put into their mouths.

When my father and brother came home in the evening, faint and tired from the two long walks and the day's work, my mother would always try to have something for them to eat with their porridge — a bit of butter, or a bowl of thick milk, or maybe a few eggs. She always gave me plenty as far as it would go; but 't was little she took herself. She would often go entirely without a meal, and then she'd slip down to the huckster's, and buy a little white bun for Mary; and I'm sure it used to do her more good to see the child eat it, than if she got a meat-dinner for herself. No matter how hungry the poor little thing might be, she'd always break off a bit to put into her mother's mouth, and she would not be satisfied until she saw her swallow it; then the child would take a drink of cold water out of her little tin porringer, as contented as if it was new milk.

As the winter advanced, the weather became wet and bitterly cold, and the poor men working on the roads began to suffer dreadfully from being all day in wet clothes, and, what was worse, not having any change to put on when they went home at night without a dry thread about them. Fever soon got amongst them, and my father took it. My mother brought the doctor to see him, and by selling all our decent clothes, she got for him whatever was wanting,

but all to no use: 't was the will of the Lord to take him to himself, and he died after a few days' illness.

It would be hard to tell the sorrow that his widow and orphans felt, when they saw the fresh sods planted on his grave. It was not grief altogether like the grand stately grief of the quality, although maybe the same sharp knife is sticking into the same sore bosom *inside* in both; but the *outside* differs in rich and poor. I saw the mistress a week after Miss Ellen died. She was in her drawing-room with the blinds pulled down, sitting in a low chair, with her elbow on the small work-table, and her cheek resting on her hand — not a speck of anything white about her but the cambric handkerchief, and the face that was paler than the marble chimney-piece.

When she saw me, (for the butler, being busy, sent me in with the luncheon-tray,) she covered her eyes with her handkerchief, and began to cry, but quietly, as if she did not want it to be noticed. As I was going out, I just heard her say to Miss Alice in a choking voice: —

"Keep Sally here always; our poor darling was fond of her." And as I closed the door, I heard her give one deep sob. The next time I saw her, she was quite composed: only for the white cheek and the black dress, you would not know that the burning feel of a child's last kiss had ever touched her lips.

My father's wife mourned for him after another fashion. She could not sit quiet, she must work hard to keep the life in them to whom he gave it; and it was only in the evenings when she sat down before the fire with Mary in her arms, that she used to sob and rock herself to and fro, and sing a low wailing keen for the father of the little one, whose innocent tears were always ready to fall when she saw her mother cry. About this time my mother got an offer from some of the hucksters in the neighbourhood, who knew her honesty, to go three times a week to the next market-town, ten miles off, with their little money, and bring them back supplies of bread, groceries, soap, and candles. This she used to do, walking the twenty miles — ten of them with a heavy load on her back — for the sake of earning enough to keep us alive. 'T was very seldom that Richard could get a stroke of work to do: the boy wasn't strong in himself, for he had the sickness too; though he recovered from it, and always did his best to earn an honest penny wherever he could. I often wanted my mother to let me go in her stead and bring back the load; but she never would hear of it, and kept me at home to mind the house and little Mary. My poor pet lamb! 't was little minding she wanted. She would go after breakfast and sit at the door, and stop there all day, watching for her mother, and never heeding the neighbours' children that used to come wanting her to play.

Through the live-long hours she would never stir, but just keep her eyes fixed on the lonesome *boreen*,* and when the shadow of the mountain-ash grew long, and she caught a glimpse of her mother ever so far off, coming towards home, the joy that would flush on the small patient face, was brighter than the sunbeam on the river. And faint and weary as the poor woman used to be, before ever she sat down, she 'd have Mary nestling in her bosom. No matter how little she might have eaten herself that day, she would always bring home a little white bun for Mary; and the child, that had tasted nothing since morning, would eat it so happily, and then fall quietly asleep in her mother's arms.

At the end of some months I got the sickness myself, but not so heavily as Richard did before. Any way, he and my mother tended me well through it. They sold almost every little stick of furniture that was left, to buy me drink and medicine. By degrees I recovered, and the first evening I was able to sit up, I noticed a strange wild brightness in my mother's eyes, and a hot flush on her thin cheeks — she had taken the fever.

Before she lay down on the wisp of straw that served her for a bed, she brought little Mary over to me: "Take her, Sally," she said — and between every word she gave the child a kiss — "Take her; she's safer with you than she'd

* By-road.

be with me, for you 're over the sickness, and 'tisin't long any way I 'll be with you, my jewel," she said, as she gave the little creature one long close hug, and put her into my arms.

'T would take long to tell all about her sickness — how Richard and I, as good right we had, tended her night and day; and how, when every farthing and farthing's worth we had in the world was gone, the mistress herself came down from the big house, the very day after the family returned home from France, and brought wine, food, medicine, linen, and everything we could want.

Shortly after the kind lady was gone, my mother took the change for death; her senses came back, she grew quite strong-like, and sat up straight in the bed.

"Bring me the child, Sally aleagh," she said. And when I carried little Mary over to her, she looked into the tiny face, as if she was reading it like a book.

"You won't be long away from me, my own one," she said, while her tears fell down upon the child like summer-rain.

"Mother," said I, as well as I could speak for crying, "sure you know I 'll do my best to tend her."

"I know you will, *acushla*; you were always a true and dutiful daughter to me and to him that 's gone; but, Sally, there 's *that* in my weeney one that won't let her thrive without the mother's hand over her, and the mother's heart for her's to lean against. And

now —." It was all she could say: she just clasped the little child to her bosom, fell back on my arm, and in a few moments all was over. At first, Richard and I could not believe that she was dead; and it was very long before the orphan would loose her hold of the stiffening fingers; but when the neighbours came in to prepare for the wake, we contrived to flatter her away.

Days passed on; the 'child was very quiet; she used to go as usual to sit at the door, and watch hour after hour along the road that her mother always took coming home from market, waiting for her that could never come again. When the sun was near setting, her gaze used to be more fixed and eager; but when the darkness came on, her blue eyes used to droop like the flowers that shut up their leaves, and she would come in quietly without saying a word, and allow me to undress her and put her to bed.

It troubled us and the young ladies greatly that she would not eat. It was almost impossible to get her to taste a morsel; indeed the only thing she would let inside her lips was a bit of a little white bun, like those her poor mother used to bring her. There was nothing left untried to please her. I carried her up to the big house, thinking the change might do her good, and the ladies petted her, and talked to her, and gave her heaps of toys and cakes, and pretty frocks and coats; but she hardly noticed them, and was rest-

less und uneasy until she got back to her own low sunny door-step.

Every day she grew paler and thinner, and her bright eyes had a sad fond look in them, so like her mother's. One evening she sat at the door later than usual.

"Come in, *alannah*," I said to her. "Won't you come in for your own Sally?"

She never stirred. I went over to her; she was quite still, with her little hands crossed on her lap, and her head drooping on her chest. I touched her — she was cold. I gave a loud scream, and Richard came running; he stopped and looked, and then burst out crying like an infant. Our little sister was dead!

Well, my Mary, the sorrow was bitter, but it was short. You're gone home to Him that comforts as a mother comforteth. *Agra machree*, your eyes are as blue, and your hair as golden, and your voice as sweet, as they were when you watched by the cabin-door; but your cheeks are not pale, *acushla*, nor your little hands thin, and the shade of sorrow has passed away from your forehead like a rain-cloud from the summer sky. She that loved you so on earth, has clasped you for ever to her bosom in heaven; and God himself has wiped away all tears from your eyes, and placed you both and our own dear father far beyond the touch of sorrow or the fear of death.

A GREAT MAN DEPARTED.

THERE was a festive hall with mirth resounding;
Beauty and wit, and friendliness surrounding;
With minstrelsy above, and dancing feet rebounding.

And at the height came news, that held suspended
The sparkling glass! — till slow the hand descended —
And cheeks grew pale and straight — and all the mirth was ended.

Beneath a sunny sky, 't was heard with wonder,
A flash had cleft a lofty tree asunder,
Without a previous cloud — and with no rolling thunder.

Strong was the stem — its boughs above all 'thralling —
And in its roots and sap no cankers galling —
Prosperity was perfect, while Death's hand was falling.

Man's body is less safe than any tree;
We build our ship in strong security —
A Finger, from the dark, points to the trembling sea.

Man, like his knowledge, and his soul's endeavour,
Is framed for no fixed altitude — but ever
Moves onward: the first pause, returns all to the Giver.

Riches and health, fine taste, all means of pleasure;
Success in highest efforts — fame's best treasure —
All these were thine, — o'ertopped — and overweighed the measure.

But in recording thus life's night-shade warning,
We hold the memory of thy kind heart's morning: —
Man's intellect is not man's sole nor best adorning.

THE ADVENTURES OF THE PUBLIC RECORDS.

"BURN all the records of the realm! *My* mouth shall be the parliament." Thus spoke Jack Cade; and it would appear from the manner in which the public records are at the present time "bestowed," that those who have had the stowing of them, cordially echo the sentiment. The historical, legal, and territorial archives of this country — believed to be, when properly arranged and systematised, the most complete and valuable in existence — are spread and distributed over six depositories. Some little description of three of these only, will show the jeopardy in which such records or the Wisdom of our ancestors, as we yet possess, are placed, and the adventures which have befallen many of them.

Many of the most valuable documents of the past — including the Chancery Records from the reign of John to Edward I. — are kept in the Tower of London. Some in the White and some in the Wakefield Tower, close to which is an hydraulic steam-engine in daily operation. The basement of the former contains tons of gunpowder, the explosion of which would destroy all Tower Hill, and change even the course of the Thames; while the fate of paper and parchment thrown up by such a volcano, it is not even possible to imagine. The White Tower is also replenished with highly inflammable ordnance

stores, tarpaulins carefully pitched, soldiers' kits, and all kinds of wood-work, among which common labourers not imbued with extra-carefulness are constantly moving about. That no risk may be wanting, an eye-witness relates that he has seen boiling pitch actually in flames, quite close to this repository. When the fire of the Tower *did* take place, its flames leaped and darted their dangerous tongues within forty feet of it. So alarmed were the authorities on that occasion, that this tower underwent a constant nocturnal shower-bath during the time the small Armoury was burning. But when the danger was over, though fire-proof barrack-houses were built for the soldiers, the records were still left to be lodged over the gunpowder.

Among the treasures in these ill-kept "keeps," are the logs and other Admiralty documents, state papers, and royal letters, many of which have never been consulted; because the manner in which they are stowed away rendered consultation impossible. They are, no doubt, silently waiting to clear up many of the disputed points, and to set right many of the false impressions and unmitigated untruths of history. Inquisitions — the antiquity of which may be guessed when we state that those up to the 14th of Richard II. have only yet been arranged in books — are also massed together ready for explosion or ignition. These are amongst the most curious of our ancient documents, being the

notes of the oldest of our legal rituals — the “Crown’s quest.” The Chancery proceedings and privy seals piled in the White Tower, are endless.

In the Rolls’ House, in Chancery Lane — which, with its chapel, was annexed by Edward III., in 1377, to the office of *Custos Rotulorum*, or Keeper of the Rolls — are located the Records of the Court of Chancery from that year to the present time. That every public document, wherever situated, may be rendered in as great jeopardy as possible, a temporary shed, like a navvy’s hut, has been recently knocked up for the Treasury papers in the Rolls’ Garden; other of the Records are quietly accommodated in the pews and behind the communion-table in the Rolls’ Chapel — a building which is heated by hot-air flues, in a manner similar to that which originated the burning of the Houses of Parliament.

Perhaps, however, our most valuable muniments repose in the Chapter-House of Westminster Abbey, a building still surrounded by the same facilities for fire as those which the late Charles Buller detailed to the House of Commons fourteen years ago. “Ever since 1732,” he said, “it had been reported to the House of Commons that there was a brewhouse and a washhouse at the back of the Chapter-House, where the Records were kept, and by which the Chapter-House was endangered by fire. In 1800, this brewhouse and this washhouse were again

reported as dangerous. In 1819, this brewhouse and washhouse again attracted the serious notice of the Commissioners. In 1831, it was thought expedient to send a deputation to the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, and to request His Majesty’s Surveyor General to report upon the perils of this brewhouse and washhouse, and endeavour to get the Dean and Chapter to pull them down. But the Dean and Chapter asserted the vested rights of the Church, and no redress was obtained against the brewhouse and washhouse. In 1833, another expedition, headed by the Right Honourable Sir R. Inglis, was made to the Chapter-House; but the right honourable baronet, desiring not to come into collision with the Church, omitted all mention of the brewhouse and washhouse. And thus the attention of the Commissioners had been constantly directed to this eternal brewhouse and this eternal washhouse, without any avail. There they still remain, as a monument of the inefficiency of the Commissioners, and of the great power and pertinacity of the Church of this country.” The newspaper reports of this speech end with “Loud laughter from all parts of the House.”

In the Chapter-House of Westminster Abbey, the Conqueror’s Domesday Book, an unequalled collection of treaties and state documents from the twelfth to the seventeenth centuries; others bearing upon the important events

during the York and Lancastrian wars, and excambial returns belonging to the English Crown, of the most minute and precise character, are still at the mercy of the brewhouse and washhouse. There is a little adventure connected with the proceedings of the Courts of Star Chamber which we must here introduce: — Their registries and records were kept in an apartment of the Royal Palace of Westminster from the time of the dissolution of the Courts. They were shifted from room to room at the mercy of the Officers of the Palace. Committees of the House of Commons from time to time examined them, and reported equally as to their value, and the dirt, confusion, and neglect in which they were set apart for the public use. But it was not till the fire in the Cottonian Library, in 1731, frightened the custodian, that an order from the Privy Council was obtained for the removal of these documents to the Chapter-House. This house also possesses a unique collection of the disused dies for coining; and when the Nepaulese Minister and his suite visited the Office, they were particularly attracted by these primitive dies, which were at once recognised as being now used in the north-west of India. There are the washhouse and the brewhouse still.

But the most monstrous instance furnished to us of the disregard and contempt in which our civil, political, legal, or ecclesiastical authorities hold the very pedigrees of their professional avocations, is

to be found in the ludicrously huge and unsuitable store-house called Carlton Ride — a low, brick-slatted roof, workhouse-looking building, at the east end of Carlton Terrace. Mr. Braidwood, the superintendent of the London Fire-Brigade, has pithily said, that "The Public Records in the Tower of London and Carlton Ride are exposed to risks of fire to which no merchant of ordinary prudence would subject his books of accounts." The protective staff of this establishment, besides the clerks and workmen during the day, consists of two soldiers, two policemen, and two firemen, four thousand gallons of water — a sort of open air bath at the top of the building — three rows of buckets, ready-charged fire-mains, two tell-tale clocks, five dark lanthorns, and a cat.

Carlton Ride was, originally, the Riding-House of the Prince of Wales's residence, Carlton House. Under it are arched store-houses for carriages and horse furniture; and these were used for the carriages and horses of the late good Queen Dowager. When a question was raised as to the capability of the structure to support the thousands of tons of records which were to be treasured therein, the district Clerk of the Works satisfied all enquiries by noticing the fact, that the strength of the building had been tested to the utmost during the Spa Fields riots, when it was occupied by the horses and ammunition-waggons of the Royal Artillery, packed to-

gether as close as they could stand.

To adapt the interior of this place for the public archives, the first process of building, and that only, was resorted to; — scaffolding was put up, so that, on entering this receptacle of the national records of Great Britain, the visitor finds himself in one of a series of gloomy, dimly-lighted, mouldy-smelling alleys, or stacks, of wooden scaffolding, the sides of which are faced with records, reaching to some thirty feet high. At first sight, it reminds him of an immense mediæval timber-yard, in which no business has been done since the time of the Tudors. Here two-thirds of our country's public and private history are huddled together; not with the systematic red tapery of a public office, but, — to use an expressive vulgarism — “anyhow.” Which ever way the eye turns, it meets reams of portfolios, piles of boxes, stacks of wills — rolls of every imaginable shape, like those of a baker — square, round, flat, oblong, short, and squat; some plaited like twopenny twists, others upright as rolls of tobacco; a few in thick convolutions, jammed together as if they were double Gloucester cheeses; there are heaps laid lengthwise, like mouldering coffins; some stacked up on end, like bundles of firewood, and others laid down, like the bottles in a wine-bin. The hay-loft which extends over the riding-school is similarly occupied, and all the racks, presses, shelves,

boxes, beams, and scaffolding, being of wood, Mr. Braidwood has good right for estimating that a fire would burn it up “like matches” in less than twenty minutes. That, however, there should be no accidental deficiency of combustibles, the riding-school was partitioned into two divisions, one side for the records of the Courts of Common Pleas and Exchequer, and the other for the domestic furniture, china, paintings, weapons of warfare of all kinds, books, prints, &c., belonging to Carlton House. It is evident that in the estimation of the powers that were, the records were classed with the other lumber. But this store of second-hand furniture could not take fire of itself; and that no chance might be lost, the functionary in charge of it, finding his half of the “ride” a dreary, comfortless, and cold place, even for a lumber store, warmed it by means of a large stove with a chimney-flue which perforated one side of the building. On several occasions he was observed during the winter months — particularly after meal-time — to be somnolently reposing by the stove, while the flue was judiciously emulating his example, by acquiring all the heat possible from the fire — and, indeed, once or twice its face was illumined by a red glow of satisfaction rather alarming to those in charge of the records, who witnessed it. Some five or six years ago, by the instigation of Lord Lincoln, who was then Chief Commissioner of Woods and

Forests, Prince Albert paid a visit to Carlton Ride, and after examining the furniture, &c., directed that it should be all removed, and that the remainder of the building should be given up for the records; consequently, a variety of important parchments were removed into it — chiefly ecclesiastical records, touching the property belonging to the religious houses dissolved in King Henry VIII.'s time, together with a most valuable and minute series of documents, relating to the receipt and expenditure of the royal revenue, from Henry II. down to Charles II. To these were added various Exchequer and Common Pleas records.

The water as well as the fire test of destruction has been also applied to our national muniments. The Common Pleas records previous to the coronation of George IV. were deposited in a long room, called "Queen Elizabeth's Kitchen," lying under the Old Court of Exchequer on the west side of Westminster Hall. This room was frequently flooded during the prevailing high tides of spring or autumn. Rats and vermin abounded, and neither candle nor soap could be kept in the rooms, although mere public documents were deemed quite safe there. The consequence was, that before these could be removed, the authorities had to engage in a little sporting. The rats had to be hunted out by means of dogs. We believe this was about the time that the ce-

lebrated dog "Billy" was in the height of fame; and we are not quite sure that his services were not secured for this great Exchequer Hunt. After several fine "bursts" the rats allowed the documents to be removed, and turned into a temporary wooden building, which was so intensely cold during winter time, that those wishing to make searches prepared themselves with clothing as if they were going on an Arctic expedition. Here mice abounded in spite of the temperature; and the candles, which the darkness of this den rendered necessary, were gradually consumed by them. But this light sort of food wanted a more consolidating diet, and they found a relishing *piece de resistance* in the prayer-book of the Court, a great portion of which they nibbled away. Ten years afterwards the records were packed off to the King's Mews, Charing Cross, into stables and harness lofts; and on the demolition of this building in 1835, Carlton Ride was selected as their resting-place. The records of the Queen's Remembrancer of the Exchequer (an officer who was presumed to preserve "memoranda or remembrances" of the condition of the royal exchequer) kept company with the Common Pleas muniments in their trials and journeyings.

At present, we repeat, the whole of the records of the three Courts, Queen's Bench, Exchequer, and Common Pleas, are located under the same roof at Carlton Ride. Such of the records as are in this

building are reasonably accessible to the public. Many of them are of intense interest. Fees only nominal in amount are imposed, to restrain inquisitive, troublesome, for merely idle inquirers; a restriction highly necessary against pedigree-hunters and lady-searchers. One poor deluded female, who fancied herself Duchess of Cornwall, and claimed the hereditary fee-simple of the counties of Devon and Cornwall, caused the employment of more clerks and messengers to procure the documents for her extravagant humours than any legion of lawyers' clerks hot with the business of term time. She begged, she implored, she raved, she commanded, she threatened, she cried aloud for "all the fines," for "all the recoveries," for "all the indentures of lease and release" touching the landed property of these two counties.

Pedigree-hunters abound. One of these requested to be allowed to remain among these founts of antiquity day and night. In his unwearied and invincible zeal he brought his meals with him, and declared that rest was out of the question until he was satisfied which of his ancestors were "Roberts," and which "Johns," from the time of the Seventh Henry. A hair-brained quack doctor has seriously asserted his claim to a large quantity of these public documents.

On the other hand, persons really interested in these records take no heed of them. Messrs.

Brown, Smith, and Tomkins buy and sell manors and advowsons, Waltons and Stokes, and Combes cum Tythings, without knowing or caring that there are records of the actual transfers of the same properties between the holders of them since the days of King John! There is no sympathy for these things, even with those who might fairly be presumed to have a direct interest in the preservation of them, or with the public at large. Out of many examples of this sort, we need only cite one from the "Westminster Review:" — The Duke of Bedford inherits the Abbey of Woburn, and its monastic rights, privileges, and hereditaments; and there are public records, detailing with the utmost minuteness the value of this and all the church property which "Old Harry" seized, and all the stages of its seizure; the preliminary surveys to learn its value; perhaps the very surrender of the monks of Woburn; the annual value and detail of the possessions of the monastery whilst the Crown held it; the very particulars of the grant on which the letters patent to Lord John Russell were founded; the enrolment of the letters patent themselves. But neither his Grace of Bedford, the duke and lay impropiator, nor his brother, the Prime Minister and the historian, have seemed to regard these important documents as worthy of safe keeping.

On public grounds, nothing was for a long time done, although, as Bishop Nicholson said in 1714,

"Our stores of Public Records are justly reckoned to excel in age, beauty, correctness, and authority, whatever the choicest archives abroad can boast of the like sort."

We are happy to perceive by the "Eleventh Report of the Deputy Keeper of the Public Records" that the work of arranging, repairing, cleaning, cataloguing, and rendering accessible these documents, proceeds diligently. But we are more happy to discover that the disastrous adventures of our Public Records are nearly at an end. The Deputy Keeper acknowledges "with extreme satisfaction the receipt of communications made to Lord Langdale from the Lords Commissioners of Your Majesty's Treasury, intimating that their Lordships propose to commence the building of the Repository so emphatically urged by his Lordship the Master of the Rolls, and so long desired; the site thereof to be the Rolls Estate, and the Building to be comprehended within the boundaries of such Estate, the said site being in all respects the best and most convenient which the Metropolis affords."

A MIGHTIER HUNTER THAN NIMROD.

A GREAT deal has been said about the prowess of Nimrod, in connexion with the chase, from the days of him of Babylon to those of the late Mr. Apperley of Shropshire; but we question whether,

amongst all the sporting characters mentioned in ancient or modern story, there ever was so mighty a hunter as the gentleman whose sporting calendar now lies before us.* The annals of the chase, so far as we are acquainted with them, supply no such instances of familiar intimacy with Lions, Elephants, Hippopotami, Rhinoceroses, Serpents, Crocodiles, and other furious animals, with which the human species in general is not very forward in cultivating an acquaintance.

Mr. Cumming had exhausted the Deer forests of his native Scotland; he had sighed for the rolling prairies and rocky mountains of the Far West, and was tied down to military routine as a Mounted Rifleman in the Cape Colony, when he determined to resign his commission into the hands of Government, and himself to the delights of hunting amidst the untrodden plains and forests of Southern Africa. Having provided himself with waggons to travel and live in, with bullocks to draw them, and with a host of attendants; a sufficiency of arms, horses, dogs, and ammunition, he set out from Graham's-Town, in October 1843. From that period his hunting adventures extended over five years, during which time he penetrated from various points and in various directions from his starting-place in lat. 33 down to lat. 20, and passed through districts upon which no European foot ever

* A Hunter's Life in South Africa. By R. Gordon Cumming, Esq., of Altyre.

before trod; regions where the wildest of wild animals abound — nothing less serving Mr. Cumming's ardent purpose.

A lion story in the early part of his book will introduce this fearless hunter-author to our readers better than the most elaborate dissection of his character. He is approaching Colesberg, the northernmost military station belonging to the Cape Colony. He is on a trusty steed, which he calls also "Colesberg." Two of his attendants on horseback are with him. "Suddenly," says the author, "I observed a number of vultures seated on the plain about a quarter of a mile ahead of us, and close beside them stood a huge lioness, consuming a blessbok which she had killed. She was assisted in her repast by about a dozen jackals, which were feasting along with her in the most friendly and confidential manner. Directing my followers' attention to the spot, I remarked, 'I see the lion;' to which they replied, 'Whar? whar? Yah! Almagtig! dat is he;' and instantly reining in their steeds and wheeling about, they pressed their heels to their horses' sides, and were preparing to betake themselves to flight. I asked them, what they were going to do? To which they answered, 'We have not yet placed caps on our rifles.' This was true; but while this short conversation was passing, the lioness had observed us. Raising her full round face, she overhauled us for a few seconds and then set off at a smart canter towards a

range of mountains some miles to the northward; the whole troop of jackals also started off in another direction; there was, therefore, no time to think of caps. The first move was to bring her to bay, and not a second was to be lost. Spurring my good and lively steed, and shouting to my men to follow, I flew across the plain, and, being fortunately mounted on Colesberg, the flower of my stud, I gained upon her at every stride. This was to me a joyful moment, and I at once made up my mind that she or I must die." The lioness soon after "suddenly pulled up, and sat on her haunches like a dog, with her back towards me, not even deigning to look round. She then appeared to say to herself, 'Does this fellow know who he is after?' Having thus sat for half a minute, as if involved in thought, she sprang to her feet, and facing about, stood looking at me for a few seconds, moving her tail slowly from side to side, showing her teeth, and growling fiercely. She next made a short run forwards, making a loud, rumbling noise like thunder. This she did to intimidate me; but, finding that I did not flinch an inch, nor seem to heed her hostile demonstrations, she quietly stretched out her massive arms, and lay down on the grass. My Hot-tentots now coming up, we all three dismounted, and drawing our rifles from their holsters, we looked to see if the powder was up in the nipples, and put on our caps. While this was doing, the lioness

sat up, and showed evident symptoms of uneasiness. She looked first at us, and then behind her, as if to see if the coast were clear; after which she made a short run towards us, uttering her deep-drawn murderous growls. Having secured the three horses to one another by their rheims, we led them on as if we intended to pass her, in the hope of obtaining a broadside; but this she carefully avoided to expose, presenting only her full front. I had given Stofolus my Moore rifle, with orders to shoot her if she should spring upon me, but on no account to fire before me. Kleinboy was to stand ready to hand me my Purdey rifle, in case the two-grooved Dixon should not prove sufficient. My men as yet had been steady, but they were in a precious stew, their faces having assumed a ghastly paleness; and I had a painful feeling that I could place no reliance on them. Now, then, for it, neck or nothing! She is within sixty yards of us, and she keeps advancing. We turned the horses' tails to her. I knelt on one side, and, taking a steady aim at her breast, let fly. The ball cracked loudly on her tawny hide, and crippled her in the shoulder; upon which she charged with an appalling roar, and in the twinkling of an eye she was in the midst of us. At this moment Stofolus's rifle exploded in his hand, and Kleinboy, whom I had ordered to stand ready by me, danced about like a duck in a gale of wind. The lioness sprang upon Colesberg, and

fearfully lacerated his ribs and haunches with her horrid teeth and claws; the worst wound was on his haunch, which exhibited a sickening, yawning gash, more than twelve inches long, almost laying bare the very bone. I was very cool and steady, and did not feel in the least degree nervous, having fortunately great confidence in my own shooting; but I must confess, when the whole affair was over, I felt that it was a very awful situation, and attended with extreme peril, as I had no friend with me on whom I could rely. When the lioness sprang on Colesberg, I stood out from the horses, ready with my second barrel for the first chance she should give me of a clear shot. This she quickly did; for, seemingly satisfied with the revenge she had now taken, she quitted Colesberg, and, slewing her tail to one side, trotted sulkily past within a few paces of me, taking one step to the left. I pitched my rifle to my shoulder, and in another second the lioness was stretched on the plain a lifeless corpse."

This is, however, but a harmless adventure compared with a subsequent escapade — not with one, but with six lions. It was the hunter's habit to lay wait near the drinking-places of these animals, concealed in a hole dug for the purpose. In such a place on the occasion in question, Mr. Cumming — having left one of three rhinoceroses he had previously killed as a bait — ensconced himself. Such a savage festival as

that which introduced the adventure, has never before, we believe, been introduced through the medium of the softest English and the finest hotpressed paper to the notice of the civilised public. "Soon after twilight," the author relates, "I went down to my hole with Kleinboy and two natives, who lay concealed in another hole, with Wolf and Boxer ready to slip, in the event of wounding a lion. On reaching the water I looked towards the carcass of the rhinoceros, and, to my astonishment, I beheld the ground alive with large creatures, as though a troop of zebras were approaching the fountain to drink. Kleinboy remarked to me that a troop of zebras were standing on the height. I answered, 'Yes,' but I knew very well that zebras would not be capering around the carcass of a rhinoceros. I quickly arranged my blankets, pillow, and guns in the hole, and then lay down to feast my eyes on the interesting sight before me. It was bright moonlight, as clear as I need wish, and within one night of being full moon. There were six large lions, about twelve or fifteen hyænas, and from twenty to thirty jackals, feasting on and around the carcasses of the three rhinoceroses. The lions feasted peacefully, but the hyænas and jackals fought over every mouthful, and chased one another round and round the carcasses, growling, laughing, screeching, chattering, and howling without any intermission. The hyænas did not

seem afraid of the lions, although they always gave way before them; for I observed that they followed them in the most disrespectful manner, and stood laughing, one or two on either side, when any lions came after their comrades to examine pieces of skin or bones which they were dragging away. I had lain watching this banquet for about three hours, in the strong hope that, when the lions had feasted, they would come and drink. Two black and two white rhinoceroses had made their appearance, but, scared by the smell of the blood, they had made off. At length the lions seemed satisfied. They all walked about with their heads up, and seemed to be thinking about the water; and in two minutes one of them turned his face towards me, and came on; he was immediately followed by a second lion, and in half a minute by the remaining four. It was a decided and general move, they were all coming to drink right bang in my face, within fifteen yards of me."

The hunters were presently discovered. "An old lioness, who seemed to take the lead, had detected me, and, with her head high and her eyes fixed full upon me, she was coming slowly round the corner of the little vley to cultivate further my acquaintance! This unfortunate coincidence put a stop at once to all further contemplation. I thought, in my haste, that it was perhaps most prudent to shoot this lioness, especially as none of the others had

noticed me. I accordingly moved my arm and covered her; she saw me move and halted, exposing a full broadside. I fired; the ball entered one shoulder, and passed out behind the other. She bounded forward with repeated growls, and was followed by her five comrades all enveloped in a cloud of dust; nor did they stop until they had reached the cover behind me, except one old gentleman, who halted and looked back for a few seconds, when I fired, but the ball went high. I listened anxiously for some sound to denote the approaching end of the lioness; nor listened in vain. I heard her growling and stationary, as if dying. In one minute her comrades crossed the vley a little below me, and made towards the rhinoceros. I then slipped Wolf and Boxer on her scent, and, following them into the cover, I found her lying dead."

Mr. Cumming's adventures with elephants are no less thrilling. He had selected for the aim of his murderous rifle two huge female elephants from a herd. "Two of the troop had walked slowly past at about sixty yards, and the one which I had selected was feeding with two others on a thorny tree before me. My hand was now as steady as the rock on which it rested, so, taking a deliberate aim, I let fly at her head, a little behind the eye. She got it hard and sharp, just where I aimed, but it did not seem to affect her much. Uttering a loud cry, she wheeled about, when I gave her the second ball, close behind the shoulder.

All the elephants uttered a strange rumbling noise, and made off in a line to the northward at a brisk ambling pace, their huge fanlike ears flapping in the ratio of their speed. I did not wait to load, but ran back to the hillock to obtain a view. On gaining its summit, the guides pointed out the elephants; they were standing in a grove of shady trees, but the wounded one was some distance behind with another elephant, doubtless its particular friend, who was endeavouring to assist it. These elephants had probably never before heard the report of a gun; and having neither seen nor smelt me, they were unaware of the presence of man, and did not seem inclined to go any further. Presently my men hove in sight, bringing the dogs; and when these came up, I waited some time before commencing the attack, that the dogs and horses might recover their wind. We then rode slowly towards the elephants, and had advanced within two hundred yards of them, when, the ground being open, they observed us, and made off in an easterly direction; but the wounded one immediately dropped astern, and next moment she was surrounded by the dogs, which, barking angrily, seemed to engross her attention. Having placed myself between her and the retreating troop, I dismounted, to fire within forty yards of her, in open ground. Colesberg was extremely afraid of the elephants, and gave me much trouble, jerking my arm when I tried to fire. At length I

let fly; but, on endeavouring to regain my saddle, Colesberg declined to allow me to mount; and when I tried to lead him, and run for it, he only backed towards the wounded elephant. At this moment I heard another elephant close behind; and on looking about I beheld the "friend," with uplifted trunk, charging down upon me at top speed, shrilly trumpeting, and following an old black pointer named Schwart, that was perfectly deaf, and trotted along before the enraged elephant quite unaware of what was behind him. I felt certain that she would have either me or my horse. I, however, determined not to relinquish my steed, but to hold on by the bridle. My men, who of course kept at a safe distance, stood aghast with their mouths open, and for a few seconds my position was certainly not an enviable one. Fortunately, however, the dogs took off the attention of the elephants; and just as they were upon me I managed to spring into the saddle, where I was safe. As I turned my back to mount, the elephants were so very near, that I really expected to feel one of their trunks lay hold of me. I rode up to Kleinboy for my double-barrelled two-grooved rifle: he and Isaac were pale and almost speechless with fright. Returning to the charge, I was soon once more alongside, and, firing from the saddle, I sent another brace of bullets into the wounded elephant. Colesberg was extremely unsteady, and destroyed the correct-

ness of my aim. The 'friend' now seemed resolved to do some mischief, and charged me furiously, pursuing me to a distance of several hundred yards. I therefore deemed it proper to give her a gentle hint to act less officiously, and accordingly, having loaded, I approached within thirty yards, and gave it her sharp, right and left, behind the shoulder; upon which she at once made off with drooping trunk, evidently with a mortal wound. Two more shots finished her: on receiving them she tossed her trunk up and down two or three times, and falling on her broadside against a thorny tree, which yielded like grass before her enormous weight, she uttered a deep hoarse cry and expired."

Mr. Cumming's exploits in the water are no less exciting than his land adventures. Here is an account of his victory over a hippopotamus, on the banks of the Limpopo river, near the northernmost extremity of his journeyings.

"There were four of them, three cows and an old bull; they stood in the middle of the river, and, though alarmed, did not appear aware of the extent of the impending danger. I took the sea-cow next me, and with my first ball I gave her a mortal wound, knocking loose a great plate on the top of her skull. She at once commenced plunging round and round, and then occasionally remained still, sitting for a few minutes on the same spot. On hearing the report of my rifle two of the others

took up stream, and the fourth dashed down the river; they trotted along, like oxen, at a smart pace as long as the water was shallow. I was now in a state of very great anxiety about my wounded sea-cow, for I feared that she would get down into deep water, and be lost like the last one; her struggles were still carrying her down stream, and the water was becoming deeper. To settle the matter I accordingly fired a second shot from the bank, which, entering the roof of her skull, passed out through her eye; she then kept continually splashing round and round in a circle in the middle of the river. I had great fears of the crocodiles, and I did not know that the sea-cow might not attack me. My anxiety to secure her, however, overcame all hesitation; so, divesting myself of my leathers, and armed with a sharp knife, I dashed into the water, which at first took me up to my arm-pits, but in the middle was shallower. As I approached Behemoth her eye looked very wicked. I halted for a moment, ready to dive under the water if she attacked me, but she was stunned, and did not know what she was doing; so, running in upon her, and seizing her short tail, I attempted to incline her course to land. It was extraordinary what enormous strength she still had in the water. I could not guide her in the slightest, and she continued to splash, and plunge, and blow, and make her circular course, carrying me along with her as if I was a fly on her tail.

Finding her tail gave me but a poor hold, as the only means of securing my prey, I took out my knife, and cutting two deep parallel incisions through the skin on her rump, and lifting this skin from the flesh, so that I could get in my two hands, I made use of this as a handle, and after some desperate hard work, sometimes pushing and sometimes pulling, the sea-cow continuing her circular course all the time and I holding on at her rump like grim Death, eventually I succeeded in bringing this gigantic and most powerful animal to the bank. Here the Bushman quickly brought me a stout buffalorheim from my horse's neck, which I passed through the opening in the thick skin, and moored Behemoth to a tree. I then took my rifle, and sent a ball through the centre of her head, and she was numbered with the dead."

There is nothing in "Waterton's Wanderings," or in the "Adventures of Baron Münchhausen" more startling than this "Waltz with a Hippopotamus!"

In the all-wise disposition of events, it is perhaps ordained that wild animals should be subdued by man to his use at the expense of such tortures as those described in the work before us. Mere amusement, therefore, is too light a motive for dealing such wounds and death Mr. Cumming owns to; but he had other motives, — besides a considerable profit he has reaped in trophies, ivory, fur, &c., he has made in his book some valuable contributions to the natural

history of the animals he wounded and slew.

CHIPS.

A MARRIAGE IN ST. PETERSBURG.

A FAIR Correspondent supplies us with the following "Chip" from St. Petersburg: —

In England we used to think the marriage ceremony, with all its solemn adjuncts, an impressive affair; but it is child's play when compared with the elaborate formalities of a Russian wedding. In England, the bride, though a principal, is a passive object; but in Russia she has, before and at the ceremony, to undergo as much physical fatigue and exertion as a prima donna who has to tear through a violent opera, making every demonstration of the most passionate grief. But you shall hear how they manage on these occasions.

The housekeeper of Mons. A., who has been in his service for eighteen years, and consequently no very youthful bride, took it into her head to marry a shoemaker, who, like his intended, is not remarkable for his personal beauty. Friday was fixed for the happy day, and about two in the afternoon I caught sight of the bride, weeping and wailing in a most doleful manner. I saw or heard no more of her till six in the evening, when she appeared in Mad. A.'s room, attired for the ceremony. Her dress was of dark silk, (she not

being allowed to wear white, in consequence of some early indiscretions,) with a wreath of white roses round her head, and a long white veil, which almost enveloped her. She sobbed, howled, went off into hysterics, and fainted; I felt excessively sorry for her, but did all my soothing in vain, for she refused to be comforted. As soon as she became calm, we all assembled in the drawing-room, and Mons. A.'s godson, a little fellow of five years old, entered the room first, bearing the patron saint, St. Nicholas, then came the bride, followed by her train of female friends. She knelt down before Mons. and Mad. A., and they each in turn held the image over her head, saying they blessed her, and hoped she would "go to her happiness." She kissed their feet frantically; and they then assisted her up, kissed her, and she was conducted weeping to the carriage.

On arriving at the church about half-past seven we were met by friends of the bridegroom, who stood at one end of the church, surrounded by his family, and every now and then casting anxious and tender looks at the beloved one, who was again howling and sobbing like a mad woman. I thought how painful it must be for him, poor man, to witness such distress, and wondered why she should marry any one for whom she manifested so much dislike. After administering restoratives, she became calmer, and the priests appeared — when off she

went again into a fit of hysterics more sudden, though not so violent as her previous performances; but, this time, was soon restored, and the ceremony commenced.

One priest stood at the altar, and two others at a kind of table or reading-desk at some distance. The un-happy couple were placed beside each other, behind the priests, who commenced chaunting the service in beautiful style. The bride and bridegroom held each a lighted wax taper in their hand; a little more chaunting, and rings were exchanged; more chaunting, and then a small piece of carpet was brought, upon which they both stood; two crowns were then presented to them, and after they had kissed the saint upon them, these were held over their heads by the bridesmen. More chaunting: then there was wine brought, which they were obliged to drink, first he and then she; they made three sups of it, though, at first, there appeared only about a wine-glassful; after this the Priest took hold of them and walked them round the church three times, the bridegroom's man following holding the crowns over their heads to the best of his ability; but he fell short of his duty, for the bridegroom was rather tall and his man rather short: hence there was some difficulty and slight awkwardness in this part of the proceedings; then followed a kind of exhortation, delivered in a very impressive manner by the senior Priest. After this, they proceeded to the altar, prostrated

themselves before it, kissing the ground with great apparent fervour; then all the saints on the wall were kissed, and lastly the whole of the party assembled. We then adjourned to the carriages, and after a quick ride soon found ourselves at home.

Here Monsieur and Madame A. performed the part of *Père et Mère*, met the bridal party, carrying the black bread and salt which is always given on such occasions. This was, with some words — a blessing, of course — waved over the heads of the newly married couple, who were on their knees kissing most vehemently the feet of their *Père et Mère*. After this ceremony, which means "May you never want the good here offered you," they arose, and again the kissing mania came upon the whole party with greater vehemence than ever. Nothing was heard for some time but the sound of lips; at length a calm came, and with it champagne, in which every one of them drank "Long life and happiness to the newly-wed pair," all striking their glasses till I thought there would be a universal smash, so violently were they carried away by their enthusiasm; then came chocolate, and lastly fruit.

As soon as the feasting was over, the dancing commenced with a Polonaise; the steward, a great man in the house, leading off the bride, who by this time had forgotten all her sorrows. About twenty couple followed, and away they went, through one room, out at another, until they had made

the whole circuit of the apartments.

Wleft them at half-past eleven, but they kept up the fun till five in the morning, when they conducted the happy pair to their dwelling.

Upon my expressing pity for the bride, and also my astonishment why she married a man who appeared so very repugnant to her, I learnt that she would not be considered either a good wife or a good woman unless she was led to the altar in a shower-bath of tears; in fact, in Russia, the more tears a woman sheds, the better her husband likes her!

A NEW JOINT-STOCK PANDEMONIUM COMPANY.

GAMING without risk, certainty in chance, Fortune showering her favours out of the dice-box, are promised by the promoters of a New Joint-Stock Company just set on foot in Paris, the prospectus of which now lies before us. This is nothing less than a society for the propagation of gambling in San Francisco; "capital, one hundred and fifty thousand francs, in three hundred shares of five hundred francs each, provisionally registered on May 10, 1850. Chief Office, No. 17, Rue Vivienne."

The promoters of this precious CERCLE DE SAN FRANCISCO declare that certainty will be the issue of this notable scheme, the essence of which is hazard. "There never was," they say, "an enterprise more sure of gain. Three years, with twelve dividends, paid

once a quarter, will produce enormous results. These have been accurately tested by the most conscientious (?) calculations, based on the produce of the German gaming-houses, and we have ascertained that each share of five hundred francs will yield an annual dividend of three thousand francs over and above interest at six per cent!"

The future House itself is thus painted in bright perspective: — "A fine house of wood, of two stories, with a magnificent coffee-room on the ground-floor; a vast saloon on the first-floor for two roulette-tables; on the second, apartments for the manager, the servants, and the officers; the whole completely furnished, with all necessary appurtenances for warming and lighting. Tables, implements, counters, iron coffers for the specie, &c., are to be immediately exported by a sailing vessel. M. Mauduit, the manager, will accompany these immense munitions, together with subordinates of known probity. M. Charles, chief-of-the-play at Aix, in Savoy, is to follow, as director of the expedition, at the end of October, by steamer. It is expected that preparations will be complete, so as to open the Cercle in San Francisco on the 31st December of this year."

Of all the bare-faced schemes that was ever presented to a French public, this is surely the most extravagant. There is nothing in *Jerome Patûrot* that equals it in impudence.

YOUTH AND SUMMER.

It is Summer. Day is now at its longest, the season at its brightest; and the heat comes down through the glowing heavens — broiling the sons of labour, but whitening the fields for the harvest. Like hapless Semele, consumed by the splendours of her divine lover, Earth seems about to perish beneath the ardent glances of the God of Day. The sun comes bowling from the Tropics to visit the Hyperboreans. The strange phenomenon of the Polar day — when for six months he keeps careering through the sky, without a single rising or setting, rolling like a fiery ball along the edge of the horizon, glittering like a thousand diamonds on the fields of ice — is now melting the snows that hide the lichens, the rein-deer's food; and, quivering down through the azure shallows of the Greenland coast, infuses the fire of love and the lust for roaming into the "scaly myriads" of the herring tribe.

On ourselves, the Summer sun is shining, glowing — robing in gold the declining days of July, and taking her starry jewels from the crown of Night — nay, lifting the diadem from her sable brow, and invading the skies of midnight with his lingering beams. Oh, what a glory in those evening skies! The sun, just set, brings out the summits of the far-off hills sharp and black against his amber light: Nature is dreaming; yonder sea is calm as if it had never known a storm. It is the hour of Reverie:

old memories, half-forgotten poetry, come floating like dreams into the soul. We wander in thought to the lonely Greek Isle, where Juan and Haidee are roaming with encircling arms upon the silvery sands, or gaze in love's reverie from the deserted banquet-room upon the slumbering waters of the Ægean. We see the mariner resting on his oars within the shadow of Ætna, and hear the "Ave Sanctissima" rising in solemn cadence from the waveless sea. We stand beneath the lovely skies of Italy — we rest on the woody slopes of the Apennines, where the bell of some distant convent is proclaiming sundown, and the vesper hymn floats on the rosy stillness, a vocal prayer.

"Ave Maria! blessed be the hour,
The time, the clime, the spot where I
so oft
Have felt that moment in its fullest power
Sink o'er the earth so beautiful and soft;
While swung the deep bell in the distant
tower,
And the faint dying day-hymn stole
aloft;
While not a breath stole through the
rosy air,
And yet the forest leaves seem'd stirr'd
with prayer!"

Study is impossible in the Summer evenings — those long, clear, mellow nights, when the Evening Star hangs like a diamond lamp in the amber skies of the West, and the hushed air seems waiting for serenades. The very charm of our Study is then our ruin. Whenever we lift our eyes from the page, we look clear away, as from a lofty turret, upon the ever-shifting glories of sunset, where far-off

mountains form the magic horizon, and a wide arm of the sea sleeps calmly between, reflecting the skyey splendours. Our heart is not in our task. There is a vague yearning within us, for happiness more ethereal than any we have yet beheld, a happiness which the eye cannot figure, which only the soul can feel — it is the Spirit dreaming of its immortal home. Now and then we pause — the beauty without, half-unconsciously fixes upon itself our dreamy gaze.

“Oh, Summer night!
So soft and bright!”

That air, that lovely serenade of Donizetti's, seems floating in the room. A sweet voice is singing it in my ear, in my heart. Ah, those old times! I think of the hour when first I heard that strain, and of the fair creature singing it — with the twilight shadows around us, and her lip, that might have tempted an Angel, curling, half-proudly, half-kindly, as “upon entreaty” she resumed the strain. I fall into deeper reverie as I recollect it all — those evenings of entrancement, those days of boyish pain and jealousy. And ever the melody comes floating in through my brain, yet without attracting my thoughts — a strain of sweetest sounds accompanying the dissolving views which are dreamily, perpetually, forming and changing, gathering and dispersing, before my mind's eye, like the rose-clouds of sunset. Those shapes are too ethereal for the mind to grasp them. Is it a

Juno-like form, beneath the skies and amid the flowers of Summer — with Zephyr playing among her golden curls, as she lifts from her neck a hair-chain to yield it to the suit of love! Or is it a zigzag path on a hill-side — a steed backing on a precipice — a lovely girl on the green bank, clinging to her preserver — sinking, swooning, quivering from that vision of sudden death! Who shall daguerreotype those airy shapes? We feel their presence rather than know their form, and the instant we try to see what we are seeing, they are gone!

We are no bad risers in the morning, but we never saw the sun rise on Midsummer-day but once. It is many years ago, yet we remember it as vividly as if it had been this morning. It was from the summit of the Calton Hill, the unfinished Acropolis, the still-born ruin of Modern Athens. The whole sky in the south and west, opposite to where the sun was about to appear, was suffused from the horizon to the zenith with a deep pink or rose hue; and in the midst, spanning the heavens, stood a magnificent Rainbow! A symbol of peace in a sea of blood! There lay the palatial edifices of the New Town, white and still in the hush of early morning, and high above them and around them rose that strange emblem of mercy amid judgment. Such an apparition might fitly have filled the skies of the Cities of the Plain on that woeful morn, the last the blessed sun ever rose upon them; — ere

amid mutterings in the earth and thunders in the clouds, the volcano awoke from its sleep, and the red lava poured from its sources of fire — when clouds of stones and ashes, falling, falling, falling, gathered deeper and deeper above the Plain, and the descending lightnings set fire to the thousand founts of naphtha bubbling up from their subterranean reservoirs — when a whirlwind of flame shot up against the face of the sky, like the last blasphemy of a godless world; and with a hollow groaning, the sinking, convulsed earth hid the scene of pollution and wrath beneath the ever mournful-looking waters of the Dead Sea. The skies of night and morning are familiar to me as those of day, but never but that once did that Heavenly Spectre meet my eye.

A I reached the northern brow of the hill, it wanted but a minute or two of sunrise; in a few seconds a new Day would dawn — a flake would separate itself from the infinite Future, and be born into the world. I stood awaiting the Incarnation of Time. A flapping wing broke on the solemn stillness. Two rooks rose slowly from the ground, where they had been preying upon the tenants of the turf. Below me, to the east and north, spread out the waters of the Firth of Forth — not a billow breaking against its rocky islets — its broad expanse of the colour of lead, sombre and waveless, like the lifeless waters of the Asphaltite Sea; while, toiling like an imp of darkness, a small steamboat tore up its leaden-like surface, disappearing behind the house-tops of Leith. The spirits of night seemed hurrying to their dens, to escape the golden arrows of the God of Day. In the bowery gardens below me, the birds began an overture as the curtain of the Dawn was lifting. At length the sun shot up into the sky; then seemed to pause for some time, his lower limb resting on the dark sea, his upper almost touching a bank of overhanging cloud. Pale tremulous rays, like those of the aurora borealis, darted laterally from the orb, shooting quivering along the sky, and returning: the waves of light were ebbing and flowing on the sands of Night. The sea and the slopes of the Calton still lay in the dull hues of dawn; but a strange cold sun-gleam which one felt instinctively would be short-lived, glittered around me on the crest of the hill, and on the whitestone monuments that crown it as with a diadem. Foremost and loftiest rose the noble columns of the National Monument, even in their imperfection the most Grecian of British edifices, standing aloft like the ruins of Minerva's temple on the bluff Cape of Sunium, visible from afar to mariners entering the romantic Bay of the Forth. The glitter which now tinged them with gold was bright and brief as the national fervour which gave them birth. In a few minutes the sun passed up behind the bank of cloud, and nothing remained of his beams but

a golden streak on the far edge of the waters.

Fair Summer has come, and the ocean wooes us. Breaking her ward, she has leapt like a lovely Bacchante to our arms; while men who have been "sighing like furnace" for her, and chiding the dull delay of her coming, now fly from her embraces into the sea — plunge into the haunts of the Nereids. In what "infernal machines" do they go a-wooing! And yet they appear to have every confidence in their natural powers of attraction; the Nereids run no danger of being deceived as to the *physique* of their human admirers. Queer fishes some of them are, certainly! Only look at yon big fat old fellow, for all the world like a skinned porpoise, floundering and blowing in the shallows like a stranded whale! while another more modest animal, of like dimensions, floats like cork or blubber in deep water, thumping energetically with leg and arm, and hides obesity in a cataract of foam. Yonder, over the clear blue depths, breasting at his ease the flood, goes the long steady stroke of the practised swimmer — an animal half-amphibious, seen at times afar off, lifting on the crest of a wave a mile at sea. With laugh and splutter a band of juveniles rub their heads with water in the most approved manner, as if they were a set of old toppers afraid of apoplexy; or with whoop and hollo engage in a water-combat, or in a race in bunting that reminds one of running

in sacks; while a still younger member of the human family roars lustily as he clings to his pitiless nurse's neck, or emerges half-suffocated from the prescriptive thrice-repeated dip. Yet there is something gladsome in the flash of the waters around the sportive bathers, and in the glancing glitter of the sun-beams on the ivory-like arms that are swaying to and fro upon the blue waters. It speaks of Summer; and that of itself awakens gladness.

As we look upon the earth in a glorious summer-day, we feel as if all nature loved us, and that a spirit within is answering to the loving call of the outer world. We feel as if *caressed* by the beauty floating around — as if the mission of nature were to delight us. And it is so. It was to be a joy for Man that this glorious world sprang out of Chaos, and it was to enjoy it that we were gifted with our many senses of beauty. How narrow the enjoyment of the body to the domain of the spirit! The possessions and enjoyments of man consist less in the acres we can win from our fellows, than in the wide universe around us. Creature-comforts are unequally divided, but the charm of existence, the joy that rays from all nature, are the property of all. Who can set a price upon the colours of the rose or the hues of sunset? Yet, would the Vernon Gallery be an adequate exchange? Water and air, prime necessities of physical life, are not more free to all, than is its best and highest food every-

where accessible to the spirit. What we want is, to rub the dust of the earth off our souls, and let them mirror the beauty of the universe. What we want is, to open the nature within to the nature without — to clear the mind from ignorance, the heart from prejudice. We must learn to see things as they are — to find beauty in nature, love in man, good everywhere; not to shut our eyes or look through a distorting medium. We scramble for the crumbs of worldly success, and too often have neglected the higher delights that are free to our taking. Like the groveller in the Pilgrim's Progress, we rake amid straws on the ground, when a crown of joy is ready to descend upon us if we will only look up. We turn aside the river from its bed, and toil in the sand for golden dust, destroying happiness in the search for its symbol, and forget that the world itself may be made golden, that the art of the Alchemist may be ours. The true sunshine of life is in the heart. It is there that the smile is born that makes the light of life, the rosy smile that makes the world of beauty, and keeps life sweet — the smile that "makes a summer where darkness else would be."

We are in one of the pretty lanes of England. The smoke of a great city is beginning to curl up into the morning skies, but the sounds of that wakening Babylon cannot reach us in our green seclusion. As we step along lightly, cheerily, in the cool sunlight, hark to the

glad voices of children; and lo! a cottage-home, sweeter-looking than any we have yet passed. Honeysuckles and jessamine wreath the wooden trellis of the porch with verdure and flowers. In those flowers the early bee is hanging and humming, birds are chirping aloft, and cherubs are singing below. An urchin, with his yellow curls half-blinding his big blue eyes, sits on the sunny gravel walk, playing with a frisky, red-collared kitten. On the steps of the door, beneath the shade of the trellis-work, sit two girls, a lapful of white roses before them, which they are gathering into a bouquet, or sticking into each other's hair. What are they singing?

Come, come, come! Oh, the merry
Summer morn!
From dewy slumbers breaking,
Birds and flowers are waking.
Come, come, come! and leave our beds
forlorn!

Hark, hark, hark! I hear our playmates
call!

Hurrah! for merry rambles!
Morn is the time for gambols.
Yes, yes, yes! Let 's go a-roving all!

Haste, haste, haste! To woodland dells
away!

There flowers for us are springing,
And little birds are singing —
"Come, come, come! Good-morrow!
come away!"

A wiseacre lately remarked, as a proof of the *sober sense* of the age, that no one now sang about the happiness of childhood! *Sombre* sense, he should have said, — if he misused the word "sense" at all. No happiness, — nay, no peculiar happiness in childhood! Does he mean to maintain that

we get happier as we get older? — that life, at the age of Methuselah, is as joyous as at fifteen? Has novelty, which charms in all the details of existence, no charm in existence itself? Is suspicion — that infallible growth of years, that baneful result of knowledge of the world — no damper on happiness? Is innocence nothing? Is *ennui* known to the young? No, no!

Youth is the summer of life; it is the very heyday of joy, — the poetry of existence. Youth beholds everything through a golden medium, — through the prism of fancy, not in the glass of reason; in the rose-hue of idealism, not the naked forms that we call reality.

"All that's bright must fade,
The brightest still the fleetest!"

We have but to look around us and within us to see the sad truth exemplified. Summer is fading with its roses — Youth vanishes with its dreams. "Passing away" is written on all things earthly. Yet "a thing of beauty is a joy for ever." We have a compensating faculty, which gives immortality to the mortal in the cells of memory; the joys of which Time has robbed us still life on in perennial youth. Nay, more, they life unmarred by the sorrows that in actual life grow up along with them. As the colours of fancy fade from the Present, they gather in brighter radiance around the Past. We conserve the roses of

Summer — let us embalm the memories of Youth.

THE POWER OF SMALL BEGINNINGS.

A GRIM Lion obstructs the paths of ardent Benevolence in its desire to lessen the monster evils of society, and constantly roars "Impossible! Impossible!" Well-disposed Affluence surveys the encroaching waves of destitution and crime as they roll onwards, spreading their dark waters over the face of society, and folds its hands in powerless despair, — a despair created by a false notion of the inefficacy of individual or limited action. "Who can stem such a tide?" it exclaims; "we must have some great comprehensive system. Without that, single efforts are useless."

Upon this untrue and timid premise many a purse is closed, many a generous impulse checked. It is never remembered that all great facts, for evil or for good, are an aggregate of small details, and must be grappled with in detail. Every one who hath and to spare, has it in his power to do some good and to check some evil; and if all those to whom the ability is given were to do their part, the great "Comprehensive System" which is so much prayed for would arrange itself. The hand of Charity is nowhere so open as in this country; but is often paralysed for the want of being well directed.

Of what individual energy can

accomplish in a very limited sphere, we can now afford a practical instance. What a single individual in energetic earnest has effected in the "Devil's Acre,"* described in a former article,* can be done by any other single individual in any other sink of vice and iniquity, in every other part of the globe.

In the spring of 1848 the attention of Mr. Walker, the Westminster Missionary of the City Mission, was called to the necessity of applying some remedy to the alarming vice and destitution that prevailed amongst a large section of a densely peopled community, whose future prospects seemed to be totally neglected. A vast mass of convicted felons, and vagrants, who had given themselves up as entirely lost to human society, and whose ambition was solely how they could attain the skill of being the most accomplished burglars, congregate upon the "Devil's Acre." Most of these degraded youths were strangers to all religious and moral impressions—destitute of any ostensible means of obtaining an honest livelihood, and having no provision made for them when sent from prison. They had no alternative but again resorting to begging or stealing for a miserable existence; and not only they themselves being exposed to all the contaminating influences of bad example, and literally perishing for lack of knowledge, but also leading others

astray—such as boys from nine to twelve years of age, whom, in a short time, they would train as clever in vice as themselves, and make them useful in their daily avocations.

Nearly ten years' experience in visiting their haunts of misery and crime, and entering into friendly conversation with them, taught Mr. Walker that punishment acted with but little effect as a check upon criminal offenders; and it was thought more worthy of the Christian philanthropists to set on foot a system of improvement, which should change the habits and elevate the character of this degraded part of our population,—a system which should rescue them from the haunts of infamy, instil into their minds the principles of religion and morality, and train them to honest and industrious occupations. With these great objects in view, a scheme of training was commenced which has since flourished. *One lad* was selected from the Ragged School, fed, and lodged, as an experiment. The boy had been a thief and vagrant for several years, was driven from his home through the ill-usage of a step-grandfather: the only clothing he possessed was an old tattered coat, and part of a pair of trousers, and these one complete mass of filth. After five months' training, through the kindness of Lord Ashley, he was accepted as an emigrant to Australia. Finding he was successful, his joy and gratitude were unbounded. A short time before he embarked,

* At page 207.

he said, "If ever I should be possessed of a farm, it shall be called Lord Ashley's Farm. I shall never forget the Ragged Schools; for if it had not been for it, instead of going to Australia with a good character, I should have been sent to some other colony loaded with chains." He has since been heard of as being in a respectable situation, conducting himself with the strictest propriety.

Being successful in reclaiming one, Mr. Walker was encouraged to select six more from the same Ragged School, varying from the age of fifteen to nineteen years; although at the time it was not known where a shilling could be obtained towards their support, he was encouraged to persevere. A small room was taken at two shillings per week; a truss of straw was purchased, and a poor woman was kind enough to give two old rugs, which was the only covering for the six. They were content to live on a small portion of bread and dripping per day, and attend the Ragged School; at last an old sack was bought for the straw, and a piece of carpet, in addition to the two rugs, to cover them. One of them was heard to say one night, while absolutely enjoying this wretched accommodation, "Now, are we not comfortable? — should we not be thankful? How many poor families there are who have not such good beds to lie on!" One of those he addressed, aged nineteen years, had not known the comfort of such a bed for upwards of three years, having slept

during that time in an empty cellar. Five of those lads are now in Australia, and the other — who had been the leader of a gang of thieves for several years — is now a consistent member and communicant in the Church, and fills a responsible situation in England.

When the experiment was in this condition, a benevolent lady not only contributed largely towards the support of the inmates, but also recommended her friends to follow her example. A larger room was taken; the lady ordered beds and bedding to be immediately purchased: the merits of the system became more publicly known; two additional rooms were taken, and ultimately the whole premises converted into a public institution, known as the Westminster Ragged Dormitory, and particularly alluded to in the article before mentioned.

Since its establishment, there have been one hundred and sixty-three applications. Seventy-six have been admitted from the streets; thirteen from various prisons, recommended by the Chaplains; twenty-three did not complete their probation; four were dismissed for misconduct; three absconded after completing their probation; five were dismissed for want of funds; two restored to their friends; two are filling situations in England; fifteen emigrated to Australia; five to the United States; and thirty are at present in the Institution.

The expense at which fifty-four young persons were thus, between

April 1848 and May 1850, rescued from perdition, has been 376*l.* 16*s.* 3*d.*, which took two years to collect and disburse. More than double the number of cases presented themselves than could be admitted, and five were obliged to be hurled back into crime and want after admission, for want of funds. We mention this to show what might have been done, had Mr. Walker's efforts been seconded with anything like liberality.

As a specimen of the sort of stuff the promoters of this humble Institution had to work upon, we add the "case" of a couple of the inmates which was privately communicated to us. We shall call the boys Borley and Pole.

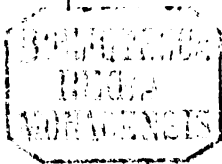
"R. Borley, 14 years of age, born in Kent Street, Borough; never knew his father; his mother died two years ago; she lived by hawking. Since her death he has lived by begging, sometimes got a parcel to carry at the Railway Station; also got jobs to carry baskets and hold horses at the Borough Market; when he had money, lodged in low lodging-houses, near the London Docks and in the Mint in the Borough. The most money he ever got in one day was 9*d.* He has been in the habit of attending the different markets in London. He has been weeks together without ever being in a bed; he generally slept about the markets, in passages, under arches, and in carts. He had no shirt for the last twelve months, no cap, no shoes; an old jacket

and a pair of trousers were his only covering; sometimes two days without food, and when he had food, seldom anything but dry bread; sometimes in such a state of hunger, that he has been compelled to eat raw vegetables, this was the case when he took the fever; he had been lying out in the streets for some nights; he was in such a weak state that he dropped down in the streets. A gentleman lifted him up, took him to a shop and gave him some bread and cheese, afterwards took him to a magistrate, who sent him to the workhouse, where it was found the poor boy had fever, and was immediately sent to the fever hospital. When brought to Pear Street yesterday, he was not a little surprised to find the boy Pole in the school; he would not have known him but for his speech, so much had he improved in appearance. Pole had lived in the lodging-houses with him. He said he has cause to remember Pole. On one occasion he was Pole's bedfellow, they were both in a most destitute state for want of clothing; neither of them had a shirt, but of the two, Borley had the best trousers; when he rose in the morning Pole was off and had put on Borley's trousers, leaving behind him a pair that had but one leg, and that was in rags; although yesterday was their first meeting after this robbery, still it was a very happy one! They congratulated each other at the good fortune of being received into such an Institution. Borley tells me

that Pole was a dreadful thief. He stole wherever he could; he brought the articles he stole to the lodging-house keepers, who bought them readily. So notorious did Pole become, that before morning he would have stolen the article he had sold or anything else, and sold it to another lodging-house keeper. Thus he went on until he could scarce get lodgings either in the Borough or Whitechapel. Since Pole has been in Pear Street, he has never shown anything but a desire to do what is right. Borley is an interesting lad, and will do well."

May 16, 1850.

One Mr. Walker, who would begin, as he did, with one wretched boy in each metropolitan district, and in each town throughout Great Britain, would do more to reduce poor's rates, county rates, police rates—to supersede "great penal experiments," and to diminish enormous judicial and penal expenditure, than all the political economists and "great system" doctors in the world. But the main thing is to begin at the cradle. It is many millions of times more hopeful to prevent, than to cure.



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